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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS,*  
THE  
SON of *ULYSSES.*  
VOL. II.

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THE  
ADVANCEMENT  
OF  
TELEGRAPHY  
THE  
SON OF  
VOL. II  
A

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS,*  
THE  
SON of *ULYSSES.*

Written by the  
Archbishop and Duke of *CAMBRAÏ.*

WITH A  
POEM on a *RURAL RETREAT,*  
written by the same Author, when a young  
ABBOT among the Mountains of *Auvergne*  
in *France*; and the ADVENTURES of  
*ARISTONOUS.*

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Translated into *English* from the best *Paris* and  
other Editions,

By Mr. *O Z E L L.*

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To which are added many Large and Explanatory Notes,  
taken from the several Editions of this Work.

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VOLUME *the* SECOND.

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THE  
ADVENTURES

OF  
THE FENCIBLE

SON OF CLARENCE

AND HIS BROTHERS OF THE FENCIBLE

WITH A  
POEM ON A RURAL RETREAT  
WRITTEN BY THE SAME AUTHOR, WITH A  
SHORT NARRATIVE OF THE ADVENTURES OF  
THE FENCIBLE SON OF CLARENCE

AND HIS BROTHERS OF THE FENCIBLE

BY MR. G. E. A.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED  
A SHORT NARRATIVE OF THE ADVENTURES OF  
THE FENCIBLE SON OF CLARENCE

VOLUME THE SECOND

LONDON: Printed and Sold by J. JOHNSON, in Pall Mall.  
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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS.

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VOL. II. BOOK XIII.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Idomeneus relates to Mentor his Confidence in Protefilaus, and the Artifices of that Favourite, in combination with Timocrates, to destroy Philocles, and to betray Him: He confesses, that being wrought up by those two Men against Philocles, he had given Timocrates Orders to assassinate him in an Expedition in which he commanded the Fleet: That the latter having miss'd his Blow, Philocles had spar'd his Life, and was retir'd to the Isle of Samos, after having resign'd the Command of the Fleet to Polimenes, whom he (Idomeneus) had nam'd in his Order for that Purpose: That, notwithstanding the Treachery of Protefilaus, he had not yet been able to bring himself to shake him off.*

VOL. II.

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ALREADY the Reputation of the gentle and happy Government of *Idomeneus* begins to draw People from all Parts, who come to be incorporated with his, and seek their Happiness under so desirable a Master.

And now the Fields, which had for so long Time been o'er-run with Brambles and Thorns, begin to promise plentiful Harvests, and Fruits till then unknown. The Earth opens her Bosom to the Plough-share, and prepares her Riches to recompense the toiling Husbandman. Hope shines again on every side. You might see in the Vallies and on the Hills numerous Flocks of Sheep skipping on the Grass, and great Drovers of horned Cattle making the high Mountains resound with their Lowings: These Flocks and these Drovers serve to fatten the Fields. It was *Mentor* that had found Means to procure all these Flocks and Drovers. For he had advis'd *Idomeneus* to make an Exchange with the *Peucetes*, (a neighbouring People) of all the superfluous Things that were in *Salentum*, for those Sheep, Cows and Oxen, which the *Salentines* had not of their own.

At the same time both the City and Villages round-about were fill'd with sprightly Youth, who long had languish'd in Misery, and durst not marry for fear of increasing their Poverty. When they saw that *Idomeneus* began to assume Sentiments of Humanity, and was willing to become their Father, they were no more in Dread of Hunger or the other Plagues which Heaven afflicts the Earth with. Nothing now was heard but Shouts of Joy, and the Songs of Shepherds and Husbandmen celebrat-

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celebrating their nuptial Ties. One would have thought that the God *Pan* was There with his Satyrs and Fawns, mingled with the Nymphs, dancing to the Flute's mellow Sound, beneath the spreading Boughs. All was peaceful and smiling; not that the Joy was at all immoderate. Those Pleasures serv'd only to ease their diurnal Labours; so that every one became more fresh and lively for the Toils of the succeeding Day (a).

The old Men, amaz'd to see what they durst not so much as hope for so long as they liv'd, wept thro' an Excess of Joy mix'd with Tenderness, and lifting up their trembling Hands to Heaven; O Great *Jupiter*, said they, bless the King who resembles thee, and is the greatest Blessing thou ever bestowedst on us! He is born for the Good of Mankind; return him all the Good which we receive from him! Our Childrens Children, sprung from those happy Marriages which he favours, shall be indebted to him even for their very Birth, and he will be truly the Father of all his Subjects. The young Men and Maidens, in Conjugal Couples, joyfully shouted the Praises of him to whom they ow'd that pleasing Joy. All Mouths, nay more, all Hearts, were incessantly fill'd with his Praises. The Sight of him was accounted a great Happiness, and his Absence was the only Thing they fear'd: The lo-

(a) Let a Prince make his Subjects ever so happy; yet oftentimes they have not a due Sense of the pains he takes to procure them that Felicity. The Emperor *Antoninus*, after he had settled

Peace and Plenty throughout all the Provinces, wou'd frequently fetch deep Sighs at hearing that stale Complaint so injurious to a good Prince; *Hard Times!*



sing of him had been a fatal Blow to every Family, and to all Conditions of Men.

And now *Idomeneus* confess'd to *Mentor*, that he never felt so affecting a Pleasure as that of being belov'd, and making so many People happy. I could never have believ'd it, said he: I thought all the Greatness of Princes consisted in making themselves be fear'd; that the rest of Mankind were only made for Them, (a) and all that I had heard concerning those Kings who were the Darlings and Delights of their People, I counted a mere Fable: But now I find the Truth of it. Pray let me relate to you how, from my very Infancy, I was poison'd with Notions about the Kingly Condition, which was the Occasion of all the Misfortunes of my Life. Hereupon *Idomeneus* began the following Narration.

*Protesilaus*, who is somewhat older than myself, was of all other young Men him whom I most lov'd: His lively pushing Temper was what suited my Genius; he enter'd into my Pleasures; he lull'd my Passions, and instill'd into me a Diffidence and Jealousy for another young Man, whom I lov'd also, and whose Name was *Philocles*. This latter rever'd the Gods, and had a great but well-govern'd Spirit; he plac'd Greatness not in raising but in conquering himself, and in doing nothing that was mean and unhandsome. He talk'd to me freely of my Faults, and even when he durst

(a) A Man must have a fine Sensation that feels the delicate Pleasure there is in doing Good to others: A Man must have Wit to find an agreeable relaxation in Lite-

rature. Vulgar Souls are debarr'd these Pleasures, and they cannot look upon 'em in any other Light but that of fine Chimera's.

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# Book XIII. TELEMACHUS.

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not speak to me, his Silence and the Uneasiness of his Countenance, gave me sufficiently to understand that he did not approve my Conduct.

At first this Sincerity pleas'd me, and I often protested to him that I would ever hear him with Confidence to secure me against Flatterers. He often told me what Measures I ought to take to tread in the Steps of my Grandfather *Minos*, and make my Subjects happy. His Wisdom was less profound than Yours, O *Mentor*; but his Maxims were sound and good, as I now perceive more and more every Day. The Subtilties (a) of *Protefilaus*, who was jealous and ambitious to the greatest Degree, were so prevailing, as to give me a Disgust to *Philocles*, who being no forward Man, let the other get the Ascendant, and contented himself with telling me the Truth whenever I had a Mind to hear it; for it was my Good, and not his own Fortune that he sought.

*Protefilaus* insensibly persuaded me to believe that *Philocles* was a dark morose Man, and a proud Censurer of all my Actions, and that he ask'd no Favour of me, because he was too haughty to bear the Thoughts of being obliged to me; and that he ambitiously aspir'd to be thought superior to all the Honours I was able to bestow; adding, that that young

(a) By the Use which a Courtier makes of his Master's Favour, it is easy to perceive whether he owes it to his Merit or his Intrigues. *Agrippa* never did an ill of-

fice to any one; whereas *Sejanus* made it his whole Business to feed and nourish the Suspicions which every Moment sprung up in the restless Soul of *Tiberius*.

6 *The Adventures of* Book XIII.

Man spoke (a) of my Faults to every Body else with the same Freedom as to myself, that he had given sufficient Reason to believe he had no great Esteem for me, and that by lessening and detracting from my Reputation, and by making Show of an austere Virtue he meant to open himself a Way to the Throne.

At first I could not tell how to believe that *Philocles* had any such Design; for there is a certain Candour and Ingenuity in true Virtue impossible to be counterfeited, and which cannot be mistaken if attentively consider'd: Yet *Philocles* continuing obstinately bent to condemn my Follies, I began to grow weary of him. The Complaisance of *Protefilaus*, and his endless Contrivances to find out new Diversions for me, made the other's Austerity more and more intolerable to me.

In the mean while *Protefilaus*, being vex'd that I did not believe all he told me against his Rival, resolv'd to speak no more to me about him, but to use something stronger than Words to prevail on me. He impos'd on me in the following Manner: He advis'd me to send *Philocles* to command the Ships which were going to attack those of *Carpathus*, and to induce me to it, you know, (said he) that

(b) *Apelles* was accused by a Painter, jealous of his Glory, of being concern'd in a Plot against King *Ptolemy*. After *Apelles* had made his Innocence appear, he took no other Method to revenge the Calumny than that of his Pencil, which he made the Instrument of his Revenge. He represented Slander in the

Shape of a Woman preceded by Ignorance and Suspiciousness, and leaning upon Envy; She directs her Speech to a Man whose Ears might match with those of *Midas*. You may see in *Lucian* all the emblematical Strokes of this Picture, which afford us a just Notion of that great Painter's Invention.

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# Book XIII. TELEMACHUS.

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my Commendations of him cannot be suspected of Partiality: I own he has Courage and a Genius for War; he will serve you better than any Man, and I prefer the Interest of your Service to all my Resentments against him.

I was exceedingly pleas'd to find such Equity and Uprightness in the Heart of *Protesilaus*, whom I had intrusted with the Administration of my most important Affairs. I embrac'd him, and was overjoy'd that I had repos'd all my Confidence in a Man who seem'd to be so much above all Passion and Self-interest. But alas! how much are Princes to be pity'd! This Man knew me better than I knew myself; he knew that Kings are generally distrustful and indolent; distrustful, by having continually about them such Men whose artful Insinuations they are too often expos'd to; indolent, because Pleasure gets the Dominion of them, and they are us'd to have others Think for them, without being at the Trouble of it themselves. Therefore *Protesilaus* was sensible it would be no hard Matter to make me jealous of a Man who would not fail to perform great Actions, and especially since his Absence gave him a full Opportunity to undermine him.

*Philocles*, when he departed, foresaw what was likely to befall him: Remember, said he to me, that I shall no longer be able to defend myself; that my Enemy alone will have your Ear, and that while I expose my Life in your Service, I run the Hazard of having no other Recompence but your Displeasure. You are deceiv'd, said I to him; *Protesilaus* speaks not of you as you do of him; nay, he praises you, he esteems you highly; he thinks you

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worthy of the most important Employments: If once he opens his Mouth against you, he from that Moment loses my Confidence: Therefore fear him not, but go and mind nothing but how to serve me well. He went, and left me in a strange Disorder.

I must now confess to you, *Mentor* that I saw plainly how necessary it was for me to have several Persons to consult with, and that nothing was more detrimental, either to my Reputation or the Success of my Affairs, than the leaving all to one single Man. I found that the wise Counsels of *Philocles* had kept me from many dangerous Miscarriages, which the Pride and Arrogance of *Protesilaus* would have made me guilty of. I was sensible that *Philocles*'s Mind was fill'd with equitable and honest Principles; but I found nothing like it in *Protesilaus*. However, I had suffer'd him to assume so peremptory a Way with me, and to carry Things with so high a Hand, that it was hardly now any longer in my Power to contradict him. I was tir'd out with being continually between two Men whom I could not reconcile: And in this irksomeness, I chose rather, thro' mere weakness, to hazard something at the Expence of my Affairs, than not enjoy a little Liberty. I durst not even whisper to my self the shameful Reason of the Course I had taken; but that same shameful Reason, which I was afraid to discover, did however work secretly at the bottom of my Heart, and was the true Motive of all my Actions.

*Philocles* surprized the Enemy, won a complete Victory, and was hastening Home, in order to prevent the ill Offices he fear'd from  
his

## Book XIII. TELEMACHUS.

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his Rival; but *Protesilaus*, who as yet had not had an Opportunity to deceive me, wrote to him that 'twas my Pleasure he should pursue his Victory, and make a Descent upon the Island of *Carpathus*, which Island he had indeed persuaded me might easily be master'd; but he manag'd it so, that *Philocles* wanted many necessary Things for his Undertaking, and ty'd (a) him up to such Orders, as occasion'd many Disappointments in the Execution of it.

In the mean while, he made use of a very corrupt Servant of mine, whom I always had about me, and who took notice of every Thing I did, to give him an Account of it, tho' to outward Appearance they were always at Variance with each other.

This Servant, *Timocrates* by Name, came to me one Day, and told me, as a great Secret, that he had discover'd a very dangerous Business. *Philocles*, said he to me, intends to make use of your naval Forces to get the Island of *Carpathus* for himself, and to set himself up King of it: The Captains of those Troops are his Creatures, all the Soldiers he has debauch'd by his large Donatives, and yet more by the pernicious Licentiousness which he allows them in. His Victory has puffed him up, as you may see by a Letter (here it is)

(a) To tie up a General's Hands and to limit his Authority by Orders that take away his discretionary Power, is to hinder him from taking Advantage of the Enemies Oversight, and from seizing those favourable, but unforeseen Moments which Fortune presents to him; it is exposing

him to the hazard of losing the Trust and Confidence of his Soldiers, who ascribe That to Cowardise which is pure Obedience. The Romans were of Opinion, that a General's Authority ought no more to be bounded than his Genius or Capacity.

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which he writ to one of his Friends, about his Project of making himself King, which 'tis impossible to doubt of after so evident a Proof.

I perus'd the Letter, and it seem'd to me to be *Philocles's* Hand, so exactly had he and *Timocrates* forg'd it between themselves. This Letter put me into a great Surprize; I read it again and again, and could not tell how to think it was wrote by *Philocles*, when I recall'd to my disorder'd Mind all the sensible and affecting Demonstrations that he had given me of his Disinterestedness and Integrity: And yet, what could I do? What could I say against a Letter which I could not but believe was written by *Philocles*?

When *Timocrates* perceiv'd that I gave way to his Artifice, he push'd it on farther: Give me leave, said he, faltering in his Speech, to point out to you one particular Passage in this Letter? *Philocles* tells his Friend, that he may speak in Confidence to *Protesilaus*, concerning a certain Thing, which he only marks by Cypher. Certainly *Protesilaus* must be privy to this Design of *Philocles*, and they are reconcil'd at your Expence. You know it was *Protesilaus* who pressed you to send *Philocles* against the *Carpathians*. Of late he has forbore to speak to you against him, as he us'd frequently to do formerly; on the contrary, he cries him up and excuses him upon all Occasions. They have lately visited each other with great Civility. Doubtless *Protesilaus* has concerted Measures with *Philocles*, in order to divide between them the Island of *Carpathus*: You see your self that he has put you upon this Enterprize against all pruden-

prudential Rules, and cares not if he ruins all your Naval Forces, to gratify his own Ambition. Do you think that he would thus assist *Philocles's* soaring Aims, if they were still at Variance? No, no, 'tis no longer to be doubted that they are reconcil'd, in order to ascend the Throne of *Carpathus* conjointly, and perhaps to overturn that whereon you sit. I know that by speaking thus freely to you, I make my self obnoxious to their Resentment, if, notwithstanding what I have said, you continue them in Power. But I value it not, since I have discharg'd my Conscience, in declaring the Truth.

These last Words of *Timocrates* made a deep Impression upon me: I no longer doubted the Treachery of *Philocles*, and grew jealous of *Protesilaus*, as one that was his Friend. Mean while, *Timocrates* was continually besieging me: If you stay, says he, till *Philocles* has made himself Master of *Carpathus*, it will then be too late to put a Stop to his Designs; therefore hasten to secure him whilst you may. I shook with Horror at the deep Dissimulation of Men, nor did I any longer know whom to trust: For after I had found *Philocles* false, I did not know one Man upon the Face of the Earth, whose Virtue was able to cure me of my Jealousy and make me easy. I resolv'd to destroy that perfidious Wretch forthwith; but I fear'd *Protesilaus*, and was at a Loss how to act with respect to him: I dreaded to find him guilty, and yet no less dreaded to trust him.

At last, in my Disorder, I could not forbear telling him that I was grown jealous of *Philocles*. He look'd with an Air of Surprize at it,

it, represented to me how upright and regular his Conduct had been, magnify'd his Services; in short, he did all he could, in order to make me believe that there was a Correspondence between them. On the other side, *Timocrates* let no Opportunity slip to make me sensible of their good Understanding, and to induce me to destroy *Philocles*, whilst it was yet in my Power to secure him. You see, dear *Mentor*, how unhappy Princes are, and how they are expos'd to be the Tools of other Men, even when those Men seem to lie trembling at their Footstool.

I thought I should act like a very deep Politician, and break *Protesilaus's* Measures by sending *Timocrates* privately to the Fleet, with Orders to dispatch *Philocles* out of the way. *Protesilaus* carry'd on his Dissimulation to the last, and deceiv'd me so much the more effectually, in that he look'd like one who suffers himself to be deceiv'd. *Timocrates* put to Sea, and found *Philocles* under very great Difficulties in making the Descent: He was in want of every Thing; for *Protesilaus* not knowing whether the forged Letter was sufficient to ruin his Enemy, was willing at the same Time to have another Plea against him; namely, the Miscarriage of an Enterprize which he had so cry'd up, and which would not fail to incense me against *Philocles*, who had so difficult (a) a War to maintain by his

(a) Thus the great Captain *Gonsalvo de Corduba*, being besieg'd in *Barlette* by the French Army, but much harder press'd by Plague and Famine, found, in himself, Re-

medies superior to all these Difficulties, and convey'd into the Hearts of the Soldiers those high Sentiments, which none but his own Breast was thought to be capable of.

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own Courage, by his Genius, and the Affection the Soldiers had for him. Tho' all the Army was sensible that this Descent was rashly undertaken, and would prove fatal to the *Cretans*, yet all endeavour'd to bring it to a happy Issue, as if their Lives and Welfare depended on the Success of it, and every one was contented to venture his Life every Moment, under so wise a General, and one who always study'd to make himself belov'd.

*Timocrates* expos'd himself to very imminent Dangers, by attempting to destroy that Chieftain, amidst an Army which so fondly lov'd him; but mad Ambition is blind: *Timocrates* thought nothing difficult to gratify *Protesilaus*, with whom he expected to share the absolute Management of Affairs after the Death of *Philocles*. *Protesilaus* could not endure a good Man, whose very Sight secretly reproach'd him with his Crimes, and who might, by opening my Eyes, overthrow his ambitious Projects.

*Timocrates* seduc'd to his Side two Captains, who were continually near *Philocles*'s Person, and promis'd them great Rewards from me. Afterwards he told *Philocles* he was come by my Order to deliver a secret Message to him, which was not to be imparted but in the Presence of those two Captains. *Philocles* having lock'd himself in with them and *Timocrates*, the latter pull'd out a Dagger and stabb'd *Philocles*; but it happening to slant aside, and not to go deep into his Body, *Philocles* resolutely wrung the Dagger out of his Hand, and us'd it against him and the other two; at the same Time he cry'd out for Help; those without ran to the Door, and having broke it



it open, they disengag'd *Philocles* from the Hands of those three Men, who, being in Disorder, had attack'd him but faintly. They were disarm'd, and would have been torn in Pieces upon the spot by the enrag'd Army, if *Philocles* had not slept between. Afterwards he took *Timocrates* aside, and mildly ask'd him who had put him upon committing so black a Deed. *Timocrates*, frighted with the Apprehensions of Death, presently shew'd him the Order I had given him in Writing, to dispatch *Philocles*; and as all Traitors are Cowards, he resolv'd to save his Life, by revealing to *Philocles* the whole Story of *Protesilaus's* Treachery.

*Philocles*, amaz'd to find so much Wickedness in Men, took a Course that was full of Moderation: He declar'd to the Army that *Timocrates* was innocent, and having secured him from their Violence, he sent him back to *Crete*. He then resign'd the Command of the Army to *Polimenes*, whom by my written Order I had appointed General after *Philocles* was kill'd: Last of all, he exhorted the Troops to continue faithful, and true in their Duty to me, and in the Night-time went in a small Bark to the Island *Samos*, where he lives calmly in a peaceful Poverty and Solitude, making Statues and Images for a Livelihood, being resolv'd to have nothing more to do with unjust and treacherous Men, but especially Princes, who of all Mortals he thinks to be the blindest and most unhappy.

Here *Mentor* stopping *Idomeneus*, Well, said he, was it long before you discover'd the Truth? No, reply'd *Idomeneus*, I by degrees found out the Villany of *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*:

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*mocrates*: They quarrel'd with each other,  
for wicked Men are seldom long united.  
Their falling out discover'd to me the fright-  
ful Gulph into which they had thrown me.  
Well, said *Mentor*, and did you not resolve  
to get rid of them? Alas, answer'd *Idomeneus*,  
are you ignorant how weak and how per-  
plex'd the Condition of Princes is? When  
once they have surrender'd their Power up to  
corrupt and forward Men, who have the Art  
of making themselves necessary, they can no  
longer hope for any Liberty. Those they in  
their Hearts despise most, are those whom  
they use best, and on whom they bestow all  
their Favours: I abhorr'd *Protesilaus*, and yet  
I left all my Authority in his Hands. Strange  
Illusion! 'Twas a kind of Satisfaction to me  
that I knew him; but I had not the Resolu-  
tion to resume the Authority which I had  
given up to him. Besides, I found him easy,  
complaisant, studious to gratify my Passions,  
zealous for my Service; in short, I found rea-  
sons to excuse my Weakness to my self, be-  
cause I was unacquainted with true Virtue,  
for want of choosing good Ministers to ma-  
nage my Affairs: I believed there was no such  
Thing as a good Man upon Earth, and that  
Honesty was but a gaudy Phantom. Why,  
said I to my self, should I be at the pains to  
deliver my self from the Hands of one cor-  
rupt Man, to fall into those of another full  
as bad?

In the mean while, the Fleet commanded  
by *Polimenes* return'd Home; I laid aside the  
Thoughts of conquering the Island of *Car-*  
*pathus*, and *Protesilaus* could not play the Hy-  
pocrite so well, but that I plainly saw how  
much



much he was vex'd to hear that *Philocles* was safe in the Island of *Samos*.

*Mentor* again interrupted *Idomeneus*, to ask him whether after so black a Treachery, he continued to trust *Protesilaus* with his Affairs? I was (answer'd *Idomeneus*) too great an Enemy to Business, and too indolent to be able to get out of his Hands. I must have disturb'd the Method I had establish'd for my own Ease, and have been at the Pains of instructing a new Man. This is what I had not Resolution enough to undertake, and so I willingly shut my Eyes to the Artifices of *Protesilaus*: Only I comforted myself with letting some of my intimate Friends know that I was no Stranger to his Treachery. Thus I fancied myself cheated but by Halves, as long as I knew I was cheated: Nay, I now and then made *Protesilaus* sensible of my being uneasy under his Yoke. I often took Delight to (a) contradict him, by blaming publicly something he had done, and by deciding Matters contrary to his Opinion: But as he full-well knew my Supineness and Sloth, he was not at all uneasy at my Disgusts. He pursued his Point obstinately, rally'd again resolutely, using sometimes a very pressing Peremptoriness, and sometimes supple and fawning Insinuations; and especially when he perceiv'd that I was offended with him, he doubled his Diligence to find me out new Amusements to mollify me, or embark me in some Affair,

(a) Just in the same manner did *Philip* the IVth. of Spain act towards the *Condé* Duke d' *Olivarez*, after the Loss of the Kingdom of *Portugal*. That Prince knew not either how to live with that Minister or to shake him off.

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wherein he might be necessary, and make appear his Zeal for my Reputation.

Though I stood upon my Guard against him, yet this Way of flattering my Passions always prevail'd: He knew all my Secrets, he eas'd me in my Troubles, he made the whole Nation tremble by means of my Authority: In fine, I could not tell how to go about to shake him off. But by maintaining him in his Post, I put all honest Men out of a Capacity of representing to me my true Interest. And now from this Moment no Man spoke his Mind freely when I consulted him. Truth fled far from me; Error, which is the Forerunner of the Fall of Princes, began to stare me in the Face, and I saw how very much I was to blame for sacrificing *Philocles* to the cruel Ambition of *Protesilaus*. Those very Men, who were most zealous for my Government and Person, thought themselves excusable in not undeceiving me, after so terrible an Example. I my self, dear *Mentor*, was afraid lest Truth should break thro' the Cloud, and reach me in spite of all my Flatterers; for not having Fortitude to follow it, its Light became troublesom to me; and I was aware that it would have rais'd bitter Compunction in my Mind, without being able to rescue me from so fatal an Engagement. My Want of Spirit, and the Dominion which *Protesilaus* had gain'd over me, threw me into a sort of Despair of ever recovering my Liberty: I was shy either of viewing my wretched State, or letting others see it. You know, dear *Mentor*, the vain Pride and false Glory wherein Princes are brought up: They will never be perswaded that they are in the

Wrong. To cover one Fault they commit a hundred. Rather than own they have been deceiv'd, and give themselves the Trouble of amending their Error, they will suffer themselves to be cheated all their Lives long. Such is the state of weak indolent and inadvertent Princes, and it was exactly my own, when I was oblig'd to set out for the Siege of *Troy*.

I left *Protesilaus* sole Regent, at my Departure. In my Absence, he govern'd my People with Haughtiness and Inhumanity: The whole Kingdom of *Crete* groan'd beneath his Tyranny. But no Body durst send me Information how the People were oppress'd. They knew that I was afraid to be told the Truth, and that I gave up to the Cruelty of *Protesilaus* all those who presum'd to speak against him. But the more the Evil was smother'd, the more violent it grew. He afterwards oblig'd me to turn out the valiant *Merion*, who had so generously follow'd me to the Siege of *Troy*. After my Return he grew jealous of him, as likewise of all those whom I lov'd, and who shew'd any Signs of Virtue.

You must know, my dear *Mentor*, that from thence all my Misfortunes took Root. 'Twas not so much my Son's Death that occasion'd the *Cretans* to revolt, as the Vengeance of the Gods, provok'd against me for my Follies, and the Hatred of the People, which *Protesilaus* had brought upon me. When I spilt the Blood of my Son, the *Cretans*, now tir'd out with a despotick Government, had lost all Patience; and the Horror of that last Action serv'd only to give Birth to what had long lain hid in the bottom of their Hearts.

*Timocrates*

*Timocrates* follow'd me to the Siege of *Troy*, and secretly, by Letters, gave *Protesilaus* an Account of every Thing he could come to the Knowledge of. I plainly perceiv'd that I was in Slavery; but I endeavour'd not to think of it, despairing to remedy it. When the *Cretans*, at my Arrival, revolted, *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates* were the first that run away. They had undoubtedly deserted me, if I had not been forc'd to fly, almost as soon as they. Be assur'd, my dear *Mentor*, that Men who are insolent in Prosperity, are always weak and faint-hearted in Adversity; their Heads turn as soon as they are divested of their absolute (a) Authority; they are then as Spiritless as they were Proud before, and in a Moment's Time they pass from one Extreme to another.

How comes it then, said *Mentor* to *Idomeneus*, that knowing these two wicked Men so thoroughly, you should still keep them near you, as I see you do? I am not surpriz'd they follow'd you, because nothing could have been more for their own Interest: And I am not unsensible that you have done a generous Action, in affording them Refuge in your new Settlement. But why will you again surrender yourself up to them, after so many fatal Trials which you have made of them?

You don't know, said *Idomeneus*, how unprofitable all Experiments are to easy inconsiderate Princes: Every Thing makes them

(a) None but great Spirits know how to bear Disgrace, and to heighten their Glory, by a well-supported Adversity. *Tully* was pusillanimous in his Exile; whereas *Scipio*, in his Solitude, gave a Demonstration that his Felicity did not in the least depend upon the Capriciousness of the People.



discontented, and yet they have not Courage to redress any Thing. The Habitude of so many Years was like so many Iron Chains that bound me to those two Men, and they besieg'd me every Hour: Since I have been here, (a) they have put me upon all these exorbitant Charges that you see. They have impoverish'd this infant State; they drew this War upon me, which had like to have ruined me. Had it not been for you, I should have soon found at *Salentum* the same Misfortunes I felt at *Crete*, but you have at last opened my Eyes, and inspired me with the Courage which I wanted, to set my self at Liberty. I don't know how it is; but since you have been here, I find my self quite another Man.

*Mentor* then ask'd *Idomeneus* how *Protefilaus* had behav'd himself in this Change of Affairs? Nothing, says *Idomeneus*, was ever more artful than his Conduct since your Arrival here: He at first omitted not the least Opportunity to make me jealous of you; 'tis true he has said nothing directly against you, but several others have dinn'd my Ears, that those two Strangers ought to be narrowly watch'd; One, said they, is the Son of the Trickster *Ulysses*, and t'other is a conceal'd sharp Man; they are used to wander about from Kingdom to Kingdom, and who knows but they have hatch'd some Design against This? These Adventurers say themselves, that they have oc-

(a) Self interested Ministers will inspire Prodigality into their Master; whereas those who are above the sordid views of enriching themselves,

will dissuade him from lavishing away his People's Substance. And thus was *Louis* the XIIth. a much better Husband than *Francis* the Ist.

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caſion'd great Troubles in all the Countries they paſſ'd thro': Ours is but a feeble State by reaſon of its Newneſs, ſo that the leaſt Com-motion may overturn it.

*Proteſilaus* ſaid nothing, but endeavour'd to make me ſenſible of the Danger and Extrava-gance of all thoſe Reformati- ons which you put me upon: He took me by the Handle of my own proper Intereſt: If, ſaid he, you bring your People to flow in Plenty, they will work no more, but grow proud, indocile, and daily more apt to revolt: 'tis only Weak- neſs and Miſery that makes them humble, and that hinders them from reſiſting Authori- ty. He has often endeavour'd to re-aſſume his former Aſcendant over me, covering it with a Pretence of Zeal to my Service. By endeavouring to eaſe the People, ſaid he, you derogate from the regal Power, and thereby do an irreparable Damage to the People themſelves; for there is a Neceſſity that they ſhould be always kept low for their own Quiet and Safety. To which I answer'd, that I knew how to keep the People in their Duty to me, by making my ſelf belov'd by them; by not remitting any Thing of my Authority, tho' I eaſ'd them; by reſolutely puniſhing all Offenders; in a word, by giving to Children good Education, and keeping all the People to an exact Diſcipline, in a plain, ſober, and laborious Courſe of Life. For, ſaid I, are not the People to be kept in Subjection without Starving them to Death? O Inhumanity! O brutiſh Policy! How many People do we ſee govern'd with a gentle Hand, and yet loyal to their Princes? That which occaſions Rebellions, is the Ambition



and Restlessness of the Grandees of the State, when they have been allow'd too great a Liberty, and been suffer'd to extend their Passions beyond due Bounds: 'Tis the Multitude of the Great and Little, who live at Ease in Luxury and Laziness; 'tis the Over-Increase of military Men, who have neglected all such Employments as are useful in Time of Peace: In short, 'tis the Desperation of a mal-treated People, 'tis the Severity and Haughtiness of Princes, and their pampering themselves, together with their Slothfulness, that makes them incapable of overseeing all the Members of the State, to prevent any Trouble. This is what gives Birth to Revolts, (a) and not the Bread which the Labourer is suffer'd to eat in Peace, after he has got it by the Sweat of his Brow.

When *Protesilaus* saw that I stuck immōveable to these Maxims, he took a Course quite contrary to his former, and began to follow those Maxims he could not destroy: He seem'd to relish them, to be convinc'd by them, and to own himself oblig'd to me for having made him so wise: He outstrips even all my Wishes to ease the Poor; he is the first to represent their Grievances to me, and to cry out against extravagant Expences. You know, yourself, that he commends you, that he seems to have great Confidence in you, and omits nothing to please you. As for *Timo-*

(a) It is to such Causes which those who have written of the Decay and Fall of Kingdoms and States must ascribe such Events. A great Empire never falls but by it

self; foreign Arms never enslave it till it has enslaved it self by Luxury and Laziness, or is torne in pieces by Faction and Divisions.

*grates,*

*erates*, he begins not to be any longer in the good Graces of *Protesilaus*, and casts about how to make himself independent: *Protesilaus* is jealous of him, and 'tis partly thro' their Differences that I have discover'd their Perfidiousness.

Said *Mentor* to *Idomeneus*, smiling; Have you been so weak as to suffer your self to be tyranniz'd over for so many Years by two Traytors, whose Villanies you were all the while acquainted with? Alas! reply'd *Idomeneus*, you do not know how far Men of Artifice can work upon a weak indolent King, who suffers himself implicitly to be guided by them in all his Affairs: Besides, I told you before, that *Protesilaus* now approves of all your Schemes for the publick Good.

*Mentor* hereupon resumed the Discourse, and, with an Air of Gravity, said; I see but too well how prevalent the Wicked are above the Good, especially in the Courts of Kings, of which you are a sad Example. But you say I have open'd your Eyes as to *Protesilaus*, and yet they are so far shut, that you leave the Conduct of your Affairs to this Man, who is unworthy to breathe vital Air. Know that the Wicked are sometimes capable of doing Good: 'Tis equally the same Thing to them as to do Ill, when they can serve their Ambition: To do Ill stands them in no Pains, because they are not restrain'd by any Sentiment of Goodness or Principle of Virtue: And just so it is that they do Well; because their natural Depravity leads them to it, that they may be thought good Men, and so deceive the rest of their Fellow-Creatures. Strictly speaking, they are not capable of Vir-

tue, tho' they seem to practise it; but they are capable of adding to all their other Vices the most horrible of Vices, namely Hypocrisy. So long as you inflexibly resolve to do Good, *Protesilaus* will be ready to do it with you, in order to preserve his Authority; but if he perceives in you the least Tendency to a Relaxation, he will omit nothing to make you relapse into your Errors, and to resume the free Use of his natural Deceit and Insolence. Can you live in Honour and Repose while you are beset Day and Night by such a Man, and know all the while that the wise and faithful *Philocles* lives a poor dishonour'd Life in the Isle of *Samos*?

You acknowledge, O *Idomeneus*, that bold and insinuating Men, when present, predominate over weak Princes; but you ought to add that Princes have likewise another Unhappiness, no whit inferior; and that is, easily to forget Virtue, and the Services of an absent Man. The Multitude of them who surround Princes, is the Occasion no one among them can make a deep Impression upon them; they are not touch'd but by what is present and flatters them; all the rest soon wears off. Virtue, especially, is what they are little affected by, because, instead of flattering them, it contradicts them, and condemns them for their Follies. Is it any Wonder then that they are not beloved, when Themselves love nothing but their own Grandeur and Pleasure?

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The ARGUMENT.

*Mentor prevails upon Idomeneus to send Proteusilaus and Timocrates to the Isle of Samos, and to recal Philocles, in order to replace him in Honour about his Person. Hegesippus, who is charg'd with this Commission, executes it joyfully; he arrives with those two Men at Samos, where he sees again his Friend Philocles, contented with a poor and solitary Life. This latter is not easily prevail'd on to return to his Countrymen; but finding that the Gods would have it so, he embarks with Hegesippus, and arrives at Salentum, where Idomeneus, now quite another Man, receives him with great Marks of*



of Friendship, and consults him about the Administration of his Government.



**A**FTER this, *Mentor* persuaded *Idomeneus* immediately to discard *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, and recall *Philocles*. The only Difficulty which stuck with the King, was, his fearing the Severity of *Philocles*. I must own, said he, I can't help being somewhat afraid of his Return, tho' I love him and esteem him. I have ever, since my Infancy, been accusom'd to be commended, to be courted, to be used complaisantly, which I must not expect from this Man. Whenever I did any Thing that he dislik'd, his chagrin Countenance gave me sufficiently to understand that he condemn'd me. When he was in private with me, his Manners were full of Respect and Moderation, but harsh and unpleasant.

Do you not see, said *Mentor*, that Princes who are spoil'd by Flattery, think every Thing harsh and austere that is free and ingenuous? They even go so far as to imagine that a Man wants Zeal for their Service, and does not like their Authority, when he is not slavish and forward to flatter them in the unjust Exercise of their Power. All generous and free Expressions seem to them haughty, censorious and seditious. They grow so nice, that every Thing that is not Flattery offends and provokes them: But let us go yet a little farther. Supposing that *Philocles* is really harsh and austere, is not that better than the destructive Flattery of your Counsellors? Where will you find a Man without Faults, and

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and ought not you to fear (a) least of all the Fault of one who tells you the Truth a little too freely? Nay, is not this a Fault necessary to the correcting of your own Faults, and the conquering that Averfion to Truth which Flattery has begot in you? You ought to have a Man about you, who loves nothing but Truth and You, and who loves You better than you know how to love your self; who will tell you the Truth in spite of you, who will break thro' all your Intrenchments; and this necessary Man is *Philocles*. Remember that a Prince is abundantly happy, when but so much as one Man, of such Greatness of Mind, is born in his Reign, and who is by far the most valuable Treasure in his Kingdom; and that the greatest Punishment he ought to fear from the Gods, is to be depriv'd of such a Man, if he renders himself unworthy of him, by not knowing his true Value, and how to make use of him. As to any Faults or Oversights of good Men, you ought not to be blind to them; but, however, you should make use of their Service. Set them right, but be not implicitly govern'd by their indiscreet Zeal; give them a favourable Ear, honour their Virtue, let the Publick see that you know how to distinguish it; and, more especially, take care not to be any longer as you have hitherto

(a) Truth is almost always alter'd, weaken'd, disguised by Palliatives, Fears and Reserves, which are us'd by those who relate it. It never comes with its full Force out of any Mouth but that

of an Enemy. And therefore *Plutarch* has prov'd to a Demonstration that an Enemy, to one who knows how to make a right Use of him, is as serviceable as a Friend.

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been. Princes who are spoil'd as you are, contenting themselves with only despising corrupt Men, do however employ them, confide in them, and heap Favours on them. On the other hand, they pretend to know and value themselves upon knowing Virtuous Men, yet give them nothing but empty Praises; not daring to trust them in any Employments, nor to admit them into their familiar Conversation, nor to bestow any Kindnesses on them.

Then *Idomeneus* said, that he was asham'd he had so long delay'd the Deliverance of oppress'd Innocence, and the Punishment of those who had abus'd him. And, indeed, *Mentor* had no Trouble at all to persuade the King to part with his Favourite; for as soon as ever a Favourite is render'd suspicious and odious to his Master, the Prince, now grown weary and uneasy at his Presence, is impatient 'till he is rid of him. His Friendship vanishes. All Services are forgotten; and the Fall of his Favourite is no manner of Trouble to him, provided he sees (a) him no more. Hereupon the King instantly gave private Orders to *Hegefippus*, who was one of the chief Officers of his Household, to arrest *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, and to carry them under a Guard to the Isle of *Samos*, there to leave them, and to bring back *Philocles* from that Place of Exile. *Hegefippus*, surpriz'd at these Orders,

(a) Such is the Character of a weak Prince: Those about Him become the real Masters of his Person, by making themselves Masters of the Avenues to the Throne; for a Favourite to be ever so lit-

tle absent from such a Prince is certain Ruin and Destruction to his Interest: [It is catching such a Cold at his Back, as is sure to be fatal to Him.]

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could not forbear Weeping for Joy: Now, said he to the King, you are going to charm all your Subjects; for these two Men have been the Source of all your Misfortunes, as well as of those of your People. For these twenty Years have they caus'd all good Men to groan, and it was even dangerous to be heard to groan, so cruel was their Tyranny; they are sure to ruin all those who attempt to come at you by any other Way but by Them.

Then *Hegesippus* discover'd to the King a great many perfidious and inhumane Actions committed by those two Men, which the King had never heard the least Syllable of before, because no body durst accuse them: He likewise gave him an Account of a secret Plot which he had discover'd, and which was laid against *Mentor's* Life. The King shiver'd with Horror at the Relation.

*Hegesippus* in the mean while hasten'd to go and seize *Protesilaus* in his House: It was not so large, but it was more convenient and pleasanter than the King's, and the Architecture was of a better Model: *Protesilaus* had embellish'd it with great Expences, drawn from the Blood of those whom he had made miserable. *Protesilaus* was at that Time in a Salon of Marble near his Baths, lying carelessly on a Couch of Purple embroider'd with Gold. He seem'd weary and spent with his Labours; his Eyes and Eye-brows discover'd a Sort of Disorder and sullen Wildness. The prime Men of the Kingdom sat round him on Carpets, composing their Looks to those of *Protesilaus*, which they observ'd even to the least Glance of his Eye. Scarce had he open'd  
his



his Mouth, ere all of them broke out into Accents of Admiration at what he was going to say. One of the Principal of the Company repeated to him, with ridiculous Exaggerations, what *Protesilaus* himself had done for the King: Another told him that *Jupiter*, having cheated his Mother, had been the Author of his Life, and that he was Son to the Father of the Gods. Among the rest, a Poet sung Verses to him, wherein he recited that *Protesilaus*, being instructed by the Muses, had equall'd *Apollo* in all the Varieties of Wit. Another Poet, more mercenary and impudent, call'd him in his Verses, the Inventor of the liberal Arts, and the Father of the People whom he had made happy, describing him with the *Cornucopia* (or Horn of Plenty) in his Hand.

*Protesilaus* hearken'd to these Praises, with an Air of Moroseness and Disdain, like one who knows well enough that he deserves even far greater, and who thinks he shews great Condescension when he suffers you to praise him. There was another Flatterer, who took the Liberty to whisper him in the Ear some merry Observations touching *Mentor's* new Polity, at which *Protesilaus* smil'd, and presently the whole Assembly burst out into a loud Laugh, tho' the greatest Part of them knew not the least Tittle of what had been said; but *Protesilaus* soon recovering a severe haughty Air, every one put on their former solemn Look, and became silent: Many of these Nobles were watching the happy Opportunity when *Protesilaus* would turn towards them and deign to give them a Hearing; they falter'd, and were disorder'd, because  
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*Protesilaus casts himself at the feet of Hegecippus.*

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## Book XIV. TELEMACHUS.

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they had some Favours to beg of him, their (a) suppliant Postures spoke for them, and they appear'd as submissive as a Mother at the Foot of an Altar, when she begs of the Gods to restore her only Son to his Health. Every one seem'd pleas'd with, and full of Tenderness and Admiration for *Protesilaus*, tho' in their Hearts they all mortally hated him.

At this very Moment enters *Hegesippus*, seizes *Protesilaus*'s Sword, and tells him, from the King, that he is come to carry him to the Isle of *Samos*. At these Words, all the Arrogance of that Favourite fell down like a Rock that breaks off from the Top of a steep Mountain: Now he throws himself at the Feet of *Hegesippus*, he weeps, he falters, he stammers, he quakes, he embraces the Knees of that Man whom, not an Hour before, he would not vouchsafe to honour with a Look. All those who had but just now been paying their Adorations to him, seeing him lost beyond Recovery, chang'd their Flatteries into merciless Invectives.

*Hegesippus* would not allow him so much Time as either to take his last Farewel of his Family, or to fetch certain private Writings: All was seiz'd and carry'd to the King. *Tisocrates* was arrested at the same Time, to him no small Amazement; for, being fallen out with *Protesilaus*, he thought he could not be involv'd in his Ruin. They

(a) 'Tis no easy Task to beg a Favour, without some Appearance of Sneakingness. Prayers are lame, says Homer, who doubtless had ex-

perienc'd that those who are in bad Circumstances are forc'd to humble themselves, and do things that look mean.

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are both clapt on Board a Vessel that was prepar'd for that Purpose: They arrive at *Samos*, where *Hegefippus* leaves the two miserable Wretches; and, to complete their Misfortunes, leaves them Together. There, They with the greatest Rage reproach each other with the Crimes they had committed, and which now occasion'd their Fall. They are now past Hope of ever seeing *Salentum* again, condemn'd to live far from their Wives and Children, I don't say far (a) from their Friends, for they had none. They are now in an unknown Land, where they have no Means of Living but by their Labour: They who had pass'd so many Years in Pleasure and Pride, were now like two wild Beasts, ready to tear one another to pieces every Moment.

Mean while *Hegefippus* inquires in what Part of the Island *Philocles* dwelt; they told him that he liv'd a great Way from the Town, in a Grotto or Cave, instead of a House, and that this Cave was upon a Top of a Mountain. Every Body mention'd this Stranger's Name with great Admiration. All the Time he has been in the Island, said they, he has not so much as once given the least Offence to any Body. Every Man wonders at his Patience, his Application to Work, and his Peace of Mind. He seems always contented tho' he has nothing; and tho' he be here far from Business, without Wealth, and without Authority, yet he is incessantly obliging those who deserve it, and has a thousand

(a) True, disinterested Friendship is a Commerce or Reciprocation of Sensibility.

To say that great Men can have a Friend, is to accuse them of loving No-body.

Contrivances to do all his Neighbours some Service or other.

*Hegefippus* continues his Way towards the Grotto, which he finds empty and open, for the Poverty and Simplicity of *Philocles's* Manners never oblig'd him to shut his Door when he went out: A plain Mat of Rushes serv'd him for a Bed: He rarely kindled a Fire, because he never ate any Thing dress'd: All the Summer he liv'd upon new-gather'd Fruits, and in Winter upon Dates and dry'd Figs. He used to quench his Thirst at a crystalline Spring of Water which fell in Sheets from a high Rock: He had nothing in his Grotto but carving-Tools, and some few Books, which he read at certain Hours, not to embellish his Mind, or to gratify his Curiosity, but to teach him to be good, and avoid Idleness at the same Time that it eas'd his Labours. As for Sculpture, he apply'd himself that Way purely to exercise his Body, and gain a Livelihood, without being oblig'd to any Body.

As *Hegefippus* enter'd the Grotto, he was surpriz'd to see the Works which were begun: There was a *Jupiter* (a) whose serene Countenance was too full of Majesty not to be easily known to be the Father of the Gods and Men: In another Place he observ'd a *Mars*, with a rugged threatening Fierceness: But what was most affecting, was a *Minerva* who

(a) The same Objects frequently re-occur in this Poem, but always under different Colours. This Fruitfulness of Ideas is the Soul of Poetry; it keeps the Reader in a State

of Inchantment, by continually presenting to him the Treasures and Riches of a lively Fancy, which do not in the least resemble each other.

gave Life to the Arts; her Aspect was noble and yet soft, her Shape free and lofty, she was in so lively a Posture that one would have thought she would immediately walk. *Hegefippus* having regaled himself with the Sight of these Statues, went out of the Grotto, and at some Distance from it, under a large Tree, spy'd *Philocles* reading a Book on the Grass: He goes directly towards him, and *Philocles*, who perceiv'd him, knew not what to think. Is not that *Hegefippus*, said he to himself, with whom I liv'd so long in *Crete*? But 'tis not likely that he should come into so remote an Island: Perhaps 'tis his Ghost come to Earth from the *Stygian* Bank after his Death.

Whilst he was thus doubting, *Hegefippus* came so near him, that he could not chuse but know him again and embrace him: And is it you yourself, my dear old Friend, said he? What Danger, what Storm has thrown you on this Shore? Why have you left the Island of *Crete*? Has some Disgrace, like mine, forc'd you from your Country?

*Hegefippus* answer'd; 'Tis no Disgrace has brought me hither, but on the contrary, the Favour of the Gods. Then instantly he recounted to him (a) the long continu'd Tyranny of *Protesilaus*, his Intrigues with *Timocrates*, the Misfortunes they had plung'd

(a) In this Manner it is that our Author avoids those Repetitions which are so much condemn'd in the *Iliad*. All that can be said in their Justification is, that they render the Action more Drama-

tic. *Virgil*, who made himself so perfect a Master of the Beauties of his Model (*Homer*) has shown what thought of such Repetitions by avoiding them in the *Æneid*.

*menaeus* into, that Prince's Fall, his Flight to the *Hesperian* Coasts, the founding of *Salentum*, the Arrival of *Mentor* and *Telemachus*, the wise Maxims with which *Mentor* had imbued the King's Mind, and the Downfall of both the Traitors. He added, that he had brought them to *Samos*, there to suffer the like Banishment which they had caus'd *Philocles* to suffer; and he finish'd his Discourse with telling him, that he had it in Command to bring him home to *Salentum*, where the King, who fully knew his Innocence, was resolv'd to commit the Management of Affairs to him, and to heap Riches on him.

Observe ye this Cave, reply'd *Philocles* to him: Is it not fitter to hide wild Beasts than to be inhabited by Men? Yet here have I tasted for these many Years more Sweetness, more Repose than ever I did in the gilded Palaces of the Island of *Crete*. Men no longer deceive me, for I no longer see them; I no longer hear their flattering and poisoning Discourses; I have no longer any Need of them: My Hands, inur'd to Labour, easily afford me a plain Nourishment, and such as is necessary for the Sustenance of Life: You see this slight Stuff is sufficient to cover me, and I want nothing farther: I enjoy a calm undisturb'd Rest and a sweet Freedom, which my Books teach me how to make good use of. What then have I farther to look for among jealous, tricking, inconstant Men? No, no, my dear *Hegesippus*, envy not my good Fortune: *Protesilaus* betray'd himself, in going about to betray the King and destroy me: But he has done me no manner of Hurt;



on the contrary, he has done me the greatest Kindness: He has deliver'd me from the tumultuous Rattle and Servitude of Business. To him I am beholden for my precious Solitude, and all the innocent Pleasures I here enjoy. Return, *Hegesippus*, return to the King; assist him to support the Miseries of Greatness, and be that to him which you would have me be. Since his Eyes, so long shut against the Truth, have at last been open'd by that wise Man you call *Mentor*, let the King retain him near his Person, and make use of his Counsels. As for me, I ought not, after Shipwreck, to quit the Haven where the Storm has happily thrown me, to commit my self again to the Mercy of the Winds. O how much, how very much are Kings to be pity'd! O how worthy of Compassion are those who serve them! If they are wicked, how much does Mankind suffer by them, and what Torments are prepar'd for them in the darkest *Tartarus*! If they are good, what Difficulties have they not to encounter and to overcome, how many Snares to avoid, how many Evils to suffer! Once more, my dear *Hegesippus*, leave me in my happy Poverty.

Whilst *Philocles* was thus delivering himself with great Earnestness, *Hegesippus* look'd on him with Astonishment. He remember'd, when he had seen him formerly at *Crete*, during the Time he administer'd the greatest Affairs of State, he was lean, bare-bon'd, and almost spent; the Ardency and Severity of his Mind consum'd his Body thro' Care and Application to Business; he could not, without Indignation, behold Vice unpunish'd, he requir'd in the Management of Affairs such

an Exactness as is hardly ever to be met with; and thus his Employments destroy'd his delicate Constitution: But at *Samos* *Hegefippus* found him plump and vigorous; for all his Age, a florid blooming Youth seem'd to be renew'd in his Face; a sober, quiet and laborious Life had, as it were, given him another Constitution.

You wonder, said *Philocles* to him smiling, to see me so chang'd: This Freshness and this perfect Health is owing to my Solitude. My Enemies have given me what I shou'd never have found in the Height of my Fortune, and would you have me part with true Happiness, to pursue a false one, and to plunge myself again into my former Miseries? I beg you would not be more cruel than *Protesilaus*; at least, envy me not the Happiness which I am indebted to him for.

Then *Hegefippus* urg'd to him, but in vain, all that he thought might move him. Are you then, said he to him, insensible of the Pleasure of seeing your Friends and Relations, who sigh for your Return, and whom the sole Hope of embracing you overwhelms with Joy? Do you, who fear the Gods and love to do your Duty, reckon as nothing the Service of your King, and the assisting him in all the Good he designs in making so many People happy? Is it allowable for a Man to abandon himself to a wild and savage (a) Phi-

(a) Philosophy does not tend to exclude us from Society. The true Sage is he that knows how to make Wisdom relishable. Such were the first Philosophers, and their way of Living

gave ev'n a fuller Idea of their Science and Learning, than their Lessons did. The Sophists imitated them but by halves: They acted like Men, and talked like Philosophers.

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losophy, to prefer his single-self to all the rest of Mankind, and to be fonder of his own Quiet than the Happiness of his Fellow Citizens? Besides all this, 'twill be thought that 'tis out of Resentment you refuse to see the King. If he design'd any Ill to you, 'twas because he did not then know you: It was not the true, the honest, the just *Philocles*, whom he went about to destroy; no, 'twas quite another Man; but now that he knows you, and mistakes you not for another, he feels all his former Friendship revive in his Heart. He waits for you, he already holds forth his Arms to embrace you, he impatiently counts the Days, the Hours, till you come; and can you be obdurate, can you be inexorable to your King and to all your dearest Friends?

*Philocles*, who at first melted away at the Sight of *Hegesippus*, re-assum'd his grave austere Look at this Discourse; like a Rock which the Winds and Billows in vain attack, so remain'd he immoveable; nor Prayers, nor Reasons could find the least Access to his Heart: But in the Moment when *Hegesippus* began to despair of prevailing over him, *Philocles*, having consulted the Gods, found by the Flight of Birds, (a) the Entrails of Victims, and sundry other Tokens, that he must follow *Hegesippus*.

(a) The grave Augurs could not forbear laughing in one another's Faces when they chanced to meet, says *Tully*; but Politicians made their Advantage of these whimsical Ceremonies. The Priests were most commonly

bribed by the Generals to make the Victims propitious whenever they had a mind to it, for the greater Encouragement of the Soldiers by these Assurances of the Protection of the Gods.

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Then he no longer resisted, but prepar'd to go; yet not without Regret, and wishing still for the Desarts where he had pass'd so many Years. Alas! said he, must I then quit thee, O my lovely Grotto, where peaceful Slumber came every Night to ease the Labours of the Day! Here in the midst of Poverty did the Destinies spin my vital Thread with Gold and Silk! Then weeping, he prostrated himself to adore the *Naiad*, who had so long slack'd his Thirst with her clear Flood, and the Nymphs likewise that inhabited the neighbouring Mountains. Echo heard his Lamentations, and with a mournful Voice repeated them to all the rural Deities.

Afterwards *Philocles* went to the Town with *Hegeſippus* to take Shipping, not believing that the miserable *Protesilaus* would have the Face to see him; but he was mistaken, for ill Men have no Shame, and can never take check at the most scandalous Compliances. *Philocles* modestly avoided being seen by that miserable Wretch; fearing indeed to heighten his Misfortune by shewing him the Prosperity of an Enemy, who was going to be rais'd on his Ruins: But *Protesilaus* was very eager and earnest to find out *Philocles*. He desir'd that he would take pity on him and beg the King to let him return to *Salentum*. *Philocles* was too sincere to promise to solicit his Return, for he knew better than any Man how pernicious such a Thing would be to the Publick. But he spoke very courteously to him, testify'd a great Compassion of his Misfortunes, endeavour'd to comfort him, admonish'd him to



pacify the Gods by a pious Life and an exemplary Patience under his Affliction: And having understood that the King had stript him of all his ill-gotten Riches, he promis'd two Things, which he afterwards faithfully perform'd. One was to take care of his Wife and Children, who were left at *Salentum*, in a wretched poor Condition, expos'd to the Indignation of the Populace: And the other was to send him some little Supply of Money to alleviate his Misfortunes.

And now a favourable Wind fills the swelling Sails. *Hegesippus* grows impatient for *Philocles's* Departure. *Protesilaus* sees them embark; he remains fix'd and immoveable on the Shore. His Eyes follow the Vessel which cuts the Waves, and which the Wind still carries farther and farther; and when at last he could see them no more, he again paints the Image of them in his Mind. Then grown distracted, furious, and abandon'd to his Despair, he tears his Locks, he rolls about upon the Strand, he accuses the Gods of Severity, he in vain calls cruel Death to his Aid: She, deaf to his Prayers, deigns not to deliver him from his Miseries, nor has he the (a) Courage to release himself from the Load of Life.

Mean while, the Ship, favour'd by *Nep- tune* and the Winds, soon arrives at *Salentum*: The King was presently told that they were

(a) *Perseus* being taken Prisoner by *Paulus Emilius*, begg'd that he wou'd not tie him to his triumphal Chariot. Upon which the Conqueror asked him why he begg'd of

him not do that which was in his own Power to prevent, thereby reproaching him with his Meanness of Spirit to outlive his Defeat.

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landing: He ran with *Mentor* towards *Philocles*, he affectionately embrac'd him, expressing a deep Concern for having so unjustly persecuted him.

This Reception, instead of looking like a Weakness in a Prince, was deem'd by all the *Salentines* as the Act of a great Soul, which raises its self above past Miscarriages in freely owning them, in order to redress them. Every one wept for Joy to see again this honest Man, who lov'd the People, and to hear the King speak with so much Discretion and Humanity.

*Philocles*, in a respectful modest Manner, receiv'd the King's Caresses, and was very impatient to get out of the Acclamations of the People. He follow'd the King to the Palace, where *Mentor* and he were presently grown as familiar as if they had pass'd their whole Life together, tho' they had never seen one another before; for the Gods, who have deny'd Eyes to the Wicked to discern good Men, have given Eyes to good Men whereby to know one another. Those who have any Relish of Virtue, cannot be long together without contracting a Friendship. Not long after *Philocles* begg'd of the King that he might retire to some private Place near *Salentum*, where he might continue to live in the same Manner he did at *Samos*. The King and *Mentor* us'd to go and see him every Day in his Solitude; and there they consulted the proper Means of strengthening the Laws, and to draw solid Schemes of Government for the publick Good.

The two principal Things which they went upon, were the Education of Children,

dren, and the way of living in Peace. Children, said *Mentor*, belong less to their Parents than to the Publick; they are the Children of the People; they are the Hope and Strength of the Body Politick: 'Tis too late to correct them when they are spoilt; 'tis insignificant to exclude them from Employments, when they have made themselves unworthy of them; 'tis much better to prevent the Mischief than be forc'd to punish it. A King, (a) added he, who is Father of all his People, is yet more particularly the Father of all the Youth, who are the Blossom of a Nation; and 'tis in the Blossom that Fruits are prepar'd. Let not the King therefore disdain to watch over them himself, and to cause others to do the like in the educating of them: Let him see that the Laws of *Morvos* be strictly observ'd, which ordain the Children be bred up to despise Pain and Death; that Honour be plac'd in a Neglect of Pleasures and Riches; that Injustice, Lying, Ingratitude and Slothfulness be accounted infamous; that from their tenderest Infancy they be taught to sing the Praises of the Heroes who were belov'd of the Gods, who have done great Things for their Country, and who have distinguish'd their Courage in Battle; let the Charm of Musick seize their Souls, to make their Manners gentle

(a) The Education of Children was not arbitrary at *Lacedæmon*. It was committed to the Magistrates who thought themselves honour'd by the Trust and Confidence which the Public testified towards them, by putting into

their Hands what they held most dear. Even the Children of Kings were subject to the same Exercise as the other *Lacedæmonian* Youth. And thus Valour and Piety were no more than common Virtues at *Lacedæmon*.

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and purify'd; let them learn to be tender of their Friends, faithful to their Allies, equitable to all Men, even to their most cruel Enemies; let them learn to be more afraid of the Strings of Conscience, than of Death it self and all manner of Torments. If Children early imbibe these noble Maxims, and if they are instill'd into them by the Charms of Music, there will be but few who shall not be inflam'd with the Love of Glory and Virtue.

*Mentor* added, that it was of the greatest Importance to institute publick Schools, to accustom the Youth to manly Exercises of the Body, that they might not grow tender and lazy, which spoils the best Dispositions. He farther advis'd to have a great Variety of (a) Games and Shows to animate the People, but more especially to exercise their Bodies, to render them active, supple and vigorous, with Rewards and Prizes to stir up a noble Emulation: But what he most desir'd, for the Encouragement of good Manners, was, that young People should marry betimes, and that their Parents, without any sordid lucrative Views, should leave them to chuse their Wives themselves, such as were most agreeable both in Mind and Body, with whom they might live continually happy.

But while they were thus contriving to keep the Youth chaste, innocent, laborious, tractable, and fond of Glory, *Philocles*, who de-

(a) Such was the Fruit which the *Gracians* reap'd from their Festivals; which were consecrated to such Exercises as render'd the Body supple and vigorous. The Hymns that were sung in

them were in Honour of those who had vanquish'd Barbarous Nations. And thus did Policy turn a superstitious Worship into a Sort of Military School.

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lighted in War, said to *Mentor*: In vain do you employ Youth in all those Exercises, if you suffer them to rust in a continual Peace, without any Experience in War, or Occasion to exert their Valour: By this you will insensibly weaken the Nation; Mens Spirits will grow blunt, Pleasure will corrupt their Manners, and they will become an easy Conquest to other, warlike, Nations; and thus, by endeavouring to shun the Evils of War, they will fall into a miserable Servitude.

*Mentor* reply'd; The Evils of War are still more dreadful than you imagine. War drains a Nation, and puts it always in Danger of being ruin'd, even while it is most victorious: How advantageously soever you may begin a War, you are never sure of ending it without being expos'd to the most tragical Reverses of Fortune; whatever Superiority of Forces you bring with you into the Field, the smallest Mistake, a Panick Fear, a Nothing snatches the Victory out of your Hands, and transfers it to the Enemy. Nay, tho' you should hold Victory chain'd as it were, in your Camp, you destroy yourself in destroying your Enemy; you unpeopled your Country, leave the Ground almost uncultivated, interrupt Commerce; nay, what is worse, you weaken the best Laws, and tolerate the Corruption of Manners: The young Men no longer apply themselves to Literature; imperious Necessity makes you connive at pernicious Licentiousness among your Troops; Justice, Order, Every Thing suffers in this Confusion. A King who sheds the Blood of so many Men, and causes so many Mischiefs for the Sake of a little Glo-

(a) Such Poems, whi

ry, or to extend the Limits of his Kingdom, does not deserve to attain the Glory he is in Pursuit of, but rather deserves to lose what he possesses, for usurping that which does not belong to him.

But I will tell you in what manner you should exercise the Courage of a Nation in Time of Peace. We have already discours'd of the Exercises of the Body, and stirring up Emulation by publick Rewards; as likewise by filling Children's Minds, almost from their Cradle, with Principles of Glory and Virtue, by celebrating to (a) Musick the greatest Actions of Heroes; add to this a sober and laborious Life. But this is not all; as soon as any one of your Allies shall be engag'd in a War, you must send thither the Flower of your Youth, especially those who discover a Genius for War, and who are most likely to improve by Experience. Hereby you will maintain a high Reputation among your Allies; your Friendship will be courted, and they will be afraid to lose it; and thus without having a War upon your own Hands, you will always be stor'd with a season'd and an intrepid Body of Youth. Altho' you enjoy Peace at Home, yet fail not to treat honourably those who have a Talent for War; for the true Way to avoid War and preserve a lasting Peace, is to cultivate Arms, to honour Men that are excellent that Way, always to have some of your Subjects abroad train'd up in that Profession, that they may be acquainted with the Strength, Discipline, and Man-

(a) Such were *Homer's* } Musick, form'd all the Heroes of *Greece*, says *Isocrates*.

ner of Fighting in the neighbouring Countries: In short, the true Way to avoid War is to be equally remote from beginning or out of Ambition, and from being afraid of it thro' Effeminacy. Thus being always in Readiness to go into it when Necessity urges, you will arrive to that State as to be almost ever able to prevent it. As for your Allies when they are breaking out into a War with each other, it will be your Part to be a Mediator; and thereby you will acquire a Glory more solid and more lasting than that of Conquerors; you will gain the Love and Esteem of Strangers; they will all of them stand in need of you; you will reign over them by the Confidence they repose in you, as you reign over your own Subjects by your Authority. You will become the Trustee, or as it were, the Confidant of all Secrets, the Arbiter of Treaties, the Master of all the Hearts; your Fame will fly thro' the most distant Countries, and your Name will be like a delicious Perfume that spreads itself on every Side. In such Circumstances, if a neighbouring State attacks you unjustly, they will always find you prepar'd to receive them; but what is still more advantageous for you, they will find you belov'd and befriended; all your Neighbours will chearfully arm themselves to assist you, being persuaded that on your Preservation, depends the common Welfare. This is a Bulwark more secure than the strongest Walls and the most regular Fortifications. This is true Glory. But how few Kings are there that know how to pursue it; nay, rather how few are there that do not pursue the contrary? They run after a beguiling

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Shadow, and leave behind them true Honour,  
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After *Mentor* had spoke thus, *Philocles*  
look'd upon him with Astonishment, and then  
cast his Eyes on the King: He was perfect-  
ly charm'd to see how greedily *Idomeneus*  
gather'd up every Word which flow'd like  
a Stream of Wisdom from the Mouth of that  
Stranger.

*Minerva*, in the Shape of *Mentor*, did thus  
establish in *Salentum* the most wholsom Laws  
and the most useful Maxims of Government,  
not so much to make the Kingdom of *Ido-  
meneus* prosperous and flourishing, as to shew  
*Telemachus*, at his Return, a plain Example,  
how far a wise Administration contributes to  
render a People happy, and to procure to a  
good King a solid permanent Reputation.



T H E





THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS.*

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VOL. II. BOOK XV.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus, in the Camp of the Allies, wins the Affection of Philoctetes, who at first had a Dislike to him upon Account of his Father Ulysses. Philoctetes relates to him his Misfortunes, wherein he inserts many Particulars concerning the Death of Hercules, by the poison'd Tunic which the Centaur Nessus had given to Deianira; he informs him how he obtain'd of that Hero his fatal Arrows, without which the City of Troy could never be taken; how he was punish'd for revealing his Secret, by the great Miseries he suffer'd in the Isle of Lemnos; and how Ulysses made use of Neoptolemus, to engage him to return to the Siege of Troy, where he was cured of his Wounds by the Sons of Esculapius.*

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Book. x



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TELEMACHUS, mean while; signaliz'd his Courage in the Dangers of the War. When he departed from *Salentum*, he made it his chief Study to gain the Affection of the old Captains, whose Reputation and Experience were at the height. *Nestor*, who had before seen him at *Pylos*, and who had always loved *Ulysses*, treated him as his own Son: He gave him Instructions, which he confirmed by divers notable Examples; he related to him all the Adventures of his Youth, and the most remarkable Things he had seen perform'd by the Heroes of the last Age. This sage old Man's Memory (he having number'd three Ages,) was, like a History of antient Times, engrav'd on Marble or Brass.

*Philoctetes* at first had not the same Kindness for *Telemachus*, as *Nestor* had. The hatred he had so long harbour'd against *Ulysses*, gave him a Coldness towards his Son, and he could not see, without uneasiness, what Glories the Gods seem'd to be preparing for this Youth, to make him equal to those Heroes, who had laid *Troy* in Ashes. But at length the winning Deportment of *Telemachus* overcame all the Resentments of *Philoctetes*, and he could no longer forbear loving a Virtue so modest and sweet. He would often take *Telemachus*, and say to him, my Son,) for I no longer scruple to call you so) I own that your Father and my self did for a long Time entertain a hatred against each other; I own too, that after we had raz'd *Troy's* proud Walls, my Resentments were not cur'd, and

when I saw you, I felt in my Breast the strongest Aversion to love ev'n Virtue in the person of *Ulysses's* Son; for which I often condemned my self; but Virtue, when it is gentle, simple, ingenuous, and modest, is not to be resisted by any thing. Then *Philoctetes* insensibly engaged himself to relate to him what it was that had kindled in his Heart so much hatred against *Ulysses*.

To trace, said he, my History a little farther up, I accompany'd in all his Travels (a) the great *Hercules*, who deliver'd the Earth from so many Monsters, and, in comparison of whom, all other Heroes were but as a feeble Bulrush to a lofty Oak, or the little Bird to an Eagle. That Hero's Misfortunes and mine too, took rise from a Passion which occasions the most terrible Disasters, namely, Love. *Hercules*, who had overcome so many Monsters, was a Slave to that shameful Pas-

(a) This Narration of *Philoctetes's* Misadventures is little more than a Translation of one of *Sophocles's* Tragedies, which is intituled by the Name of that Hero. It has lost nothing in the Hands of our Author, who has had the Skill to turn one of the most beautiful Remains of Antiquity into one of the most beautiful Ornaments of his Poem. This Subject, as great and noble as it is, has never dared to produce it self on our [the French] Stage; and it must be own'd, it would be a difficult matter to adapt it to the taste of our [French] Nation. *Philoctetes* continual-

ly appears labouring under the pain of his Wound; he is Night and Day groaning, swooning away; black and corrupted Gore issuing from him, makes the *Greek* Soldier shiver at the very sight of Him, and think him every Moment to be dying: These are Circumstances which would never fit a *French* Taste. Besides, how would such a Subject admit of a Love-Intrigue, without which an Author, who is a Slave to the Pit and ty'd down to the reigning Taste of Gallantry, will never be convinced that it is possible to write a Tragedy?

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son, and became the Laughing-stock of that cruel Boy, *Cupid*: He could not without blushing call to mind, that he had once so far forgot his Glory, as to work at the Spinning Wheel with *Omphale*, Queen of *Lydia*, like the most abject and most effeminate of all Men; so great a Command over him had a blind inconsiderate Love. A hundred Times has he confess'd to me, that this Passage of his Life had tarnish'd his Virtue, and almost defac'd the Glory of all his Labours. Yet O Gods! such is the Weakness and Inconstancy of Men, they flatter themselves they can do any thing, and yet can withstand nothing. Alas! The great *Hercules* again fell into the Snares of Love, which he had so often detested: If he had been constant to *Deianira* his Wife, happy, exceeding happy had he been; but too soon the blooming Youth of *Iole*, on whose Face the Graces were imprinted, stole away his Heart. *Deianira*, burning with Jealousy, bethought her of the fatal Garment that the Centaur *Nessus* had left her at his Death, as an infallible Way to awaken again the Love of *Hercules*, whenever he seem'd to neglect her for another. But alas! this Garment, full of the venomous Blood of the Centaur, contain'd the Poison of the Darts with which that Monster had been pierc'd; for you know that the Arrows, with which *Hercules* kill'd this perfidious Centaur, had been dipp'd in the Blood of the *Lyrnean* Hydra, which had tinctur'd them with so strong a Poison, that whatever they wounded was incurable.

*Hercules*, having put on this Garment, soon felt the devouring Fire, which insinuated it-



self even into the very Marrow of his Bones Mount *Oeta* was amaz'd at his horrible Outcries, and the deepest Vallies resounded; the Sea itself seem'd troubled at his Groans, which far surpass'd the Bellowing of fierce Bulls, in their Combats. The unhappy *Lychas*, who had brought him the Garment from *Deianira* presuming to approach him, *Hercules* in the height of his Pain seiz'd him, and whirl'd him round as a Slinger does a Stone, which he is going to throw at a great distance from him. Thus *Lychas* being hurl'd from the top of the Mountain by the strong Arm of *Hercules*, tumbled amidst the Waves of the Sea, where he was presently changed into a Rock, which still preserves its humane Shape, and which being incessantly beaten by the angry Billows frightens from afar the wary Pilot.

After the Misfortune of *Lychas*, I judg'd it no longer safe to trust myself to *Hercules*: I began now to think of hiding myself in the deepest Caverns of the Earth. I observ'd how easily he with one Hand pluck'd up by the Root the lofty Firs and aged Oaks, which for many Centuries had defy'd the roaring Winds and most impetuous Storms; and with the other he endeavour'd, but in vain, to tear from his Back the fatal Garment; it was glu'd to his Skin, and as it were incorporated to his Limbs, and, as he rent it, he tore off his Skin and Flesh: His Blood, in flowing Streams, moisten'd the Earth; at length, his Virtue surmounting his Pain, he cry'd out, thou see'st, my dear *Philoctetes*, the Evils which the Gods make me suffer; they are justly inflicted; I have offended them, I have violated my conjugal Love. After having overcome

so many Enemies to be vanquish'd by Strangers, to appeal to my dear true, the merit upon thy, which ignorant of not deserting thou ship I owe thy Life *Philoctetes* my Soul shall gather then, my ly Hope Words Arms to them by Breast himself not emb longer the Tr them in Mount the Sk he so Mantle ner of Monste leans u Fire to be My not ref

so many Enemies, I have basely suffer'd my self  
to be vanquish'd by the Love of a beautiful  
Stranger. I perish, and am content to perish,  
to appease the Wrath of the Gods. But alas!  
my dear Friend, whither flyest thou? 'Tis  
true, the Excess of my Pain made me com-  
mit upon the unhappy *Lychas* an Act of Cruel-  
ty, which I upbraid my self for: He was ig-  
norant of the Poison he brought me; he did  
not deserve the Treatment I gave him: But  
dost thou believe that I can forget the Friend-  
ship I owe thee, or that I would take away  
thy Life? No sure, I shall never cease to love  
*Philoctetes*: He shall receive into his Bosom  
my Soul that is now upon the Wing, and he  
shall gather up my Ashes. Where art thou  
then, my dear *Philoctetes*, *Philoctetes*, the on-  
ly Hope that is left me here below? At these  
Words I ran towards him; he holds out his  
Arms to embrace me, but presently drew  
them back, for fear he should kindle in my  
Breast the same devouring Fire with which  
himself was burnt up. Alas! says he, I dare  
not embrace thee; even that Consolation is no  
longer allow'd me! With that he gathers all  
the Trees he had pluck'd up, and erected  
them into a funeral Pile, upon the Top of the  
Mountain: He calmly ascends the Pile, spreads  
the Skin of the *Nemean* Lion with which  
he so long had wrapt his Shoulders as a  
Mantle, whilst he travel'd from one Cor-  
ner of the Earth to the other, to destroy  
Monsters and rescue the Unfortunate: He  
leans upon his Club, and desires me to set  
Fire to the Pile.

My trembling and abhorrent Hands could  
not refuse him this cruel Office; for his Life

was now no longer to be reckon'd a Gift of the Gods, so irksom was it to him: Nay I fear'd lest the Extremity of his Pain should transport him to do some Action unworthy of that Virtue which had amaz'd the World. As soon as he saw the Flame begin to catch; now, says he, my dear *Philoctetes*, I am convinc'd of the Sincerity of thy Friendship; for thou lovest my Honour more than my Life, and may the Gods reward thee for it. I bequeath thee what I have most valuable on Earth, namely, these Arrows, that were dip't in the Blood of the *Lyrnean* Hydra. Thou knowest that the Wounds they give are incurable; by them thou shalt be invincible as I have been, nor shall any Mortal dare to attack you. Remember I die thy faithful Friend, and may'st thou never forget how dear thou hast been to me. But if thou art really affected by my Misfortunes, it is in thy Power to give me one Consolation, tho' it be the last; by promising never to discover to any Mortal, either my Death, or the Place where thou hidest my Ashes. I promis'd him, alas! nay, I swor'd it; and at the same Time bedew'd his funeral Pile with my Tears! A flash of Joy darted from his Eyes, but on a sudden a towering Flame involv'd him round, stifled his Voice and robb'd me almost of the Sight of him; but yet I could see him a little thro' the Flames, with a Countenance as serene, as if he had been sitting with his Friends at a delicious Banquet, crown'd with Garlands, and cover'd with Perfumes. The Fire quickly consumed his earthly and mortal Part, and soon there remain'd nothing of what he had receiv'd at his Birth from his Mother *Alcme*

But, by the Decree of *Jupiter*, he still retained untouch'd that subtile and immortal Substance, that celestial Spark, which is the true Principle of Life, and which he had receiv'd from the Father of the Gods, to whom he went, beneath the gilded Arches of the glittering *Olympus*; there he quaffs Nectar; and there the Gods gave him to Wife the lovely *Hebe*, who is the Goddess of Youth, and whose Office was to fill Nectar to *Jupiter*, before *Ganymede* was promoted to that Honour.

To return to what concerns my self: The Arrows which he left me with a Design to raise me above all Heroes, have been an inexhaustible Fountain of Sorrow to me; for now the confederate Kings had undertaken to revenge *Menelaus* upon the infamously famous *Paris* for the Rape of *Helena*, and to overturn the Empire of *Priam*. The Oracle of *Apollo* gave them to understand, that they were not to expect a happy Issue of the War, unless they could get the Arrows of *Hercules*. Your Father *Ulysses*, who was always the most penetrating and the most active in all the Counsels, took upon him to persuade me to go with them to the Siege of *Troy*, and to bring along with me those Arrows, which he believ'd were in my Possession. It was now a long Time since *Hercules* had disappear'd, nor was there any Mention of any new Exploit of that Hero: Monsters and Villains began again now to shew their Heads with Impunity: The *Greeks* knew not what to think of him: Some said he was dead; others affirm'd that he was gone under the frozen Bear, to subdue the *Scythians*; but *Ulysses* averr'd that

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he was dead, and undertook to make me own it. He found me out and came to me, when, as yet, I was disconsolate for the Loss of the great *Alcides*; he found it a hard Matter to accost me, for the Sight of Mankind was become intolerable to me: I would not yield to be taken from the Desarts of *Mount Oeta*, where I had beheld the Exit of my dear Friend; my only Study was to re-imprint in my Breast the Image of that Hero and I minded nothing but to weep at the Sight of that melancholy Place: But soft and powerful Persuasion flow'd from your Father's Lips; he seem'd almost as much afflicted as my self; he shed Tears; he knew how to get Access insensibly to my Heart, and to engage me to confide in him: He begat in me a Concern for the *Grecian* Kings, who were going to fight in a just Cause, and who could not prosper without me. Yet could he not extort from me the Secret of *Hercules's* Death which I had sworn never to mention: but he no longer doubting of his Death, press'd me to reveal the Place where I had hid his Ashes. Alas! I was seiz'd with Horror at the Thought of revealing a Secret which I had promised to the Gods never to disclose: but not daring to violate my Oath, I was so weak as to elude it, for which the Gods have punish'd me. I stamp'd with my Foot upon the Place where I had hid the Ashes of *Hercules*. Afterwards I went and joyn'd the confederate Kings, who receiv'd me with the same Joy as they would have done *Hercules* himself. As I pass'd thro' the Isle of *Lemnos* I had a mind to shew the *Greeks* the Efficacy of my Arrows, and preparing to let fly at

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Doe that was scouring along the Wood, I  
 heedlessly dropt the Arrow, which lighting  
 on my Foot, gave me a Wound which still  
 pains me. I presently felt the same Torments  
*Hercules* had suffer'd: I Night and Day fill'd  
 the Island with my Groans; black and cor-  
 rupted Gore issuing from my Wound, infected  
 the very Air, and spread thro' the *Grecian*  
 Camp a Stench that was capable of suffoca-  
 ting the most healthy Men. All the Soldiers  
 shiver'd at Sight of me; each taking it for  
 granted that it was a Curse sent down upon  
 me by the righteous Gods. *Ulysses*, who had  
 drawn me to the War, was the first that for-  
 sook me: I afterwards understood, that he did  
 so, because he prefer'd the common Interest  
 of *Greece*, and the Victory they had so much  
 at Heart, to all the Arguments of Friendship  
 or private Concerns. It was now grown im-  
 possible to sacrifice in the Camp; so much  
 did the Horror and Infection of my Wound,  
 and the Violence of my Groans, disturb the  
 whole Army. But when I perceived my self  
 abandon'd by all the *Greeks* thro' the Advice  
 of *Ulysses*, that Politician's Action seem'd to  
 me to be full of the most barbarous Cruelty  
 and blackest Treachery. Alas! I was blind-  
 ed, and did not see that I had justly incurr'd  
 the Displeasure of all wise and good Men, as  
 well as of the Gods whom I had offended!

I continu'd, during almost the whole Siege of  
*Troy*, all alone, destitute of Succour, without  
 Hope, without Help to ease my Pain; exces-  
 sively tormented in that desert and savage  
 Island, where nothing was to be heard but the  
 roaring Billows dashing against the Rocks. In  
 this solitary Place I found a Cave within a  
 Rock, which lifted to the Sky two high

Points like two Heads: From this Rock issued a crystal Spring: The Cave was the usual Retreat of wild Beasts, to whose Fury I was Night and Day expos'd; my Bed consisted of what Leaves I could pick up; all my Furniture was a wooden Box coarsely wrought, and some tatter'd Clothes, with which I bound up my Wound to stop the Blood, and with which I likewise us'd to clean it. Here, abandon'd by Mankind, and deliver'd over to the Anger of the Gods, I spent my Time in piercing with my Arrows the Pigeons and other Birds which flew about the Rock. When I kill'd any Bird to satisfy my Hunger, I was forc'd to crawl along the Ground in a painful Manner, to take up my Prey: Thus with my own Hands I prepar'd my own Provision. The *Greeks* did indeed leave me some Provisions, but they lasted not long. I us'd to light me a Fire with some Flints. This Life, as dreadful as it was, would have seem'd pleasant, in that it was remote from ungrateful and deceitful Men, had I not been quite overcome with the Extremity of the Pain, and the continual ruminating upon my sad Disaster. How! said I, to entice a Man from his own Country, as the only Person that was capable to revenge the Quarrel of *Greece*, and then to leave him in this desert Island while he was asleep! for so they did. You may judge of my Surprise when I wak'd; O! how bitterly I wept when I saw the Fleet sailing away. Alas! Wherever I cast my Eyes in that savage and horrible Place, I met with nothing but Sorrow. That horrid Island has neither Harbour, Commerce, nor Hospitality; nor did ever Man volun-

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early land upon it: None are seen there but what are driven by Storms, and no other Company is to be expected but what is forc'd thither by Shipwreck; nor even did such dare to carry me away along with them, being afraid both of the Anger of the Gods, and of the *Greeks*. Thus ten long Years I suffer'd Shame, Pain, and Hunger: I nourish'd a Wound that devour'd me; even Hope it self was quite extinguish'd in my Breast. One Day, returning from seeking some medicinal Plants for my Wound, I was surpriz'd to see in my Cave a young Man of a handsome and graceful Mien, but withal Stately, and of an Heroick Aspect: He seem'd to me to be *Achilles* by his Features, Look, and Gait, had there not been too great a Difference between them in Point of Age. His Eyes express'd both Compassion and Confusion: He was mov'd with Pity at seeing me crawl along in that miserable Condition. The piercing Cries and doleful Shrieks, with which I made the echoing Shores reverberate, melted his very Heart.

Being at some distance from him: O Stranger, said I, What Misfortune has brought thee into this uninhabited Island? I know that *Greek* Habit, that Habit still so dear to me. O! how I long to hear thy Voice, and to find upon thy Lips that Language which I learnt in my Childhood, and which I, for so long a Time, have been debarr'd from talking my self to any Body, in this Solitude. Be not affrighted to see so wretched a Creature, since thou oughtest rather to pity him.

Scarce had *Neoptolemus* said that he was a *Greek*, when I cry'd out: O delicious Word, after



after so many Years of Silence and comfortless Pain? O my Son, what Disaster, what Tempest, or rather what propitious Wind has brought thee hither to put an end to my Misery? He answer'd; I am of the Island of *Scyros*, thither I am returning; 'tis said, I am the Son of *Achilles*; thou know'st that best.

Such short Expressions left my Curiosity ungratify'd; I said to him, O Son of a Father whom I so much lov'd! The dear Charge of *Lycomedes*, how cam'st thou hither? And from whence cam'st thou? He answer'd me that he came from the Siege of *Troy*. Thou wert not, said I, in the first Expedition. Then, said he, wert Thou there at that Time? I answer'd him; I see thou art a Stranger both to the Name and Misfortunes of *Philoctetes*. Alas! How unhappy art I? My Persecutors insult over me in my Affliction! *Greece* is ignorant of what I suffer, which heightens my Grief: The *Atrides* have brought me to this; may the Gods repay them! Then I gave him an Account how the *Greeks* had forsaken me. As soon as he had heard the Relation of my Misfortunes, he began his own. After the Death of *Achilles*, said he—Here I interrupted him; What *Achilles* Dead! Pardon me, my Son, if I interrupt your Relation with the Tears I owe your Father. *Neoptolemus* answer'd me, 'tis a Comfort to me that you interrupt me. O how agreeable it is to me to see *Philoctetes* bewail my Father!

*Neoptolemus* resuming his Discourse said: After the Death of *Achilles*, *Ulysses* and *Phoenix* sought me out, affirming that the City of *Troy* could not be overthrown without me.

Book x

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I needed no great Persuasion to go along with them, for my Grief for the Death of *Achilles*, and a Desire to inherit his Glory in that renown'd War, was Inducement enough to follow them. I arrive at *Sigeum*; the Army gathers round about me; every one swore they saw *Achilles* again, but alas! he was no more. Young and unexperienc'd as I was, I thought I might promise my self any Thing from those who prais'd me so highly. Immediately I demanded of the *Atrides* my Father's Armour; to which they made me this barbarous Reply; thou shalt have every Thing else that belong'd to thy Father; but as for his Armour, it is destin'd for *Ulysses*. With this I was mightily disturb'd; I wept, I grew passionate; but *Ulysses*, without any Concern, said to me, Young Man, thou hast had no Share with us in the Perils of this long Siege; thou hast not therefore merited such Armour: You begin too soon to talk so big; you never shall have the Armour. Thus being unjustly robb'd by *Ulysses*, I am now returning into the Island of *Scyros*, not so much incens'd against *Ulysses* as against the *Atrides*: O *Philoctetes*, I have done, but may the Gods always befriend their Enemies!

Then I ask'd *Neoptolemus*, why *Telamonian Ajax* did not hinder such a Piece of Injustice. He is dead, answer'd he. Dead! cry'd I; and is *Ulysses* alive? Yes, and prosperous in the Army, said he. Then I ask'd him News of *Antilochus*, the wise *Nestor's* Son, and *Patroclus*, the Favourite of *Achilles*. They are dead too, said he. Then cry'd I out again: what, Dead! Alas! What dost thou tell me? How cruel a Thing is War, to mow down the

the Good and spare the Wicked. *Ulysses* still lives, and so does likewise *Thersites* no doubt! These are the Doings of the Gods, and yet we continue to praise them!

Whilst I was in this Rage against your Father, *Neoptolemus* continu'd to deceive me, and added these melancholy Words: I am going to live contented in the savage Isle of *Scyros*, far from the *Grecian* Army, where Evil prevails above Good: Adieu, I am gone, may the Gods restore you to your Health. With that, said I to him, O my Son, I conjure thee by the *Manes* of thy Father, by thy Mother, by all that is dear and precious to thee in the World, leave me not alone in this Extremity of Pain and Sorrow. We I know how burthensom I shall be to you, but it were a dishonourable Thing to forsake me: Take me into your Ship and let me lie at the Stem, at the Stern, nay, in the very Sink, any where, where I may the less incommode you. None but great Souls relish the Pleasure of doing Good: Do not leave me in a Desert where there is not the least Footstep of a Man: Carry me into your own Country, or into *Eubœa*, which is so far from Mount *Oeta*, nor from *Trachin*, the agreeable Banks of the River *Spercheus*. Send me back to my Father: Alas! I fear he is dead; I sent to him to desire that he would dispatch a Ship to me; either he is dead, or those who promis'd to tell him my Misfortune have not done it. O my Son, thou art my only Refuge I have! Remember the Mutability of human Affairs. He that is in Prosperity, ought to be afraid of abusing it, and should never turn away his Face from the Unfortunate.

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# Book xv. TELEMACHUS.

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This was what the Excess of my Grief made me say to *Neoptolemus*; and he promis'd to carry me along with him. Then I burst into Exclamations again: O blessed Day! O lovely *Neoptolemus*, worthy of thy Father's Glory! Dear Companions of this Voyage, allow me to bid Adieu to this melancholy Abode. See where I have liv'd, consider what I have suffer'd; no other could have endur'd it; but Necessity has instructed me; Necessity that teaches Mankind what they would never learn without her. Those that have never suffer'd Distress, know nothing; they cannot distinguish between Good and Evil; they are unacquainted with Mankind and with themselves too. After I had thus spoken, I took my Bow and my Arrows. *Neoptolemus* desir'd me to let him kiss those celebrated Arms, which had been consecrated by the invincible *Hercules*. I can refuse thee nothing, said I to him; 'tis thou, O my Son, who restorest to me the Light, my Country, my aged Father, my Friends, and my self. Freely touch these Arms, and boast that thou art the only *Greek* that ever deserv'd that Honour. With that, *Neoptolemus* enter'd my Grotto to admire those Arms.

Mean while I am seiz'd with an excessive Pain, I grow distracted, and know not what I do; I fear I ask for a sharp-edg'd Sword to cut off my Foot; I cry out, O Death so much desir'd, why comest thou not! O beloved Youth, burn me this Body instantly, as I burnt the Son of *Jupiter*! Receive, O Earth, a dying Wretch that cannot any more raise himself from thee! Then of a sudden, after this excessive Transport occasion'd by my Pain, I fell,



fell, as I us'd to do, into a deep Sleep: After which, I began to be eas'd by a plentiful Sweating; whilst a black corrupted Stream of Blood issu'd from my Wound. During this my Insensibility, *Neoptolemus* might easily have carry'd off my Arms and gone away; but he was the Son of *Achilles*, and incapable of Guile.

When I awaked, I perceiv'd the Confusion he was in; he sigh'd like one that knows not how to dissemble, and who acts against his Conscience. Wilt thou then deal treacherously by me, said I to him? What is the Matter? Thou must follow me, said he, to the Siege of *Troy*. Alas, reply'd I, what say'st thou, my Son? Restore me my Bow. I am betray'd; rob me not of my Life. To this he made no Return, but look'd on me calmly, and without any Concern. O Shores and Promontories of this desert Island! O ye wild Beasts and steep Rocks! 'Tis to you I complain, for to none other can I complain: You are accusom'd to my Groaning. Must I be betray'd by the Son of *Achilles*, who robs me of the sacred Bow of *Hercules*, and would drag me to the Camp of the Greeks to triumph over me? He considers not that it is triumphing over a dead Corps, a Ghost, an empty Shadow. O that he had attack'd me in my full Strength! But now it is base and ungenerous to do it: What shall I do? Son, restore me my Bow, act like thy Father, like thy self. What say'st thou? Nothing! O Savage Rock, to thee I return naked, miserable, forsaken, famish'd; in this Cave must I pine away; being depriv'd of my Bow to kill the wild Beasts; they

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now devour me; no Matter. But, my Son, thou hast not the Look of an ill Man, whatever Counsel it is has put thee upon this Action; Restore me my Arms, and get thee gone.

*Neoptolemus*, with Tears in his Eyes, thus mutter'd to himself: Would to Heaven I had never parted from *Scyros*! Then I cry'd out: Alas! What is it I see! Is not that *Ulysses*? I immediately hear his Voice, and he replies, Yes, it is I. If *Pluto's* dusky Realm had open'd it self, and I had seen the gloomy *Tartarus*, which even the Gods are afraid to cast so much as a Glance at, I own I could not have been seiz'd with greater Horror. Again I cry'd out: O Land of *Lemnos*, be thou my Witness! O Sun, dost thou behold this and suffer it! *Ulysses*, without Emotion, answer'd; *Jupiter* will have it so; I but execute the Will of *Jupiter*. Darest thou, said I, name *Jupiter*? Seest thou there that Youth, who was not born to deceive, and to whom 'tis a Pain to execute what thou obligeest him to do? It is neither to cheat thee, said *Ulysses* to me, nor to hurt thee, that we come hither; 'tis to deliver thee, to cure thy Wounds, to give thee the Glory of overthrowing *Troy*, and to bring thee back into thy own Country; 'tis your self, and not *Ulysses*, that is *Philoctetes's* Enemy.

Then did I fall into a most extravagant Passion against your Father: Since thou didst abandon me on this Shore, said I to him, why dost thou not suffer me to live here in Peace? Go, seek Renown in Battle, and enjoy the Delights of Life; enjoy thy good Fortune with the *Atrides*; do not envy me my Mis-

ry and Pain. Why would you carry me off? I am nothing, I am already dead. Hast thou not the same Reason now to believe, as thou hadst heretofore, that I am not in a Condition to go; and that my Cries and the Infection of my Wound will disturb the Sacrifices? O *Ulysses*, Author of all my Affliction, may the Gods—but the Gods no longer hear me: on the contrary, they stir up my Enemy against me. O my native Land, which I shall never see again! O ye Gods, if there be yet any one among you just enough to take Compassion on me, punish, punish *Ulysses*; then I shall think my self cur'd of all my Ailments.

Whilst I thus spoke, your sedate Father look'd on me with an Air of Compassion like one who far from being in Anger, bears with and excuses the Disorder and Trouble of a Wretch that has been sour'd by Misfortune. He seem'd like a Rock upon the Top of a Mountain, which defies the Fury of the Wind, and lets them spend their Rage whilst It remains immoveable; so your Father waited in Silence 'till my Wrath was exhausted; well-knowing, that to bring Men to Reason, their Passions must not be attack'd 'till they begin to grow weak, as it were thro' Weariness. Afterwards, he said these Words to me: O *Philoctetes*, What is become of your Reason and Courage? Now, now is the Time for using Both. If you refuse to go along with us to accomplish the great Design of *Jupiter* in reference to your self, farewell; you are unworthy to be the Deliverer of Greece, and the Demolisher of *Troy*. Continue at *Lemnos*: These Arms that I carry off

shall give me that Renown which was destin'd for you: Come, *Neoptolemus*, let us be gone; 'tis in vain to speak to him; our Compassion for one single Man, must not make us forego the Welfare of all *Greece*.

Then I felt my self like a Lioness that had been just robb'd of her Young; she, with her Roaring, makes the Forest tremble. O profound Cavern, said I, I will never quit thee, thou shalt be my Grave! O thou Mansion of Sorrow, I have now no longer Means to subsist me, nor any Hope left: Who will give me a Sword to stab my self? O that the Birds of Prey would devour me! I shall hurt them no more with my Arrows! O precious Bow, consecrated by the Hands of the Son of *Jupiter*! O dear *Hercules*, if thou hast still any Sentiment left, art thou not fill'd with Indignation at this? Thy Bow is now no longer in the Hands of thy faithful Friend, but in the impure and treacherous Hands of *Ulysses*. Birds of Prey, Wild Beasts, fly no more from this Cave; my Hands are no longer arm'd with Arrows. I can no longer hurt you; come then and devour me, or rather may the Thunder of inexorable *Jove* dash me in Pieces!

Your Father having try'd all other Means of Persuasion, at last thought it better to restore me my Arms, and made a Sign to *Neoptolemus* accordingly, who restor'd them to me that instant. Then said I to him, Now thou shew'st thy self the Son of *Achilles*; but suffer me to pierce my Enemy to the Heart. Then I was going to let fly an Arrow at your Father, but *Neoptolemus* stopp'd me, saying, Anger clouds your Reason, and hinders you



from seeing the Unworthiness of the Action you are going to commit.

As for *Ulysses*, he appear'd as unconcern'd at my Arrows as at my Invectives. I was deeply affected with that Intrepidity and Patience: I was asham'd of attempting, in the first Transport of my Passion, to kill him with the Weapons which he had caus'd to be restor'd to me: But as my Resentment was not yet appeas'd, I was vex'd that I should owe such a Restitution to a Man whom I so much hated. Upon this, said *Neoptolemus* to me, Know that the Divine *Helenus*, Son of *Priam*, having come out from the City of *Troy*, by the Order and Inspiration of the Gods, hath unveil'd to us the hidden Things of Futurity. The unhappy *Troy*, said he, shall fall, but not before it is attack'd by him who keeps the Arrows of *Hercules*: Nor shall that Man be ever restor'd to Health 'till he come before the Walls of *Troy*, where the Sons of *Æsculapius* shall cure him.

At this Moment I was divided in my Thoughts: I was mov'd with the Ingenueness of *Neoptolemus*, and his Honesty in restoring my Bow: But I could not tell how to submit to *Ulysses*, and a mistaken Shame kept me in Suspence: Must I then be seen again, said I to my self, in the Company of *Ulysses* and the *Atrides*? What will People think of me?

Whilst I was in this Uncertainty, on a sudden I heard a supernatural Voice: I saw *Hercules* in a shining Cloud encircled with Rays of Glory: I presently knew again his masculine Features, his robust Limbs, and

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# Book xv. TELEMACHUS.

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plain Manner; but he appear'd with a Majesty and a Loftiness which he never us'd to wear when he was taming of Monsters upon the Earth. He said to me, 'Tis *Hercules*, whom thou hearest and seest: I have quitted the high *Olympus* to declare to thee the Commands of *Jupiter*: Thou know'st by what Labours I purchas'd Immortality. Thou must go with the Son of *Achilles* to trace my Steps in the Road of Glory. Thou shalt be cur'd. Thou shalt pierce with my Arrows *Paris*, the Author of so much Mischief. After the Taking of *Troy*, thou shalt send the rich Spoils to *Pæan*, thy Father, upon Mount *Oeta*: These Spoils shall be plac'd upon my Tomb as a Monument of the Victory owing to my Arrows. And thou, O Son of *Achilles*, I pronounce that thou canst not be victorious without *Philoctetes*, nor *Philoctetes* without thee. Go then like two Lions, who seek their Prey together: I will send *Æsculapius* to *Troy* to cure *Philoctetes*. Above all, O ye *Greeks*, love and observe Religion: All other Things are perishable, but this endures for ever.

When I had heard these Words, I cry'd out, O happy Day! O pleasing Light, that after so many Years dost shew thy self at last! I obey thee, I will set out as soon as I have saluted these Places. Adieu, dear Cave; adieu thou Nymph of these watry Meadows. I shall no more hear the hollow Noise of the beating Billows of this Sea. Adieu, thou Shore, where I have so often endured the Violence of the Weather. Adieu, ye Promontories, where Echo has so often repeated my Groans. Adieu, ye Fountains, sweet in your selves, but bitter to me. Adieu, O *Lemnos*; let me depart propitiously, since I go where

where I am call'd by the Gods and my Friends.

After this we departed, and arriv'd at the Siege of *Troy*. *Machaon* and *Podalirius*, by the Divine Art of their Father *Æsculapius*, cur'd me, or at least put me in the Condition you now see me: I feel no more Pain but have recover'd my usual Vigour, tho' I am somewhat lame. *Paris* fell by my Hand as a fearful Fawn pierc'd with the Arrow of the Hunter. *Ilium* was soon reduc'd to Ashes: You know the rest; nevertheless, still retained some Aversion to the sagacious *Ulysses*, thro' the Remembrance of my past Sufferings, and my Resentment was beyond the Power of his Virtue to appease: But the Sight of a Son who resembles him, and whom I am, in spite of my self, forc'd to love, begets a Tenderness in me, even for the Father himself.





THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS.

VOL. II. BOOK XVI.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus quarrels with Phalantus about some Prisoners, which they both lay Claim to. He fights and overcomes Hippias, who, despising his Youth, had taken away those Prisoners by Force for his Brother Phalantus; but Telemachus being afterwards asham'd, and dissatisfied with his Victory, he bemoans in Secret his Temerity and Imprudence, which he would at any Rate repair. At the same Time Adrastus, King of the Daunians, being inform'd that the Confederate Kings are wholly taken up with reconciling the Difference between Telemachus and Hippias, marches to attack them unawares, and having surpris'd a hundred of their Ships in order to transport his Troops to their Camp,



he first sets it on fire, then falls upon Phalantus's Quarters, kills his Brother Hippias; and Phalantus himself is desperately wounded by him.



WHILST *Philoctetes* was thus relating his Misfortunes, *Telemachus* continu'd, as it were, suspended and immoveable. His Eyes were earnestly fix'd upon the great Man that spoke. All the different Passions that had work'd the Souls of *Hercules*, *Philoctetes*, *Ulysses*, *Neoptolemus*, appear'd in their Turns upon the innocent Countenance of *Telemachus*, as they were one after another represented to him, during the Continuance of the Narration. He would sometimes cry out and interrupt *Philoctetes* without thinking: Sometimes he would seem Thoughtful, as a Man whose Meditations were intirely taken up about the Issue of some important Affair. Whilst *Philoctetes* was describing the Confusion of *Neoptolemus*, who was incapable of Diffimulation, *Telemachus* seem'd to be under the same Confusion; and in that Moment one would have taken him for *Neoptolemus* himself.

Mean while the Confederate Army was marching in good Order against *Adrastus*, King of the *Daunians*, a Despiser of the Gods, and a Deceiver of Mankind. *Telemachus* found it no easy Task to manage himself among so many Kings (a) jealous of one ano-

(a) He might indeed acquire the *Esteem* of all, but not the *Friendship*. When a Man has the Misfortune to have to do with person of

this Character, the being a Friend to the one is enough to render him suspected to the other.

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ther. It behov'd him to give none of them any Occasion of Suspicion, but to make himself be loved by them all. He was naturally of an open well-meaning Disposition, but not over-courteous or endearing: He was not much solicitous to oblige others: He was not fond of Riches, but neither did he care to part with them. Thus, with a noble and honest Mind, he seem'd neither obliging nor sensible of Friendship, nor liberal nor mindful to make Returns for the Care others took of him, nor attentive to distinguish Merit. He follow'd his Humour without Reflection: His Mother, *Penelope*, had, in spite of *Mentor*, brought him up in a Pride and Haughtiness of Temper, which tarnish'd every thing that was amiable in him. He look'd upon himself as made of different Matter from the rest of Mankind, who seem'd to him to be created by the Gods for no other End but to please and serve Him, nay, even to prevent his very Desires, and to refer all Things to Him as to a Deity. The Happiness of serving him was, he thought, a sufficient Recompence for so doing. Nothing was ever to be impossible when He was to be gratify'd; the least Delay irritated his ardent Temper.

Had any one seen him thus in his (a) natural Warmth, they would have thought him incapable of loving any Thing but himself, and that he was affected with nothing but his own Vain-glory and Pleasure. But this Indifference for others, and continual Regard for

(a) There oftentimes needs no more than one single Vice to darken a whole circle of Virtues. People love to hum-

ble Pride, nor will they see, in Persons of a haughty Behaviour, any thing else but That Odious Quality.

himself,

himself, proceeded from nothing but that Series of excessive Passions, which were perpetually hurrying him away, and in which he had from his Cradle been indulged by his Mother; she never refusing to humour him in any of his Desires; and he was a remarkable Instance of the Unhappiness of those who are high-born. The Severities of Fortune, which he felt in his greenest Years, had not moderated that Impetuosity and Haughtiness of his Temper. Tho' stript of every Thing, abandoned, expos'd to so many Miseries, yet he abated nothing of his Pride; it would continue to lift itself up, like as the supple Palm-tree incessantly raises itself up again, after all Attempts to press it down.

These Faults did not shew themselves in *Mentor's* Company, but abated daily. Like as a fiery Courser scouring thro' the spacious Fields, whom neither Rocks, nor Precipices nor Torrents can stop, is obedient only to the Voice and Hand of one Man, who knows how to tame him, so *Telemachus*, full of Fire could be kept in by none but the wise *Mentor*: A Look from him was able to stop him in his most impetuous Career; he presently knew the Meaning of each Glance and at that Moment would summon up all his virtuous Resolutions. Wisdom, in an Instant, would render his Countenance cool and serene: *Neptune* does not more suddenly appease the hideous Tempest, when with his lifted Trident he threatens the raging Billows.

When *Telemachus* was alone, all his Passions, that had been suspended like a Torrent stopp'd by a strong Bank, would take their natural

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natural Course: He could not endure the Ar-  
rogance of the *Lacedæmonians*, nor of *Phalan-  
tus*, who was at their Head. This Colony,  
which came with a Design to found the City  
of *Tarentum*, was compos'd of young Men,  
born during the Siege of *Troy*, who had had  
no Education: The Illegitimacy of their  
Birth, the Irregularity of their Manners, and  
the Licentiousness in which they had been  
brought up, gave them a Sort of Wildness  
and Barbarity, resembling rather a Gang of  
Robbers than a *Grecian* Colony.

*Phalantus* was ever seeking occasion to  
contradict *Telemachus*, and would often inter-  
rupt him in the publick Assemblies, despising  
his Counsels as those of a raw unexperienc'd  
young Man: He was always ridiculing him,  
treating him as if he had been pusillanimous  
and effeminate; He expos'd his smallest Fail-  
ings to the Chief Officers in the Army, en-  
deavouring to sow Jealousy every where, and  
to make the Haughtiness of *Telemachus* odi-  
ous to all the Confederates.

One Day *Telemachus* having taken some  
*Daunian* Prisoners, *Phalantus* pretended that  
they belong'd to him, alledging it was he that  
at the Head of his *Lacedæmonians* had defeat-  
ed that Part of the Enemy, and that *Telema-  
chus* having found the *Daunians* already  
vanquish'd and put to Flight, had no other  
Trouble but that of giving them Quarter,  
and carrying them into the Camp. *Telemachus*  
affirm'd, on the other Hand, that 'twas He  
had sav'd *Phalantus* from being beaten, and  
had obtain'd the Victory over the *Dau-  
nians*. They both pleaded their Cause in  
the Assembly of the Confederate Princes,  
where *Telemachus* was so transported with his  
Passion,



Passion, that he gave *Phalantus* threatening Language, and they had (a) immediately fought if they had not been hinder'd.

*Phalantus* had a Brother, whose Name was *Hippias*, fam'd throughout the Army for his Valour, Strength, and Dexterity. *Pollux*, as was all'dg'd by the *Tarentines*, was not a better Combatant at the *Cæstus*, nor could *Castor* out-do him in managing a Horse. He had almost the Stature and Strength of *Hercules*; the whole Army fear'd him, for he was yet more quarrellsom and brutal than strong and valiant.

*Hippias*, when he saw how haughtily *Telemachus* had treated his Brother, hastens away to carry off the Prisoners to *Tarentum*, without waiting for the Sentence of the Assembly. *Telemachus*, upon secret Intimation of it, goes out in a Rage. Like a foaming Boar that turns upon the Huntsman who had wounded him, you might see him traversing up and down the Camp, and throwing his Eyes about to find out his Enemy, and shaking the Dart with which he resolv'd to pierce him. At last meeting him, the Sight redoubled his Rage.

He now ceas'd to be the wise *Telemachus*, instructed by *Minerva* in the Shape of *Mentor*: He was a Madman, or rather a furious

(a) The *Greeks* were too prudent to expose their Lives so easily; they chose rather to be reveng'd by the Laws than to revenge themselves by Violence; and I never read, in the Ancients, of any civiliz'd Nation which had our Precautions and false Delicacies

upon the point of Honour. It is the unhappy Remains of the ancient Fierceness of our [the *French*] Nation, and the ill Management of our Forefathers, who gave Authority to single Combats. No wonder if Custom prevails over Reason and the Laws.

Lion.

Lion. Instantly he cries out to *Hippias*, Stay, thou basest of all Mortals! Stay; we'll see if thou canst deprive me of the Spoils of those whom I have conquer'd. Thou shalt not carry them to *Tarentum*: Go, descend this Moment to the gloomy Banks of *Styx*. He spoke, and flung his Dart, but with so much Fury, that he could take no Aim, and the Dart touch'd not *Hippias*. Immediately *Telemachus* lays his Hand upon his Sword, whose Hilt was of Gold, and which *Laertes* had given him when he parted from *Ithaca*, as a Pledge of his Love. *Laertes* had used this Sword with great Glory, while he was young, and it was stained with the Blood of many famous Captains of the *Epirotes*, in a War wherein *Laertes* was victorious. Scarce had *Telemachus* drawn this Sword, when *Hippias*, resolving to take the Advantage of his own Strength, rush'd upon him, in order to force it from out the Hands of the young Son of *Ulysses*. The Sword was broke betwixt them, upon which they seiz'd each other and closed; and now behold them like two wild Beasts seeking to tear each other to Pieces: Their Eyes strike Fire, they contract themselves, then stretch their Limbs; they stoop, they rise again; they fly upon one another; they are eager for one another's Blood: And now they come to Blows, Foot to Foot, Hand to Hand, with their Bodies so twisted together, that they seem'd but one: But *Hippias*, who was of a more advanc'd Age seem'd more than a Match for *Telemachus*, who by reason of his tender Youth, was not so brawny and finewy as the other. And now *Telemachus* begins to be out of Breath, and felt

Lion.

felt his Legs betray him: *Hippias*, seeing him in a staggering Condition, redoubles his Efforts: There had been an End of the Son of *Ulysses*, and he had suffer'd the Punishment that was due to his Rashness and Hot-headedness, if *Minerva*, who at a Distance watch'd over him, and left him in this Extremity of Danger only for his Instruction, had not determin'd the Victory in his Favour.

She did not quit the Palace of *Salentum*, but sent *Iris*, (a) the swift-wing'd Messenger of the Gods, who cutting the immense Spaces of the Air, and leaving behind her a long Tract of Light, which painted a Cloud of a thousand different Colours; she rested not herself 'till she came to the Shore, where was incamp'd the numerous Army of the Confederates: She at a Distance beheld the Ardour and Strugglings of the two Combatants; she shiver'd at the Sight of the Danger which threaten'd young *Telemachus*; she draws near, wrapt in a bright Cloud form'd of subtle Vapours, at the very Moment when *Hippias*, exerting his whole Force, believed himself victorious: She cover'd the young Pupil of *Minerva* with (the *Ægis*) the Shield which the sage Goddess had intrusted to her. Immediately *Telemachus*, whose Strength was quite spent began to recover new Spirits, and the more he reviv'd, the more *Hippias* was disorder'd: He felt something as it were Divine, that crush'd him and amaz'd him. *Telemachus*

(a) The Protection of the Gods cou'd not have been better introduced than it is here; 'twas not fit that *Telemachus* shou'd owe to his own

Valour alone, the Success of a Combat which his own Rashness alone had expos'd him to.

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bears hard upon him, attacks him sometimes in one Posture, sometimes in another, he shakes him, he leaves him not a Moment's time to recover himself, at last he throws him to the Earth and falls upon him. A well grown Oak of Mount *Ida*, hew'd with a thousand Blows of the resounding Ax, makes not a more terrible Noise in falling; the Earth groan'd, and all Things round about shiver'd at it.

And now *Telemachus* found himself re-possess'd of Wisdom as well as Strength. Scarce had *Hippias* touch'd the Earth, but the Son of *Ulysses* began to be sensible of the Fault he had committed, in attacking thus the Brother of one of the Confederate Kings, whom he came to succour: He call'd to mind, with Confusion, the wise Counsels of *Mentor*; he was asham'd of the Victory, and was conscious he deserv'd, rather, to be vanquish'd. Mean while *Phalantus*, transported with Rage, ran to succour his Brother, and had pierc'd *Telemachus* with a Dart, if he had not been afraid at the same Time to have hurt *Hippias*, whom *Telemachus* held under him in the Dust. In this Condition the Son of *Ulysses* might easily have taken his Enemy's Life, but his Wrath was asswag'd, and he thought of nothing now but repairing his Fault, by shewing his Moderation. Up he rises, uttering these Words; O *Hippias*, 'tis enough that I have taught thee not to despise my Youth: Live; thy Strength and Courage are to be admir'd; 'tis the Gods have protected me; yield thou therefore to their Power, and now let us only think of fighting Together against the *Daunians*. Whilst *Telemachus* thus spoke, *Hippias* rose up, besmear'd with Dirt and Blood,



Blood, and extremely enraged and ashamed *Phalantus* durst not take the Life of him who had so generously given it to his Brother, he was quite beside himself, and knew not what to do. All the Confederate Kings ran to the Place: On the one Side they carry off *Telemachus* and on the other *Phalantus* and *Hippias*, who was now so dispirited he durst not lift up his Eyes. The whole Army could not sufficiently admire *Telemachus*, who at so tender an Age, before Men arrive at their full Strength, was able to throw *Hippias*, a Man who for Strength and Bulk was like those Earth-born Giants, who in Times of Yore adventur'd to expel the Immortal Powers from *Olympus*.

But the Son of *Ulysses* was very far from enjoying the Pleasure of his Victory: And whilst others thought they could never enough admire him, he withdrew into his Tent, ashamed of his Fault; and being unable any longer to endure himself, he bewail'd his Precipitancy: He was sensible how unjust and unreasonable he was in his Passion; he found a certain Vanity, Weakness, and Ungenerousness in that excessive Pride of his: He was sensible that true Greatness was no where to be found but in Moderation, Justice, Modesty, and Humanity: All this he clearly saw, but he could not tell how to hope, that he should ever amend after so many Relapses: He was torn with inward Conflicts, and you might hear him roar like a furious Lion.

Two Days he continued alone, in his Tent, tormenting and punishing himself, and unable to resolve with himself to go into any Company: Alas! said he, dare I ever look *Mentor* in the

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Face again? Am I the Son of *Ulysses*, the wisest and most patient of Men? Did I come hither to bring Dissension and Disorder into the Confederate Army? Is it Their Blood, or that of the *Daunians* their Enemies, I ought to have shed? I was rash, I forgot even how to lance my Dart, I expos'd myself against *Hippias* with unequal Strength, and I could expect nothing but Death and the Shame of being overcome: But what then? I shou'd have been no more; no, I should no longer have been that thoughtless *Telemachus*, that hair-brain'd Fool, that does not profit by any Advice; then had my Disgrace and my Life ended together. O could I but at least hope that I should never again commit the like Fault, I should be still happy, too, too happy! But perhaps, before Night, I may or wou'd run into the same Errors which at this Time fill me with so much Horror and Shame. O fatal Victory! O disagreeable Applause! Which indeed is nothing but a bitter Reproach of my Folly!

Whilst he was thus bewailing himself alone and comfortless, *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* came to him. *Nestor* had (a) purpos'd to remonstrate to him how much he had been in the Wrong; but this wise old Man soon finding the Disconsolateness of *Telemachus*, chang'd his grave Reproofs into Expressions of Tenderness, to allay his Grief.

The Progress of the Confederate Princes was retarded by this Quarrel; nor could they

(a) Great Men, when they commit Faults, can never hear from another's Mouth half such severe and pungent

Reproofs, as those they receive from their own conscious Virtue.

march toward the Enemy till they had first reconciled *Telemachus* with *Phalantus* and *Hippias*: They were every Moment afraid, lest the *Tarentine* Troops should fall upon the hundred young *Cretans* who follow'd *Telemachus* in this War: Every Thing was in Combustion through this single Oversight of *Telemachus*, who being sensible that he was the Author of such inexpressible Mischiefs both past and to come, gave himself up intirely to bitter Sorrowings. All the Princes were under the greatest Perplexity: They durst not march their Army for fear, lest *Telemachus's* *Cretans* and *Phalantus's* *Tarentines* should fall foul of one another by the Way: And it was not without great Difficulty they were restrain'd from attacking each other within the Camp, where a strict Watch was kept over them. *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* went incessantly to and fro between the Tent of *Telemachus* and that of the implacable *Phalantus*, who breath'd nothing but Revenge. Neither *Nestor's* soft Eloquence, nor the Authority of the great *Philoctetes*, could prevail upon his morose stubborn Heart, which was still more provok'd by his Brother *Hippias's* enraged Discourse. *Telemachus* was indeed much more temperate, but was swallow'd up in a Grief which refus'd all manner of Consolation.

Whilst the Princes were in this Disorder, all the Troops were under an extreme Consternation: The whole Camp look'd like an House of Mourning, that hath just lost the Father of the Family, the Staff and Support of all his Relations, and the dear Hopes of his little Children.

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## Book xvi. TELEMACHUS.

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During this Disorder and Consternation in the Army, there was heard, of a sudden, the dreadful Noise of rushing Chariots, clattering Arms, neighing Horses and Cryings of Men; some as of Conquerors, bent on Slaughter, others as of Run-aways, either dying or wounded. A whirling Cloud of Dust cover'd the Sky, and envelop'd all the Camp. Presently, to this Dust was join'd a thick Smoke that obscur'd the Air, and took away all Respiration: A hollow Noise arises, like that of the whirling Flames which Mount *Ætna* vomits from the Bottom of its burning Entrails, when *Vulcan* with his *Cyclopes* is forging Thunder-bolts for the Father of the Gods. All Hearts were seiz'd with Terror,

The vigilant and indefatigable *Adrastus*, had, it seems, surpriz'd the Allies, having had Intelligence of their March, and concealing his own. He had, with incredible Diligence, march'd round an almost inaccessible Mountain, of which the Allies had seiz'd most of the Passages, and being possess'd thereof, thought themselves not only perfectly secure, but fancy'd that when the other Troops which they expected were come up to them, they should be able, by these Avenues, to fall on the Enemy on the other Side the Mountain. *Adrastus*, who spared no Expence for Intelligence, had been advis'd of this their Resolution: For *Nestor* and *Philoctetes*, tho' otherwise sage and experienc'd Captains, had not been secret in their Counsels. *Nestor* being now in the Decline of his Age, took too much Delight in recounting his former Actions, thro' a fond Desire of Praise. *Philoctetes* was by Nature less narrative, but he



was passionate; and upon the least Excitation of his hasty Temper, he would blab out all his Designs. Cunning People, by this Means, had found the Key to his Heart, whereby to come at all the most important Secrets. They needed but to set him in a Flame; then would he break out into threatening Language, bragging of infallible Means to compass his Designs. If they seem'd in the least to doubt of those Means, he would presently, and without Consideration, fall to explaining them; and thus the nearest and most intimate Secret made its Escape from his Breast, like as a costly but crack'd Vessel which lets go the most precious Liquors, so was the Heart of this great Captain leaky and incapable of retaining any Thing.

The Traitors that were corrupted by *Achilles's* Gold did not fail to take Advantage of the Weakness of these two Princes. They would be incessantly flattering *Nestor* with vain Applause; they repeated to him his past Victories, admired his Foresight, and praised his Conduct beyond Measure. On the other hand they laid continual Snares for the impatient Humour of *Philoctetes*; they talk'd of nothing to him but Difficulties, Disappointments, Dangers, Inconveniencies and irretrievable Oversights. When his warm Disposition was once inflam'd, his Wisdom deserted him, and he was no longer the same Man.

*Telemachus* (a) notwithstanding the Faults we have mention'd, was far more close and

reserv'd

(a) To let slip a Secret, is often to let slip a Victory. One single Word indiscreet-ly dropt, has cost many thousands of Men their Lives, and great Commanders the Loss

reserv'd in keeping a Secret. He had been accustomed to Secrecy by his Misfortunes, and by being necessitated, even in his Childhood, to hide his Designs from *Penelope's* Lovers. He could keep a Secret, without telling any Untruth: and yet, could lay aside that close mysterious Air, which is so common to People who are reserv'd: He did not seem oppress'd with the Burthen of the Secret which he kept: He always seem'd easy, natural, open, as one that carry'd his Heart upon his Lips; but at the same Time that he would tell you every Thing that was of no Consequence, he knew how to stop precisely and without Affectation, at those things which, if he had proceeded in further, might have created Suspicion or have broach'd his Designs. By this means his Heart was impenetrable and inaccessible; nay, he never communicated even to his best Friends but just so much as he thought was necessary, in order to have their good Advice, and *Mentor* was the only Person with whom he acted without Reserve: He did indeed place a Confidence in some other Friends, but then he had different Degrees of doing it, according as he had met with Proofs of their Friendship and Discretion.

*Telemachus* had often observ'd, that the Resolutions of the Council were too soon and too much spread over the Camp. He hinted this to *Nestor* and *Philoctetes*; yet they, tho'

of their Reputation. [*Can you keep a Secret?* said the late King *William*, to one of his Officers who was very inquisitive about what Design he was going upon.

The Officer answer'd, *I can inviolably. Then why shou'd you think I can't do the same,* said the King, and immediately turn'd from him.]

Men of such great Experience, did not give sufficient Regard to so wholsom an Intimation. Old Age loses all its Suppleness, long Habitude ties it down as it were in Chains; there is no longer any Remedy against its Errors. Like full grown Trees, whose rough and knotty Trunks are harden'd by Time, and can never more be set straight, so Men at a certain Age can hardly unbend themselves from those Customs which have grown up with them, and as it were enter'd into the very Marrow of their Bones. Not but that they are conscious of this obstinate Adherence in the wrong, but they see it too late; they in vain lament and bemoan themselves, whereas tender Youth is the only Age wherein Men have the Power of correcting what is amiss in them.

There was in the Army a certain *Dolopian*, named *Eurymachus*, a wheedling insinuating Sycophant, (a) who could adapt himself to the several Tastes and Humours of the Princes; one that was studious and inventive of new Ways to please them. To hear him speak nothing was ever hard to be compass'd; Ask his Advice? he presently hit upon that which he thought would be most agreeable: He was a pleasant drolling Fellow, ever joking upon the weak, and complaisant to those he stood in awe of: He could so nicely season his Flattery, as to make it grateful even to Persons remarkable for their Modesty. With the

(a) How well may Courtiers be known by this Character, and how important wou'd it be to know them by this Character! Happy that

Prince, who has Penetration enough to know them, and Courage enough to despise them!

grave

grave he was grave, and with the frolicksom he was frolicksom: He could at any Time, with all the Ease in the World, assume whatever Shape he pleas'd. Sincere and virtuous Men, who are always the same, and who confine themselves to the strict Rules of Virtue, can never be so acceptable to Princes as those who strike in with their predominant Passions.

*Eurymachus* understood the Art of War, had a Talent for Business, was a Man who had resolv'd to push his Fortune, and, in order thereto, had work'd himself into *Nestor's* Confidence. He could draw from the bottom of his Heart, (which was somewhat vain, and lov'd Flattery) whatever he had a mind to know.

Tho' *Philoctetes* did not repose any Confidence in him, yet his cholerick and impatient Temper gave him the same Handle as *Nestor's* Favour did: *Eurymachus* need only contradict him, and put him in a Passion, and then he discover'd every Thing. This Man had receiv'd great Sums from *Adrastus* to inform him of all the Designs of the Allies. This King of the *Daunians* had in the Army of the Allies a certain Number of Deserters, who were one after another to make off from their Camp and return to his. And as often as any Thing of Importance happen'd, and such as might be of Benefit to *Adrastus* to be advertis'd of, *Eurymachus* us'd to dispatch away to him one of these Deserters. The Villany could not easily be discover'd, because they carry'd no Letters, and if they were taken, there was nothing found upon them to make *Eurymachus* suspected.



And thus *Adrastus* continually prevented all the Enterprises of the Confederates. A Resolution was hardly taken in the Council, ere the *Daunians* did the very Thing that was necessary to hinder the Success of it. *Telemachus* was indefatigably industrious to find out the Cause of this, and to awaken *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* to a Distrustfulness; but to no Purpose, for they were blinded.

The Council had resolved to wait for the numerous Troops that were coming up, and they had sent away privately in the Night a hundred Ships, to transport those Troops, with the greater Expedition, from a very rugged Coast to the Place where the Army was encamp'd. All this while they thought themselves secure, because their Troops were possess'd of the Avenues of a neighbouring Mountain, an almost inaccessible Part of the *Appennine*. The Confederate Army was encamp'd on the River *Galesus*, not far from the Sea. This was a very delicious Part of the Country, abounding in Pasturage and all Things necessary for the Subsistence of an Army. *Adrastus* was encamp'd behind the Mountain, which they reckon'd he could not pass: But he understanding that the Confederates were still weak and expected a great Reinforcement, which the Ships were waiting to bring to them, and that the Army was divided by the Quarrel between *Telemachus* and *Phalanxus*, he with great Expedition sets about marching round it, which he did Night and Day, till he arrived at the Sea Coast, passing thro' Ways which had always been thought absolutely impracticable. Thus Boldness and obstinate Labour surmount the greatest Difficulties.

culties. Thus there is hardly any Thing impossible to those that can Dare and Suffer. Thus they who sleep in Security, imagining that Things hard are impossible, deserve to be surpriz'd and crush'd. Here at Break of Day *Adrastus* surpriz'd the hundred Vessels that belong'd to the Allies. The Ships being ill guarded, because they thought themselves safe, he seiz'd upon them without much Resistance, and made use of them to transport his own Troops with incredible Diligence to the Mouth of the River *Galesus*. Afterwards he sail'd up the River with all Expedition. The advanc'd Guards of the Confederate Camp taking these Ships to be fill'd with their own Troops, which they expected, immediately broke out into Shouts of Joy. *Adrastus* and his Soldiers landed before they were known: They fall on the Allies, who distrust nothing, they find them scatter'd negligently up and down in an open Camp, without Order, Leader, or Arms.

That Part of the Camp which he first attack'd, was where the *Tarentines* were quarter'd, commanded by *Phalantus*. The *Daurians* enter'd there with so much Briskness, that the *Lacedæmonian* Youth being surpriz'd, were not able to resist. Whilst they are looking for their Arms and hinder one another in the Confusion, *Adrastus* sets Fire to the Camp; and immediately the Flame flies from Tent to Tent, and ascends to the Skies in Rings of stifling Smoke: Its horrible Noise resembled that of a Torrent, which deluges a whole Country, and with its rapid Force carries away mighty Oak-Trees with their broad Roots, the Corn, the Barns, Stalls, Flocks

Flocks. The Wind impetuously drives the Flame from Tent to Tent, and in an instant the whole Camp looks like an old dry Forest which is set on fire by a small Spark. *Phalantus*, tho' nearest the Danger, could not remedy it: He saw plainly that all the Troops must perish in the Fire, if they did not instantly abandon the Camp: But he likewise saw how dangerous such a Retreat might be before a victorious Enemy. He began to send away his *Lacedæmonian* Youth, tho' with half their Arms; but *Adrastus* gives him no Respite. On one Side a Troop of expert Archers discharge a Shower of Arrows upon *Phalantus's* Soldiery, and on the other the Slingers hurl large Stones. *Adrastus* himself with Sword in Hand marching at the Head of a chosen Company of the boldest *Dæmonians*, by the Light of the Fire pursues the flying Troops. He mows down with his keen Steel whatever had escaped from the Fire: He swims in Blood, yet cannot be sated with Slaughter: His Fury surpasses that of Lions and Tigers, when they worry to Death the Shepherds with their Flocks. *Phalantus's* Troops faint, their Courage fails them; pale Death, led on by an infernal Fury whose Head bristles with Adders, freezes their Blood in their Veins; their benumb'd Members grow stiff, and their tottering Knees leave them destitute even of the Hope of Flight. *Phalantus*, whose Shame and Despair still supply him with some small Remainder of Strength and Courage, lifts up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven. He sees his Brother *Hippias* fall at his Feet, beneath the Strokes of *Adrastus's* thundering Hand. *Hippias* rolls at full length upon

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upon the Dust; A black boiling Stream  
 issues from the deep Wound which had cleft his  
 Side: His Eyes refuse the Light, and his fu-  
 rious Soul flies out with the last Drop of his  
 Blood. *Phalantus* himself, besmear'd all over  
 with his Brother's Blood, and unable to help  
 him, finds himself beset with a Crowd of his  
 Enemies, endeavouring to overcome him:  
 His Buckler is pierc'd with a thousand Darts;  
 he is wounded in several Places of his Body;  
 he can no longer rally his fugitive Troops;  
 the Gods behold him, but vouchsafe not to  
 pity him.



T H E





THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS

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VOL. II. BOOK XVII.

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The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus having put on his divine Armour, runs to the Assistance of Phalantus, bears down at first Iphicles the Son of Adrastus, beats back the triumphing Enemy, and having gain'd a compleat Victory over them, had not an intervening Storm put an End to the Battle. Then Telemachus sees the Wounded carry'd off the Field, takes great Care of them, and chiefly of Phalantus. He himself performs the Obsequies of his Brother Hippias, and carries to him his Ashes, which he had gather'd up in a golden Urn.

JUPITER

**J**UPITER (a) amidst the celestial Deities, looks down from Olympus Top, and beholds the Slaughter of the Confederates: Then he consulted the unchangeable Destinies, and saw all those Captains whose Thread was that Day to be cut by the fatal Scissors. All the Gods were intent on Jupiter's Face, thereby to read his Pleasure. But the Father of the Gods and Men told them in a sweet yet majestick Voice, You see to what Extremity the Allies are reduc'd, you see *Adrastus* overpowering his Enemies; but this Spectacle is fallacious, the Glory and Prosperity of the Wicked is very short-liv'd: The impious, perfidious *Adrastus* shall not obtain a compleat Victory. This Misfortune happens to the Allies, only to teach them to grow wiser, and to be more cautious in keeping their Counsels secret: For now the sage *Minerva* is preparing a new Triumph for her Darling the young *Telemachus*. Here *Jupiter* ceas'd speaking, and all the Gods in profound Silence continu'd to behold the Battle.

*Nestor* and *Philoctetes* by this Time were advertis'd that Part of the Camp was already burnt, that the Flame, driven by the Winds, was continually advancing, that their Troops were in Disorder, and that *Phalantus* could no longer sustain the Enemy's Efforts. As soon as these fatal Words had struck their

(a) In *Homer*, the Assembly of the Gods seems to lose much of its Majesty, and to become the Theatre of Discord by the different Inter-

ests which each Deity espouses therein. In this Poem the Gods are always on the Side of Virtue.

Ears,

Ears, they run to Arms, assemble the Captains, and command them instantly to retire from the Camp, to avoid the spreading Conflagration.

*Telemachus*, who was dejected and disconsolate, now forgets his Grief: He puts on his Armour, the precious Donative of the wise *Minerva*, who, under the Shape of *Mentor*, made as if she had procur'd them from an excellent Workman of *Salentum*, but in reality she had got *Vulcan* to make them in the smoking Caverns of Mount *Ætna*.

(a) This Armour was as smooth as a Mirror, and bright as the Sun-beams: Upon it was grav'd *Neptune* and *Pallas* contending which should have the Glory of giving Name to a rising City. *Neptune*, with his Trident, strikes the Earth, and out of it springs a warlike Horse: Fire flashes from his Eyes, and he shakes his Foam from his Mouth; his Main flies about with the Wind; his pliant nervous Legs gather up with Vigour and Nimbleness: He could not be said to run; he bounded along with such Exertion of Strength and with so much Swiftneſs, that he

(a) The Description of *Achilles's* Buckler, and that of *Æneas*, are two of the chief Ornaments of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*. 'Twas these two great Originals that *M. de Cambray* was to struggle against. *Virgil* artfully makes use of the Gods Fore-knowledge of Futurity, in order to place on *Æneas's* Buckler such Ornaments as were to be the Glory of his Posterity. His Description affects

the *Romans* in point of Interest, and engages their Concern, by representing to them nothing but what was most shining in their History, and these are those masterly Strokes which *Virgil* can no more be deprived of, than *Hercules* can of his Club. *M. de Cambray* was forc'd to confine himself to fabulous History, that he might not break through the Bounds of his Design.

left no Print of his Steps. You would imagine too you heard him neigh.

On the other Hand, *Minerva* gave to the Inhabitants of her new City the Olive, the Fruit of the Tree she her self had planted. The Bough, weigh'd down with its Fruit, represented gentle Peace with Plenty, far preferable to the Troubles of War, of which that Horse was an Image. The Goddess was victorious by her plain but useful Present, and the stately *Athens* bore her Name.

*Minerva* was also seen calling round her all the polite Arts, express'd by tender Children wing'd. They hover'd trembling about the Goddess, being terrify'd at the brutish Fury of *Mars*, who ravages where-ever he comes; as bleating Lambs croud about their Dams at the View of a hungry Wolf, that with open fiery Throat flies upon them to devour them. *Minerva* is seen in another Place, with a scornful angry Countenance, confounding (by the Excellence of her Works) the conceited Rashness of *Arachne*, who durst dispute with her for Perfection in Tapistry. You might see the extenuated Limbs of that Wretch growing out of Form, and changing into those of a Spider.

Near this Part again appear'd *Minerva*, who, in the War of the Giants, gave Counsel to *Jupiter* himself, and sustain'd all the other Gods, who were amaz'd and confounded. She was also represented with her Lance and Egis upon the Banks of the *Simois* and *Xanthus*, leading *Ulysses* by the Hand, reviving the dishearten'd *Greeks*, standing the Attack of the most valiant of the *Trojans*, and of the dreadful *Hector* himself: Lastly, introducing *Ulysses* into



into that famous and fatal Machine, which in one single Night was to overthrow the Empire of *Priam*.

In another Part of the Shield was represented *Ceres* in the fertile Fields of *Enna*, in the Middle of *Sicily*: There you might see that Goddess assembling together the Inhabitants, who were scatter'd up and down in Search of something to support Nature, either by hunting, or by picking up the wild Fruit which had fall'n from the Trees; she taught those ignorant Wretches the Art of cultivating and improving the Earth, and to extract their Food from her fruitful Bosom: She shew'd them the Plough, and taught them how to yoke the Oxen to it; and now you might see the Earth gaping in deep Furrows, cut by the sharp-edg'd Plough-share, and then you might perceive the golden Harvest covering the fruitful Plains; the Reaper with his Sickles crops the kindly Fruits of the Earth, and repays himself for all his Pains. Iron, else where the Instrument of Destruction, was employ'd in this Place only to prepare Plenty, and to give Birth to all Sorts of Pleasures.

The Nymphs with Garlands of Flowers on their Heads, trip it along the Rivers Banks in jocund Dances. *Pan* play'd on his Flute; the Fauns and wanton Satyrs frisk in a Corner by themselves. *Bacchus* was likewise represented crown'd with Ivy, leaning on his *Thyrus*, and holding in his Hand a Vine-Branch adorn'd with Leaves and Clusters of Grapes: His Beauty was indolent and easy, with a Mixture of something noble, passionate and languishing. He look'd as he did when he appear'd to the unhappy *Ariadne*, at his find-

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ing her alone, o'erwhelm'd with Grief for be-  
ing deserted on the Banks of an unknown Ri-  
ver. To conclude, You might see in all  
Quarters vast Shoals of People; the old Men  
carrying the First-fruits of their Harvests in-  
to the Temples; the young Men fatigu'd  
with the Labour of the Day, returning to  
their Spouses, who going out to meet them,  
take by the Hand their little Children, whom  
they fondle all the Way as they go. There  
were likewise several Shepherds represented,  
some singing, others dancing to the Sound  
of the Reed: The whole was a Picture of  
Peace, Plenty, and Pleasure, every Thing  
look'd smiling and happy. Nay, you might  
see the Wolves in the Pastures playing among  
the Sheep; the Lions and Tigers, quitting their  
Fierceness, were feeding among the tender  
Lambs, whilst the young Shepherd, with his  
Crook, govern'd them all alike; and this  
lovely Peace recall'd to mind the Charms of  
the Golden Age.

*Telemachus*, having put on this divine Ar-  
mour, did, instead of taking up his usual Buck-  
ler, take up the terrible *Ægis* which *Miner-  
va* had sent him, (a) and which *Iris*, the swift  
Messenger of the Gods had left him. *Iris* had  
without his Knowledge carry'd away his own  
Buckler, and given him instead of it this  
*Ægis*, formidable to the very Gods.

In this Condition he runs out of the  
Camp, to avoid the Flames of it; he calls to  
him with a strong Voice all the Chieftains

(a) This was the most for-  
midable Piece of his whole  
Armour: The Valour of  
*Mars* is blind, rash, mad; | that of *Minerva* is prudent,  
calm, circumspect, and al-  
ways equal.

of the Army, and his Voice already began to inspire fresh Courage into the dismay'd Allies. A supernatural Fire sparkles in the Eyes of the young Warrior. He appears always mild, always free and sedate, tho' always busy'd in giving Orders throughout, with as much Caution as an old Man in ruling his Family and instructing his Children; but in the Execution he is prompt and vigorous, like an impetuous River, which not only precipitates its frothy Billows, but carries along with it, in its rapid Course, Vessels of the greatest Burden that float upon it.

*Philoctetes*, *Nestor*, with the Commanders of the *Mandusians* and other Nations, found in the Son of *Ulysses* a Sort of an Authority which irresistibly aw'd them all. And now the old Men no longer trust to their Experience; Council and Wisdom did in general forsake all the Commanders; even Jealousy, a Passion so natural to all Men, is wholly extinguish'd in their Breasts; all keep Silence, all admire *Telemachus*, all wait for his Commands, implicitly, and as if it had been customary for them so to do. He advances, he ascends an Eminence, and from thence observes the Posture of the Enemy, and forthwith judg'd it necessary to use the utmost Expedition, and surprize them in their present Disorder, while they were burning the Camp of the Confederates. He fetches a Compass with all possible Diligence, the most experienc'd Commanders following him. He falls upon the *Daunians* in their Rear, at a Time when they thought the Confederate Army was involv'd in the Flames of the Camp. This Surprize disorders them: They fall beneath

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neath the Hand of *Telemachus*, as the Leaves fall in the Forests in the latter Days of *Autumn*, when the boisterous North-wind, fraught with Winter, clatters all the Branches, and makes the aged Trunks to groan. The Earth is spread with those who fall beneath *Telemachus's* Hand. With his own Javelin he pierc'd the Heart of *Iphicles*, *Adrastus's* younger Son, who presum'd to offer him Combat, to save his Father's Life, who was in danger of being surpriz'd by *Telemachus*. These two young Combatants were both beautiful, vigorous, full of Conduct and Courage, of the same Stature, the same Age, had the same Sweetness of Temper, and were equally dear to their Parents: But *Iphicles* prov'd like an opening Flower in the Meadow, cut down by the Mower's Scythe. Afterwards *Telemachus* overthrows *Euphorion*, the most celebrated of all the *Lydians* that came into *Hetru-ria*: Next, his Sword pierces the new-mar-ry'd *Cleomenes*, who had promis'd his Spouse to bring her the rich Spoils of his Enemies, but whose Fate it was Never to return to her again.

*Adrastus* foam'd with Rage to see the Death of his dear Son, and of many other Commanders, and the Victory slipping out of his Hands. *Phalantus*, almost crush'd at his Feet, is like a half-slain Victim, which avoids the Edge of the sacred Knife, and flies far away from the Altar. But one Moment more and *Adrastus* had compleated the Ruin of the *Lacedæmonians*.

*Phalantus*, drown'd in his own Blood, and in that of the Soldiers who fight with him, hears the Shouts of *Telemachus* advancing to his Re-



lief. In that Moment he regains new Life, and the Cloud that had already overspread his Eyes is dispell'd. The *Daunians*, being not aware of this Attack, leave *Phalantus*, and make Head against a more formidable Enemy. *Adrastus* is like a Tiger, from whom an united Body of Shepherds snatches the Prey which he was ready to devour. *Telemachus* seeks him out in the Crowd, resolving at once to put an End to the War, by delivering the Allies from their implacable Enemy: But *Jupiter* refus'd to the Son of *Ulysses* so quick and so easy a Victory. *Minerva* too was willing he should undergo more Difficulties, that he might the better understand how to govern Men. The impious *Adrastus* therefore was preserv'd by the Father of the Gods, that *Telemachus* might thereby make greater Acquisitions of Glory and Virtue. A thick Cloud which *Jupiter* gather'd in the Air sav'd the *Daunians*; the Will of the Gods was declar'd in dreadful Thunderings. One would have thought that the eternal Arches of high *Olympus* were going to break down on the Heads of feeble Mortals; the blue Lightning split the Clouds from Pole to Pole, and scarce had it dazzled the Eye with its piercing Flame, but all relaps'd again into Midnight Darknes. In the same Instant a mighty Shower of Rain falling, serv'd likewise to part the two Armies.

*Adrastus* took Advantage of the Succour of the Gods, without having any Regard to, or just Sense of their Power, and for this Ingratitude deserv'd to be kept for a more severe Vengeance. He hasten'd to march his Army between the Camp that was half-burnt down, and

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# Book XVII. TELEMACHUS.

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and a Morass that reach'd as far as the River; this he did with so much Expedition and Dexterity, that this very Retreat was a Demonstration of his Presence of Mind and Readiness of Invention. The Allies encourag'd by *Telemachus*, were for pursuing him; but by Favour of the Storm he escap'd them, as a swift-wing'd Bird out of the Net of a Fowler. The Allies now no longer think of any Thing but returning to the Camp and repairing their Loss. In entering it they saw the most lamentable Effects of War: The Sick and Wounded not being able to crawl out of their Tents, were consequently unable to avoid the Fury of the Fire: They were half burnt, sending up towards Heaven their doleful Cries and dying Shrieks. *Telemachus's* Heart was pierc'd with it; he could not refrain weeping; he often turn'd away his Eyes, being seiz'd with Horror and Compassion; he could not without shuddering behold those Bodies that were still alive and destin'd to a tedious and dreadful Death: They look'd like the Flesh of Victims, that is burnt on the Altars, and whose Smell spreads it self all around.

Alas! said *Telemachus*, how mischievous are the Effects of War? What blind Fury pushes on unhappy Mortals? Their Days are few upon the Earth, and those Days attended with Misery: Why then will they hasten their Death, which is already so near? Why then will they add so much dreadful Desolation to the Bitterness with which the Gods have dash'd this short Life? Tho' Men are all Brethren, they tear each other to pieces; the savage Beasts are less cruel than they are to each other.

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Lions

Lions never make War with Lions, nor Tigers with Tigers; nor do they fall upon any Creatures but those of a different Species: Man alone in despite of his Reason, does that which Beasts, that are void of it, would never do. Again, what Need is there for these Wars? Is there not Land more than enough in the Universe to employ the Labour of all Mankind? What vast prodigious Tracts lie desert? Mankind can never replenish them. What is it then that makes Princes spread the Flames of War over immensely spacious Kingdoms? It is an empty Notion of Glory, a vain Title of Conqueror, which they are in pursuit of. Thus one Man, sent by the angry Gods into the World as a Scourge, is an Instrument of Misery to Millions. To satisfy his Ambition and Vanity, every Thing must suffer, every Thing swim in Blood, every thing be destroy'd by Fire, and those who escape the Fire and Sword, must perish by more cruel Famine? In a word, one single Man makes all human Nature his Sport, and sweeps every Thing away in one general Desolation, to please his Humour and ostentatious Vanity. What monstrous Sort of Glory is this? Can we too much detest and despise such Men, (a) as shake off all Ties of Humanity! No, they are far from being Demi-Gods; they are hardly so much as Men: They ought to be held in Execration by all succeeding Times, which they were in Hopes to be admir'd by.

(a) Humanity is a Virtue too calm and sedate to strike the Fancy; and such Men who conceive nothing to be

Great, but what operates upon That, will never reap much Glory from it.

Ah!

Ah! With how much Deliberation ought Princes to weigh every Thing before they undertake a War! The Causes of it ought to be just; nor is that enough, they ought to be necessary for the public Good. The Blood of a People ought not to be spilt, unless for their own Preservation in Cases of Extremity: But the Counsels of Flatterers, a mistaken Notion of Grandeur, groundless Jealousies, and unreasonable Covetousness varnish'd over with specious Pretexts, do insensibly engage Princes in Wars to their own Detriment, and put their Whole to the Venture without any Necessity, and in the End prove no less fatal to their own Subjects than to the Enemy. Thus did *Telemachus* reason; but he did not only confine himself to deplore the Miseries of War, but endeavour'd to alleviate them. You might see him go from Tent to Tent, visiting the sick and dying Soldiers; he distributed Money and Medicines among them; he comforted them, he cheer'd them by his friendly Discourses, and sent others to visit them when he could not do it himself.

Among the *Cretans* that were with him, there were two old Men, *Traumaphilus* and *Nozofugus*: The former had been at the Siege of *Troy* with *Idomeneus*, and had been taught by the Sons of *Æsculapius* the divine Art of curing Wounds: He used to pour into the deepest and most envenom'd Wounds an odoriferous Liquor, which eat away all the dead and putrify'd Flesh, without being forc'd to make Incisions, and which quickly caus'd new Flesh to grow, more sound and better-colour'd than the former. As for *Nozofugus*, he had never seen the Sons of *Æsculapius*, but by the Means



of *Merion* he had got Possession of a sacred and mysterious Book, which *Æsculapius* had given his Sons: Besides this, *Nozofugus* was a Favourite of the Gods: He had compos'd Hymns in Honour of the Children of *Latona*, and us'd every Day to sacrifice a white unspotted Sheep to *Apollo*, by whom he was oftentimes inspir'd. He no sooner saw a sick (a) Person, but he could tell by his Eyes, the Colour of his Skin, the Conformation of his Body, and the Manner of his breathing, what the Source of his Malady was. Sometimes he would give them sudorifick Remedies, and by the Success of these Sweatings he demonstrated how much the Fabric and Mechanism of our Bodies is increas'd or diminish'd, disorder'd or restor'd by Perspiration: In languishing Distempers he gave certain Drinks, which by degrees recover'd the noble Parts, and renew'd the Vigour of his Patients by sweetening their Blood: But he would often declare that it was for Want of Virtue and Courage Men had so frequent Occasion for Physick. 'Tis a Shame, would he say, for Men to have so many Diseases: For a sober Life produces sound Health: Their Intemperance, said he, changes into deadly Poison the Aliments which were destin'd to preserve their Life. Pleasure immoderately taken shortens

(a) History informs us, that the Art of Medicine is very much indebted to the Intemperance and irregular Manners of Men. Physic is intirely unknown among Nations who know nothing of Luxury. Would but Men

reduce themselves to an orderly frugal Way of Living, they wou'd easily do without the Physicians, and the Physicians wou'd be oblig'd to do without Patients, which wou'd be somewhat the harder of the two.

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Mens Days more than the best Medicaments can prolong them: The Poor are less often sick for Want of Food, than the Rich are by their Excess of it. The Foods that gratify the Palate most, and which create a false Appetite, are poisonous instead of nutritious. Medicines in themselves are really mischievous and destructive of Nature, by wearing her out and committing as it were Violence upon her, and only ought to be used on pressing Occasions; but the grand Medicament, always harmless, always useful, is Sobriety, Temperance in all our Pleasures, Tranquillity of Mind, and bodily Exercise. By these the Blood is sweeten'd, and kept in a good Temperament, and all superfluous Humours dissipated. Thus was the wise *Nozofugus* less admir'd for his Medicines, than for the Regimen he prescrib'd to prevent Diseases, and to render Medicines unnecessary.

These two Men were sent by *Telemachus* to visit all the Sick in the Army. They cur'd many of them by their Medicaments, and many more by the Care they took, to have their Patients well tended, for they made it their Business to keep them neat and clean, thereby to prevent noisom Air, and made them observe an exact and sober Diet during their Recovery; the Soldiers were all deeply affected with a Sense of these Benefits, and gave Thanks to the Gods for sending *Telemachus* into the Confederate Army. This is no Mortal, said they, but doubtless some beneficent Deity under a human Shape; at least, if he is a Man, he resembles more the Gods than the rest of Mankind, and is sent to the Earth only to do Good; he is yet more amiable

amiable for his Sweetness and Charity than for his Valour. O that we could have him for our King! But the Gods reserve him for some more happy Nation whom they favour, and among whom they intend to renew the Golden Age.

*Telemachus*, while he went in the Night-time to visit the several Quarters of the Camp, (a) to prevent the Stratagems of *Adrastus*, was an ear-witness of these Commendations, which could not be suspected of Flattery, like those which Flatterers often give before the Face of Princes, supposing that they have neither Modesty nor Delicacy, and that to praise them without Measure, is all that is requisite to become Possessors of their Favour. The Son of *Ulysses* could relish nothing but what was true. He could bear no other Praises but those which he heard were given him in Secret, and behind his Back, and such as he had really deserv'd. As such Commendations were the only Sort he wish'd to have, his Heart was mov'd therewith; he felt that sweet, that pure Delight which the Gods have entail'd on Virtue alone, and which ill Men, for want of experiencing it, can neither conceive nor believe. But he did not give the Reins to the Enjoyment of this Sort of Pleasure; the Faults he had committed came crowding again into his Mind; he did not forget his natural Haughtiness and Indifference

(a) Several great Commanders have taken a particular Pleasure in going thus about, and gathering in secret the Fruit of their Victories and Virtues. *Tacitus* relates that the Great *Germanicus*

wou'd often go in the Night-time and listen at the Soldier's Tents to hear what they said of Him. These Praises are far more glorious than such as are engraven by the Hand of Flattery on Brass or Marble.

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to other Men; he was secretly ashamed that his natural Disposition should be so harsh, and his Appearance so fierce; he referr'd to the sage *Minerva* all the Glory that was given him, and which he thought himself undeserving of. It is thou, O great Goddess, did he say, that bestow'd *Mentor* on me, to instruct me, and correct my evil Disposition; it is thou that hast bless'd me with Wisdom, to make me improve by my Faults, and distrust my self; it is thou that checkest my impetuous Passions; it is thou that makest me feel the Pleasure of relieving the Distress'd; without thee I should be hated, and justly too; without thee I should commit irreparable Faults, and be as a Child, who not being sensible of its own Weakness, lets go the Hold it had of its Mother, and falls the very first Step it takes.

*Nestor* and *Philoctetes* were amaz'd to see *Telemachus* grown so gentle, so obliging, so officious, so helpful, so ingenious even to obviate all Exigencies; they could not tell what to think; they found him to be quite another Man. What most surpriz'd them, was the Care he took about the Funeral of *Hippias*; he went himself and fetch'd the bloody and disfigur'd Body from the Place where it lay beneath a Heap of Carcases: He bedew'd it with pious Tears, and said, O mighty Shade, now thou knowest how much I esteem thy Valour. 'Tis true, thy Arrogance did provoke me, but thy Failings proceeded from the Heat of thy Youth, and I am not unduly sensible how much that Age stands in need of Pardon. We should ere long have been sincerely united in the Bonds of Friendship; the



the Fault was wholly mine. O ye Gods, why have you ravish'd him from me, before I had Time to force him to love me!

*Telemachus* afterwards caus'd the Body to be wash'd in odoriferous Liquors, and then gave Orders concerning the Funeral-Pile. The lofty Pines, groaning beneath the Strokes of the Axes, come tumbling down from the Tops of the Mountains; the Oaks, those ancient Sons of the Earth, that seem'd to threaten Heaven; the tall Poplars, the Elms, with their verdant Heads and thick-leav'd Branches; the Beech the Glory of the Forest, lay prostrate along the Banks of *Galefus*. There they were rais'd into a Funeral-Pile, resembling a regular Building; the Flame begins to appear, and a Pillar of Smoke ascends up to the Skies. The *Lacedæmonians* advance with a slow and mournful Pace, trailing their Pikes, and with their Eyes fix'd on the Ground; bitter Sorrow stands imprinted on their warlike Faces, and the Tears trickle down in abundance. Next you might see the aged *Pherecides*, not so much depress'd by the Number of Years, as by his Grief for surviving *Hippias*, whom he had brought up from his very Infancy. He rais'd towards Heaven his Hands, and his Eyes that were drown'd in Tears. After the Death of *Hippias* he refus'd all manner of Food, nor was it in the Power of gentle Sleep to weigh down his Eye-lids, or to suspend the Smartness of his Pain for a Moment. With a trembling Pace he march'd after the Crowd, not knowing whither he went; not a Word issu'd out of his Mouth, his Heart was so wrung with Grief; it was a Silence of Despair and Dejection. But when he saw the

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the Pile (a) kindled, then he cry'd out in a Fury, O *Hippias*, *Hippias*, I shall never see thee again! *Hippias* is no more, yet I still live! O my dear *Hippias*, 'tis I that occasion'd thy Death; 'twas I that taught thee to despise it; I believ'd thy Hands would have clos'd my Eyes, and that thou would'st have catch'd my latest Breath: Cruel Gods, to prolong my Life, only that I might see the Death of *Hippias*! O my dear Child, whom I had brought up with so much Care, I shall see thee no more; but I shall see thy Mother whom Grief will kill, and who will reproach me with thy Death; I shall see thy young Spouse beating her Breast, tearing off her Locks, and I all the while am the unhappy Cause of it! O dear Shade, call me to the Banks of *Styx*; the Light grows hateful to me, and 'tis thee only, my dear *Hippias*, that I wish to see again. *Hippias*, *Hippias*, O my dear *Hippias*, all I now live for is to pay my last Duty to thy Ashes!

And now you might see the Body of young *Hippias* stretch'd out on a Bier adorn'd with Purple, Gold, and Silver; Death, that had put out the Light of his Eyes, was not able to deface all his Beauty, and the Graces still appear'd half painted in his wan Visage. Around his Neck, which was whiter than Snow, now leaning on his Shoulder, his long black Hair hung loose, finer than that of *Acis* or

(a) The Custom of burning dead Bodies may be traced up to the most remote Antiquity, but it began not at *Rome* 'till *Sylla's* Time. *Herodian*, who even in the low Empire preserv'd the

Taste of ancient *Greece*, hath left us a very particular and circumstantial Description of the manner how the Bodies of the Emperors were wont to be burnt at *Rome*.

*Ganymede*,

*Ganymede*, but which were now going to be reduc'd to Ashes. You might behold in his Side the gaping Wound, whereat all his Mass of Blood had issu'd out, and which had sent him down into the melancholy Regions of *Pluto*.

*Telemachus*, sad and dejected, follow'd the Corps close, strewing Flowers all the Way. When they came to the Pile, the Son of *Ulysses* could not without shedding new Floods of Tears behold the Flame seize the Cloth in which the Body was wrapt. Adieu, said he, O magnanimous *Hippias*; for I dare not call thee Friend. Be pleas'd, O Shade, who hast merited so much Renown! If I did not love thee I should envy thy Happiness; thou art rescu'd from those Miseries which still encompass us Mortals; thou didst retire from them by the most glorious Path: Alas! how happy should I be if my End were the same! May *Styx* never be able to arrest thy Ghost; may the *Elysian* Fields be open to thee; may Fame preserve thy Renown throughout all Ages, and may thy Ashes rest in Peace!

Scarce had he said these Words, intermixt with Sighs, when the whole Army set up a Cry; they were mov'd with Pity for *Hippias*, upon the Recital of his great Actions; their Grief for his Death brought to their Minds all his good Qualities, made them forget all those Oversights which had been occasion'd by Heat of Youth or a faulty Education. But they were yet more mov'd with the tender Sentiments of *Telemachus*. Is this, said they, the young *Greek* that was so proud, so scornful, so obstinate, so violent? Behold how gentle, how humain, how kind, how tender

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*The Funeral rites of Hippias.*

der he is now become! Doubtless, *Minerva*, who so much lov'd his Father, has the same Affection for the Son? Doubtless she has bestow'd on him the most valuable Blessing that the Gods can give to Mortals, in bestowing on him, together with Wisdom, a Heart susceptible of Friendship.

The Body was by this Time consum'd by the Flames. *Telemachus* did himself bedew the yet smoking Ashes with perfum'd Liquors; when he put them into a Golden Urn, which he crown'd with Flowers, and carried that Urn to *Phalantus*, who lay stretch'd out, wounded in several Places, and in the Extremity of his Weakness, he already had a Glimpse of the melancholy Gates of Death.

Already had *Traumaphilus* and *Nozofugus*, whom the Son of *Ulysses* had sent to attend him, strain'd all their Art for his Relief. They had by little and little recall'd his departing Soul; fresh Spirits sprung up insensibly in his Heart; a gentle and a penetrating Vigour, a Balsam of Life, insinuated it self from Vein to Vein, even to the inmost Recesses of his Heart; an agreeable Warmth reviv'd his Limbs, and rescu'd him from the frozen Hands of Death; but in the very Moment that his Fainting Fits left him, Grief of Mind succeeded: He began to be sensible of the Loss of his Brother, which 'till then he had not been in a Condition to consider. Alas! said he, Why all this Care to save my Life? Had not I better die, and follow my dear *Hippias*? I saw him fall hard by me: O *Hippias*, the Comfort of my Life, my Brother, my dear Brother, thou art now no more! I must now no longer see thee, nor hear thee, nor embrace

embrace thee, nor communicate to thee my Troubles, nor comfort thee in thy own! O ye Gods, Enemies to Mankind, must *Hippias* be for ever lost to me! Is it possible! Is it not a Dream? No, 'tis but too real: O *Hippias*, (a) I have lost thee, I have seen thee die, and I must live so long at least till I have reveng'd thee: I will sacrifice to thy *Manes* the cruel *Adrastus*, with thy Blood distain'd.

Whilst *Phalantus* was thus speaking, the two divine Men used their utmost Endeavours to assuage his Grief, for fear it should increase his Ailments, and hinder the Operation of their Medicines. On a sudden he perceiv'd *Telemachus* coming to him; at first his Heart was combated by two contrary Passions; he had entertain'd a deep Resentment of what had pass'd between *Telemachus* and *Hippias*: This Resentment was quicken'd by his Grief for the Loss of *Hippias*. On the other hand, he could not but know that he owed the Preservation of his own Life to *Telemachus*, who rescu'd him, all bloody and half-dead, out of the Hands of *Adrastus*. But when he saw the golden Urn which contain'd the belov'd Ashes of his Brother *Hippias*, he pour'd forth a Flood of Tears, and embrac'd *Telemachus*, without being able to speak a Word: At last, with a languishing Voice, interrupted with Sobs, he said, O worthy

(a) It was by such sincere and unfeigned Lamentations that the Ancients gave a loose to their Grief, and not by studied declamatory Commendations. Mourning Habits, and Funeral Orations, are degenerated into mere Ceremony; whereas, anciently, they were made use of by Persons truly afflicted, the one to keep up the Memory of their Loss, and the other to assuage their Grief.

Son of *Ulysses*, your Virtue compels me to  
 love you; to you I am beholden for this small  
 Remainder of Life, which is drawing towards  
 its End: But I am still more beholden to  
 you for what is far more dear to me; had you  
 not hinder'd it, my Brother's Body had be-  
 come a Prey to Vultures; had it not been  
 for you, his Ghost, depriv'd of Sepulture,  
 had wander'd miserable upon the Banks of the  
*Styx*, continually repuls'd by the pitiless *Cha-  
 ron*. Must I be so deeply oblig'd to a Man  
 whom I hated so much? Repay him, O ye  
 Gods, and deliver me from this Load of Life!  
 And thou, *Telemachus*, perform for me the  
 last Duty which you perform'd for my Bro-  
 ther, that nothing may be wanting to make  
 your Glory complete.

At these Words *Phalantus* was quite spent  
 and swallow'd up with Excess of Grief. *Te-  
 lemachus* stay'd by him without daring to  
 speak to him, and waiting 'till he had reco-  
 ver'd a little Strength. *Phalantus* soon com-  
 ing to himself, takes the Urn out of *Telema-  
 chus's* Hands; he kiss'd it over and over, wa-  
 tering it with his flowing Tears, and said,  
 O dear, O precious Ashes! When shall mine  
 be inclos'd with you in this same Urn! O  
 thou Ghost of *Hippias*, I will follow thee to  
 the Shades below; *Telemachus* will avenge us  
 both.

Mean while *Phalantus* recover'd daily, by  
 the Care of those two Men possess'd of the  
 Science of *Æsculapius*. *Telemachus* was always  
 by them, that they might use the more Di-  
 ligence in perfecting the Cure; and the whole  
 Army admir'd more at his Goodness, in re-  
 lieving thus his greatest Enemy, than at the



Valour and Conduct he had shew'd in Battle, when he sav'd the Confederate Army. *Telemachus* at the same Time shew'd himself indefatigable in the most rugged Hardships of War: He slept little, and his Slumberings were often interrupted, either by the Intelligence he every Hour in the Night receiv'd as well as by Day, or by viewing all Parts of the Camp, which he never did twice at the same Hours, that he might the better surprise those who were negligent. He would often return to his Tent, cover'd o'er with Sweat and Dust. His Diet was plain; (a) he liv'd like the common Soldiers, that he might set them an Example of Sobriety and Patience: Provisions growing scarce in that Encampment, he judg'd it necessary to stop the Murmurings of the Soldiers, by voluntarily sharing with them the same Inconveniences they underwent. His Body, instead of being weaken'd by so painful a Life, every Day became stronger and more harden'd: He began to lose those tender Graces which are as it were the Bloom of Youth. His Complexion grew brown, and less delicate, and his Limbs more manly and nervous.

(a) Such was the Practice of the greatest Generals of *Rome*. The *Roman* Soldiery made Part of a free People, naturally averse to all Subordination; and had not Authority been back'd by Example, their Armies had scarce ever been free from Seditions and Revolts. Our (*French*) Soldiers, more tractable by the Constitution of our Government, expect not that a Ge-

neral shou'd live as they do. But if once the Commanders wou'd retrench and cut off the Stateliness and Luxury that attends the Armies, they wou'd maintain therein a certain Vigorousness of Discipline much better than they do now by their military Severity, and their proud Deportment to those under their Command.

T H



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
ELEMACHUS.

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VOL. II. BOOK XVIII.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*Ulysses being perswaded from several Dreams, that his Father Ulysses is no longer upon Earth, executes his Design of going to seek him in the Shades below: He goes privately out of the Camp (attended by two Cretans) as far as to a Temple near the famous Cavern of Acherontia; he strikes into it thro' the thick Darkness, arrives at the Banks of Styx, and Charon admits him into his Bark; he goes and presents himself before Pluto, whom he finds prepared to grant him Permission to seek his Father: He crosses the Tartarus, where he sees the Torments inflicted upon the Ungrateful, the Perjur'd, the Hypocrites, and especially on bad Kings.*



MEAN while, *Adrastus*, whose Troops had been considerably diminish'd in the Battle, had posted himself behind the Hill *Aulon*, to wait the coming up of some Reinforcements, and try once more to surprize the Enemy; like to a famish'd Lion, which having been repuls'd from the Sheep-fold, returns again into the thick-wooded Forests, and re-enters his Den, where he wields his Teeth and Claws, waiting for a favourable Opportunity to destroy the whole Flock.

*Telemachus* having introduc'd a strict Discipline throughout the whole Army, apply'd himself now solely to execute a Design he had already conceiv'd, and which he communicated to none of the Commanders of the Army. He had been for a considerable Time disturb'd every Night with Dreams concerning his Father *Ulysses*, whose belov'd Image used always to return towards the Conclusion of the Night, before *Aurora*, with her dawning Light, began to chace from Heaven the wandering Stars, and from the Earth gentle Sleep attended with fluttering Dreams. Sometimes he fancy'd he saw *Ulysses* naked in one of the fortunate Islands, on a River's Side, in a Meadow embellish'd with Flowers amidst a Circle of Nymphs, who threw Garments on him to cover him. Sometimes he thought he heard him talk in a Palace glittering with Gold and Ivory, where he was listen'd to with Pleasure and Admiration by Men crown'd with Garlands. At other Times *Ulysses* appear'd to him of a sudden in those Feasts where Joy shines forth amidst Delights

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sights, and where you might hear the soft Harmony of a Voice, with a Harp more melodious than the Harp of *Apollo*, or the Voice of all the Muses.

*Telemachus* awaking would grow melancholy upon the Recollection of these agreeable Dreams. Oh my Father! Oh my dear Father, *Ulysses*! cry'd he; the most frightful Dreams had been pleasanter to me. These Images of Felicity signify to me that you are already descended to the Mansion of Blessed Souls, in which the Gods reward their Virtue with eternal Tranquillity: Methinks I see the *Elysian Fields*: Oh how uneasy a Thing it is to hope no more! Oh my much loved Father, I shall never see you more! never again embrace him who loved me so tenderly, and whom I seek after with so much Pain and Toil: Shall I never again hear the Voice of that Mouth, which used to pour forth Wisdom! Shall I never again kiss those Hands, those precious, those victorious Hands, by which so many Enemies have fallen? Shall they never punish the foolish Lovers of *Penelope*? And must *Ithaca* never rise again from her Ruins? Oh ye Gods, Enemies to my Father, 'tis you who send me these fatal Dreams to tear from my Heart all Hope, which is the same as if you tore Life itself from me! No, I can no longer live in this Uncertainty: Alas! What said I? I am but too well assur'd that my Father is no more: I'll even go to the infernal Shades, to find out his Ghost. (a) Did not *Theseus* go thither?

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*Theseus,*

(a) This Book is an Imitation of the sixth of the *Odyssey* and of the sixth of the *Aeneid*. The same Fable



*Theseus*, that impious Wretch, who durst offer Violence to the infernal Deities; whereas I am led thither by a Motive of Piety. *Hercules* descended thither: I am no *Hercules*, but 'tis glorious to dare to imitate him. *Orpheus* did, by reciting his Misfortunes, move the Heart of that God *Pluto*, who, they say, is inexorable; he obtain'd Leave for *Eurydice* to return to the Living. I have a juster Claim to Compassion than *Orpheus*, for my Loss is much greater. Is a young Girl, who was not matchless for her Beauty, is she, I say, to be compar'd with the sage *Ulysses*, admir'd by all *Greece*? let us go, let us die, if it must be so; why should we fear Death, when we suffer so much in Life? O *Pluto*, O *Proserpine*, I will soon try whether you are so pitiless as you are reported to be. O my Father, after having in vain travell'd o'er Land and Sea to find you out, I will go see whether you are not in the melancholy Abodes of the Dead. Though the Gods refuse me the Pleasure of enjoying the Sight of you upon the Earth, and in the Light of the Sun, perhaps they may not refuse me at least the Sight of your Ghost in the Kingdom of Darkness.

In speaking these Words *Telemachus* bedew'd his Bed with his Tears; then presently he arose, and endeavour'd, by Enjoyment of the Light, to mitigate the sharp Sorrow which his Dreams had occasion'd. But it

ble appears here with additional Graces and new Beauties. Mr. de Cambray, abounding in Riches of his own Growth, is never guilty of Plagiarism or servile Imitation.

He embellishes and sets off the Fable by Touches of Morality, which are wanting to the two Models of Antiquity.

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was an Arrow which had pierc'd his Heart,  
and which he continually carry'd about him.  
In this Anguish he took a Resolution to de-  
scend into the lower Regions, by a famous  
Place not far from the Camp. It is call'd  
*Acherontia*, because in this Place there is a  
dreadful Cave, which leads down to the Banks  
of *Acheron*, a River by which the Gods  
themselves are cautious how they swear. The  
Town was plac'd on a Rock, like a Nest on  
the Top of a Tree: At the Foot of the Rock  
was this Cavern to be seen; which fearful  
Mortals did not adventure to come near:  
The Shepherds were watchful to turn their  
Flocks from going that Way: The Sul-  
phurous Vapours of the *Stygian* Lake inces-  
santly exhaling thro' this Aperture, tainted  
the circumambient Air; around it grew nei-  
ther Herb nor Flower: There, none ever felt  
the gentle Fannings of the Zephyrs, or saw  
the blooming Graces of the Spring, nor the  
rich Donatives of Autumn. The parch'd  
Ground look'd languishing and sickly, and  
nothing was to be seen but some few leafless  
Shrubs, and fatal Cypress-Trees. Even at a  
Distance from the Place *Ceres* deny'd her gol-  
den Harvest to the Labourers. In vain did  
*Bacchus* seem to promise his delicious Fruits:  
The Grapes wither'd instead of ripening.  
The melancholy *Naiades* were unable to con-  
duct a limpid Stream; their Waves were al-  
ways bitter and full of Mud. No warbling  
Bird was heard in this Desert o'ergrown with  
Thorns and Brambles; no Grove was there  
to shelter the feather'd Choristers; they went  
and sung their Loves beneath a milder Sky.  
Nothing was heard but the croaking of the

Ravens and the Owls hideous Voice. The very Grass was bitter, and the Flocks which fed thereon felt none of that kindly Joy which uses to make them skip. The Bull flew from the Heifer, and the disconsolate Shepherd forgot his Pipe and Flute.

Out of this Cavern there frequently issu'd forth a black thick Smoke, which made a Sort of Night at Mid-day. At such Times the neighbouring People redoubled their Sacrifices to appease the infernal Deities; but oftentimes Men, in the Flower of their Age and in the Bloom of their Youth, were the only Victims which these cruel Deities took Pleasure to sacrifice by a fatal Contagion.

It was here that *Telemachus* resolv'd to find out the Way into the black Abode of *Pluto*. *Minerva*, who never ceas'd watching over him, and had cover'd him with her *Ægis*, had bespoke *Pluto's* Favour in his Behalf. Even *Jupiter*, at the Request of *Minerva*, had order'd *Mercury* (who every Day goes down to the Regions below, to deliver into *Charon's* Hands a certain Number of Dead) to desire the King of the Ghosts that he would permit the Son of *Ulysses* to come within his Dominions.

*Telemachus*, by favour of the Night, steals away from the Camp; he travels by the Light of the Moon, and invokes that powerful Deity, who in the Heavens appears the brilliant Planet of the Night, on Earth is the chaste *Diana*, and in Hell the dreadful *Hecate*. This Goddess heard his Prayers with a favourable Ear, because his Heart was pure, and because he was conducted by the pious Love of a dutiful Son.

Scarce

Scarce had he approach'd the Entry of the Cave, when he heard the Roarings of the subterranean Empire: The Earth trembled beneath him, and the Heavens arm'd themselves with Lightning and Fire, which seem'd to fall down upon the Earth. The young Son of *Ulysses* was surpriz'd and troubled, and his whole Body was cover'd with a cold Sweat; but his Courage supported him, he rais'd up his Hands and Eyes towards Heaven. Great Gods! cry'd he, I accept these Omens, which I conceive to be happy; complete your Work. He spoke, and redoubling his Pace went boldly forward.

In an Instant the thick Smoke, which render'd the Entry of the Cavern fatal to all other Creatures that came near it, was diffused; the poisonous Smell for a while surceas'd. *Telemachus* enter'd alone; for what other Mortal durst follow him? Two *Cretans*, who had accompany'd him to a certain Distance from the Cave, and whom he had made privy to his Design, stood trembling and half-dead a great Way from it, in a Temple, pouring forth Prayers, and never expecting to see *Telemachus* again.

Mean while the Son of *Ulysses*, with his Sword in his Hand, rushes into this horrible Darkness; presently he perceives a dim and faint Light, such as we see in the Night-time on Earth. He observes the nimble Ghosts fluttering round him, and he puts them by with his Sword: Not long after he espies the melancholy Banks of the marshy River, whose foul and sluggish Waters turn in a continual Eddy: He discovers upon the Banks of it an innumerable Crowd of departed Souls, who  
being



being destitute of Burial, make fruitless Prayers to the unrelenting *Charon*. This Deity, whose eternal Age is morose and fretful, but yet vigorous, answers them with nothing but Threats and Repulses; but at first Sight admits into his Boat the young Greek, *Telemachus* had no sooner enter'd, than he heard the mournful Groanings of a certain disconsolate Ghost. He ask'd him what was the Cause of his Misery, and what he was upon (a) Earth? I was, reply'd the Ghost, *Nabopharzan*, King of proud *Babylon*: All the People of the East trembled at the very Sound of my Name. I made the *Babylonians* pay divine Honours to me in a Temple of Marble, where I was represented by a Statue of Gold, before which they burnt Night and Day the most precious Perfumes of *Ethiopia*; all who presum'd to contradict me were instantly punish'd: Fresh Diversions were every Day invented for me, to render my Life pleasant; I was young and vigorous: O what Satisfaction, what luscious Enjoyments I had yet to taste in that exalted Condition! But a Woman whom I lov'd, and who lov'd not me, made me sensible that I was no God. She poison'd me, and now I'm nothing. Yesterday my Ashes were with great Solemnity put into a Golden Urn. The People wept, they tore their Hair, and seem'd as if they would throw themselves into the Flames of my Funeral Pile, and share my Fate: Some

(a) Here the Author throws together all that is instructive in *Lucian's* Dialogues. That Satirist contented himself with only exposing the Ridiculousness of

the Passions. Mr. de *Cambray* finds Means to make them odious, and has, besides, the Advantage over *Lucian*, of speaking to the Heart,

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are still going to mourn at the Foot of the magnificent Tomb where my Ashes are laid: But no Body does really lament the Loss of me; even my own Family have my Memory in Abhorrence, and here below I begin already to suffer the most outrageous Abuses.

*Telemachus*, mov'd at this Sight, said to him, Were you truly happy during your Reign? Did you feel that kindly Peace, without which the Heart remains always blasted as it were and shrunk amidst the greatest Pleasures? No, reply'd the *Babylonian*; I don't so much as know what you mean: The Sages extol this Peace as the only Good; but, for my part, I never felt it; my Heart was incessantly ruffled with fresh Desires, with Fear and with Hope. I endeavour'd to stupify my self by the violent Agitation of my Passions; I endeavour'd to keep up this intoxicating Phrenzy to make it lasting: The least sober interval had been intolerably bitter to me. Such was the Peace which I enjoy'd; all other I took to be a mere Fable and a Dream: These are the Blessings which I regret.

In speaking this the *Babylonian* wept like a pusillanimous poor-spirited Wretch, enervated by Prosperity, and unaccustom'd to bear Misfortunes with an undaunted Resolution. There were hard by him certain Slaves, who had been slain to grace his Funeral. *Mercury* had deliver'd them into *Charon's* Hands, together with their King, and had given them absolute Power over Him, who, when on Earth, was their Master. The Ghosts of these Slaves now no more stood in awe of the Ghost of *Nabopharzan*: They kept him in Chains, and insulted him in the most opprobrious

brious manner. One would say to him, were not we Men as well as thee? How camest thou to be so senseless as to fancy thy self a God? Ought'st thou not to have remember'd that thou wert of the same mold as other Men? Another said to him insultingly, Thou wert in the right not to be thought a Man, for thou wert a Monster void of all Humanity. Another would say to him, Well, what is become of thy Flatterers? Thou hast now nothing to bestow, poor Wretch! 'tis out of thy Power to do any more Mischief; thou art now become a Slave to thy own Slaves; the Gods are sure though slow in executing Justice.

At these harsh Expressions *Nabopharzan* flung himself flat on his Face, tearing his Hair thro' Excess of Rage and Desperation. But *Charon* said to the Slaves, pull him by his Chain, raise him up in spite of his Teeth; he shall not have so much as the Satisfaction to conceal his Shame; it must be seen by all the Ghosts about *Styx*, that they may bear witness of it, and absolve the Gods, who so long suffer'd this impious Wretch to reign upon the Earth. This is, O *Babylonian*, but the Beginning of thy Sorrows: Prepare thy self for thy Trial; prepare to appear before the inflexible *Minos*, Judge of the Infernal Regions.

While the terrible *Charon* was holding this Discourse, his Boat arriv'd at the Borders of *Pluto's* Empire: All the Ghosts came thronging to view this living Man, that appear'd in the Boat among the Dead: But scarce had *Telemachus* landed, ere they all fled away like the Shades of Night, which are dissipated by the



the first Glimpse of Day. *Charon*, with a Brow less wrinkled, and Eyes less fierce than usual, said to the young *Greek*, O Mortal, Favourite of the Gods, since it is given thee to enter into the Kingdom of Night, inaccessible to all living Creatures, make haste and go where the Destinies call thee; go through this gloomy Path to the Palace of *Pluto*, whom thou wilt find on his Throne: He will permit thee to enter into those Places, the Secrets of which I am not allow'd to discover.

Upon this *Telemachus* advances with a quick Pace; he sees on all Sides of him innumerable Multitudes of flutt'ring Ghosts, countless as the Sands of the Sea: Amidst the Hurry of this infinite Crowd, he is seiz'd with a divine Horror, observing the profound Silence of these vast Regions: His Hair stands on End so soon as he reaches the dismal Mansion of the pitiless *Pluto*; his Knees tremble, his Voice fails him, and it was not without great Difficulty he pronounces these Words to the God: You see, O terrible Deity, the Son of the unhappy *Ulysses*: I come to inquire of you whether my Father is descended into your Dominions, or whether he is still wandering upon the Earth.

*Pluto* was seated on a Throne of Ebony; his Complexion was pale and severe; his Eyes deep-sunk but streaming forth Fire; his Face wrinkled and menacing. The Sight of a living Man was as odious to him as the Light is offensive to the Eyes of those Creatures that are accusom'd to keep within their Recesses till the Approach of Night. By his Side appear'd *Proserpine*, who was his only Delight,



Delight, and who seem'd in some Measure to disarm his Heart of its Ruggedness: She enjoy'd a Beauty that was always fresh; but there was added to her divine Graces a certain Severity which she borrow'd from her Spouse.

At the Foot of the Throne was pale and devouring Death, with his sharp-edged Scythe, which he was continually whetting. About him flew black Cares, cruel Jealousies, Revenges reeking with Blood and full of Wounds, unjust Hatreds, Covetousness gnawing itself, Despair tearing itself with its own Hands, wild Ambition that overturns and puts every thing in Combustion, Treason that feeds upon Blood and cannot enjoy the Fruits of its Wickedness, Envy that pours forth her deadly Venom all around her, and who grows outrageously mad when she is unable to do any Hurt, Impiety digging a bottomless Pit and desperately throwing herself into it, hideous Spectres, Phantoms that invest themselves in the Shapes of the Dead to frighten the Living, dreadful Dreams and Wakings full as dreadful: With all these direful Images was the stern *Pluto* surrounded, and with these were his Palace fill'd: He answer'd *Telemachus* with a deep-sounding Voice, that made the Bottom of *Erebus* to roar. Young Mortal, Destiny has made thee violate this sacred Sanctuary of the Ghosts; follow thy high Destiny: I will not tell thee where thy Father is; 'tis enough thou art free to go look for him; since he has been a King upon Earth, thou hast no more to do but to traverse on the one Hand that Part of gloomy *Tartarus* where wicked Kings are punish'd; and  
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on the other, the *Elysian* Fields, where the good ones are rewarded. But thou can'st not pass from hence into the *Elysian* Fields till thou hast gone through *Tartarus*; Make haste thither, and get you out of my Dominions.

With this *Telemachus* seems to fly through the void and immense Spaces, so impatient was he to seek his Father, and to get clear of that horrible Tyrant, dreaded both by the Living and the Dead. He presently finds himself on the Borders of the melancholy *Tartarus*, from whence there arose a black and thick Smoke, whose pestilential Stench would have brought present Death with it, if it had reach'd the Abodes of the Living: This Smoke sat upon a River of flaming Fire, the Noise whereof, like that of the most impetuous Cataracts falling from some steep Rock into a bottomless Pit, struck those almost dead that enter'd into those dismal Places.

*Telemachus*, secretly encouraged by *Minerva*, undauntedly enters this Gulph. At first he perceiv'd a great Number of Men, who had lived in the meanest Condition, and who were punish'd for having heap'd up riches by Fraud, Treachery, and Cruelty. He observ'd great Numbers of impious (a) Hypocrites, who, making as if they had lov'd Religion, employ'd it as a fair Pretext to co-

(a) There were great numbers of 'em, because there was no one Vice more common than that which covers itself with a veil of Religion; nothing that more frequently deceives Mankind, than a false Virtue. The most virtuous

of all Men, says *Plato*, is he that contents himself with being good without seeking to appear so; the most culpable of all Men, he that seeks his Felicity in Vice, and his Glory in the false Appearances of Virtue.



ver their Ambition, and to impose upon the Credulous: These Men, who had abus'd Virtue itself, tho' the greatest Gift the Gods have to give, were punish'd as the most accurst of all Mankind. Children who had butcher'd their Fathers or Mothers, Wives who had embru'd their Hands in the Blood of their Husbands, Traitors who had sacrificed their Country after they had violat-ed all the most solemn Oaths, were less se- verely punish'd than these Hypocrites. Such was the Sentence of the three Infernal Judges, which was ground'd upon this: because the Hypocrites not thinking it enough to be bad Men like the rest of the Wicked, would pass for good Men, and so by their coun- terfeit Virtue they are the cause why People are afraid to trust those who are really Vir- tuous. The Gods whom they mock'd, and whom they made despicable in the Eyes of Men, take Delight in exercising their whole Power to revenge such Insults.

Near to these appear'd another Sort of Men, whom the Vulgar do not believe to be very culpable, but whom the divine Ven- geance punishes without Mercy. These are the Ungrateful, the Lyars, the Flatterers who commend Vice, the malicious Censurers who endeavour to sully the brightest Virtue; in- fine, those who have rashly pass'd Sentence without thorowly considering the Merit of Things, and thereby have prejudic'd the Re- putation of the Innocent.

But of all Ingratitudes, that which was pu- nish'd as the blackest, is that which is com- mitted against the Gods. What, says *Minos*, shall a Man be reputed a Monster, that fails

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in his Acknowledgements to his Father or to his Friend, from whom he has receiv'd some Assistance; and shall Men glory in their Ingratitude towards the Gods, of whom they hold their Life and all the Benefits belonging to it! Do they not owe their Being to them more than to the Parents of whom they are born? And the more such Crimes are tolerated and excus'd upon Earth, the more they become Objects of implacable Vengeance here below, where nothing can escape the Test.

*Telemachus*, seeing the three Judges sitting and passing Sentence upon a Man, took the Liberty to ask them what were his Crimes. The Criminal immediately taking upon himself to answer, cry'd out: I never did the least evil; on the contrary I plac'd my greatest Pleasure in doing Good: I have been always generous, liberal, just, compassionate; what have they then to charge me with? To which *Minos* answer'd: We have nothing to accuse thee of with respect to Men, but didst thou not owe to them far less than to the Gods! Where is then that Justice thou so much bragg'st of: Thou hast fail'd in no Duty towards Men, who are nothing; thou hast been virtuous, (a) but thou hast referr'd all thy Virtue to thy self, and not to the Gods who gave it thee; for Thou hadst a Mind to enjoy the Fruits of thy own proper Virtue, and made it center in thy self: Thou hast been thy own Deity; but the Gods, who

(a) All that Philosophy pretends to, is to cure one Vice by another. The greatest Actions, when they are not animated by Religion,

have no other Principle than Pride, and consequently they are poison'd by the Root which produces them.

were the Creators of all Things, and who have made nothing but for themselves, cannot renounce their Rights; as thou didst forget Them they will forget Thee, and surrender Thee up to thy self; since for Thy self thou liv'dst and not for them, find now, if thou canst, Consolation in thy own Heart: Thou art now for ever separated from the Company of Men, whom thou didst study so much to please; thou art now alone with thy self and thy own Idol: Know that there is no true Virtue without the Reverence and Love of the Gods, to whom every thing is due. The false Virtue, which has so long dazzled the Eyes of credulous Mankind, shall be now laid open and put to Confusion: Such Men as judge of Virtue and Vice, only with respect to their own Conveniency or Inconveniency are blind both as to Good and Evil; but in this Place a divine Light overthrows all their superficial Opinions, often condemning what they admire, and justifying what they condemn.

And now the Philosopher, as if he had been Thunder-struck, could no longer endure himself; the Complacency (a) with which he formerly contemplated his own Moderation, Courage, and Generosity, were now turn'd into Despair; the Review of his own Heart

(a) It is well known to what a monstrous Pitch the Philosophers were wont to carry their Pride. You may ask the Gods for outward Goods, such as Health and Riches, said they to the People; but as to the most valuable of all Goods, namely,

Virtue, you must look for it within your selves. They wou'd they talk; but could they have read what was written in their own Hearts they wou'd have argued much better on Man's Weakness.

which

which had been so great an Enemy to the Gods, became his Punishment: He sees himself, and spite of all he can do, is not able to turn his Eyes from the hateful Object: He now sees the Vanity of the Esteem of Men, whom in all his Actions he had endeavour'd to please: There is an universal Revolution of every thing within him, as if all his Entrails were turn'd upside down; he is not now the Man he was before; his Heart no longer affords him Support or Comfort; his Conscience, whose Testimony was formerly so pleasing to him, flies in his Face, and terribly upbraids him with the Deceit and Illusion of all his Virtues, which had not the Honour of the Gods either for their Principle or their End. He is troubled, disorder'd, fill'd with Shame, Remorse, and Despair: The Furies indeed do not exercise their Rage upon him, but let him alone, that he might be his own Tormentor, and his own Heart sufficiently avenges the Gods whom he had despis'd: Since he cannot hide himself from himself, he seeks the darkest Places to hide himself from others: He courts the Shades of Obscurity, but cannot find them; persecuting Light follows him every where; every where the piercing Rays of Truth revenge his Contempt of her: What he lov'd formerly now becomes loathsome to him, as being the Source of his Miseries which are never to have an End. He says to himself: Fool that I am, I have neither known the Gods nor Mankind nor myself: No, I have been ignorant of every thing, since I never lov'd the only and true Good: Every Step I took was wrong; my Wisdom



was nothing but Folly, and my Virtue nothing but an impious and deluded Pride; for I Idoliz'd nothing but my self.

Then *Telemachus* took notice of those Kings that were punish'd for having abus'd their Power. On one hand a vindictive Fury holds up to them a Mirror, which represented to them all their Vices in their full Deformity: There they saw, and were forced to see, their fulsom Vanity, that greedily swallow'd down the grossest Flattery; their Obduracy towards Men, for whose Benefit they were born; their Insensibility to Virtue; their Dread to hear the Truth; their Love of base Men and Flatterers; their Inapplication, their Effeminacy, their Sloth, their undeserved misplaced Jealousy, their Pride, their excessive Pomp built upon the Ruin of their People; their Ambition to purchase a little Vain-Glory with the Blood of their Subjects: In fine, their Cruelty, which every Day hunts out for new Pleasures amidst the Tears and Distresses of so many unhappy Wretches.

In this Mirror they incessantly behold themselves. They find themselves more horrible and monstrous than the Chimera that was vanquish'd by *Bellerophon*, or the *Lyrnaean Hydra* which was destroy'd by *Hercules*, or than *Cerberus* himself, tho' he disgorges from his three hideous Throats a black and venomous Gore, capable to infect the whole Race of Mortals living on Earth, with poisonous Exhalations.

At the same time, on the other hand, another Fury did insultingly repeat to them the Encomiums

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Encomiums that their Flatterers had bestowed on them while alive, and presented to them another Mirror, wherein they saw themselves under the same Representations as Flattery had describ'd them. The Opposition of these so contrary Portraits was the Punishment of their Vanity. It was found that the most wicked of these Kings were such, as during their Life had receiv'd the most exalted Praises; because the Bad are more dreaded than the Good, and shamelessly exact the fordid and nauseous Flatteries of the (a) Poets and Orators of their Time. You might hear them groan in these dark Caverns, where they can see nothing but the Mockings and Insults which they are oblig'd to suffer. They have none about them but such as repulse, contradict, and oppose them; whereas on Earth they sported themselves with the Lives of Men, and pretended that all Things were made for themselves alone. In *Tartarus* they are deliver'd over to the capricious Humours of certain Slaves, who make them feel, in Their Turn, the Severities of a cruel Bondage; their Slavery is painful, nor have they the least Hopes of its ever being otherwise: Under the Lash of those Slaves, now become their merciless Tyrants, they seem like the Anvil beneath the Hammers of the *Cyclopes*,

(a) The Poets may set as high a Value as they please upon their Incense, and give themselves out to be the Dispensers of true Glory: But in the name of wonder how can Poetry, the Daughter of Error and Fiction, possibly

establish a solid Reputation? Let us not therefore be surpriz'd if Great Men are grown weary of purchasing the Incense of the Poets, and reject their nauseous Perfumes. [See Preface.]

when *Vulcan* stands over them to make them work in the glowing Furnaces of Mount *Ætna*.

There *Telemachus* perceiv'd pale, hideous, and melancholy Countenances, occasion'd by gnawing Grief, which the Criminals felt within themselves; they abhor themselves, nor can they any more shake off this Horror than their own very Nature. They need no other Punishment for their Crimes than their Crimes themselves, which incessantly stare them in the Face, with all their most aggravating Circumstances: They present themselves to them like horrible Apparitions, they pursue them whilst those who are pursued, in order to secure themselves, call for a Death more powerful than that which separated them from their Bodies.

In the Height of their Despair they court a Death that may extinguish in them all Sense and Thought: They call upon the Deep to swallow them up, that they may be rescued from the avenging Beams of Truth which persecutes them; but all to no Purpose, for they are reserv'd for a Vengeance which distils upon them Drop by Drop, and will never be dry'd up. The Truth, which they dreaded to see, now becomes their Punishment; they see it indeed, but they see it only flying in their Face: the Sight of it pierces them, tears them, tears them from themselves: 'tis like the Lightning, which without destroying the Outside, penetrates to the inmost Parts of the Bowels. Like Lead to Metal in a flaming Furnace, the Soul as it were melted in this avenging Fire

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Its Texture is destroy'd by it, and yet there is nothing consum'd; it dissolves even the very first Principles of Life, and yet 'tis impossible for them to die: They are torn from themselves, and can find neither Ease nor Comfort for the least Moment: They subsist only by their Rage against themselves, and by Despair which makes them furious.

Among these Objects which made *Telemachus's* Hair stand erect, he saw several of the ancient Kings of *Lydia*, punish'd for having prefer'd Indolence to Activity, which ought to be inseparable from Royalty, for the Ease of the People.

These Kings reproach'd each other for their Folly and Stupidity. One of them said to another, who had been his Son, Did I not often recommend to you, when I was old and sinking to my Grave, to take care to redress those Mischiefs which I had committed thro' Negligence? The Son reply'd, O unfortunate Father, 'tis you that have ruin'd me; 'twas by your Example I grew acquainted with Pride, Arrogance, Lust, and Cruelty. While I saw you reign in so indolent a manner amidst a Crew of Sycophants, I habituated my self to the Love of Flattery and Pleasure: I thought the rest of Men were, in respect of Kings, what Horses and other brute Beasts are in regard to Men; that is to say, No otherwise thought of, than as they are serviceable and minister to our Conveniency: This was my Opinion, and it was from You I deriv'd it, and now I endure all these Miseries for following Your Example. To these Reproaches they



added the most dreadful Cursings, and fell into such bitter Passions, that they seem'd to be ready to tear one another piece-meal.

Around these Kings there likewise hover'd, like Owls in the Night-time, cruel Suspicions, vain Alarms, Diffidences which revenge Subjects upon their inhuman Kings, insatiable Thirst of Riches, a false Glory that is ever Tyrannical, and vile Effeminacy which doubles all the Evils one suffers, without ever being able to give any solid Pleasure.

Many of these Kings were severely punish'd, not for the Ill they had done, but for the Good they ought to have done: All the Crimes of the People, which proceed from Remissness in executing the Laws, were imputed to their Kings, who ought to reign for no other End but to make the Laws reign thro' their Means. They were likewise charged with all the Disorders which arise from Pride, Luxury, and all other Excesses, which throw Men into a State of Violence, and occasion them to despise the Laws, so they may acquire Wealth. Above all, those Kings were treated with great Rigour, who, instead of being good and vigilant Shepherds over the People, thought of nothing but how to worry their Flocks like so many voracious Wolves.

But that which most troubled and surprized *Telemachus*, was to see in this Abyss of Darkness and Misery a great many Kings who had pass'd on Earth for tolerable good Princes, now condemn'd to the Pains of *Tartarus*, for suffering themselves to be over-rul'd

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being kept in Ignorance of the Truth, they  
never had a Relish for Virtue, nor took Plea-  
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THE



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS

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VOL. II. BOOK XIX.

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The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus enters the Elysian Fields, where he is known again by his Great-Grandfather Arcecius, who assures him, that Ulysses is still alive, that he shall see him again at Ithaca, and reign there after him. Arcecius gives him a Description of the Felicity enjoy'd by good Men: and above all, by those good Kings, who, during their Life-time, had serv'd the Gods, and been the Happiness of the People they govern'd: He makes him take notice, that the Heroes, who have only excell'd in the Art of War, are in a Place by themselves, and in a far less Degree happy. He gives some Instructions.

*Instructions to Telemachus; and then this latter departs, to return with Speed to the Camp of the Allies,*

**N**O sooner had *Telemachus* got out of this Place, but he felt himself as much eased as if a huge Mountain had been remov'd off his Breast: By this Change he was convinc'd of the Misery of those who are shut up therein, without being ever released: He shiver'd with Horror in observing how much Kings were more grievously tormented than other Criminals. What, said he, so many Duties, so many Perils, so many Snares, so many Difficulties in coming at the Truth, to guard against others, and against one self too, and at last so many horrible Tortures in Hell, after having been so envy'd, so worry'd, and so thwarted in a short Course of Life! Oh how stupid is he that courts a Crown! Happy he who takes up with a private peaceable manner of Life, wherein he may with more Ease be virtuous.

In making these Reflections his Mind was troubled and disorder'd, he trembled with Fear and was brought under a Consternation which made him feel something of that Despair those miserable Princes suffer'd, whose wretched Condition he had been viewing. But the farther he made off from this melancholy Territory of Darkness, Horror, and Despair, his Courage began gradually to revive; he breath'd anew in proportion as he went forward, and now began to perceive at a Distance that kindly and pure Light which stream'd from the Mansions of the Heroes.

Here



Here resided all those virtuous Kings, who till that Time had govern'd Mankind with Prudence. They were separated from other good Men. As wicked Princes were infinitely more severely punish'd in *Tartarus* than those of inferior Condition, so these good Kings enjoy'd, in the *Elysian* Fields, a Happiness infinitely exceeding that of the rest of Mankind who had devoted themselves to Virtue when upon Earth.

*Telemachus* advances towards these Kings, who were solacing themselves in odoriferous Groves on the ever fresh and flow'ry Green: A thousand little Rivulets water'd this beautiful Place with a Crystal Stream, which diffus'd a delicious Freshness all around: An infinite Number of pretty Birds made these Groves resound with their melodious Chanting: Here were seen at once the Flowers of the Spring rising up beneath the Feet, and the richest Fruits of Autumn hanging on the Trees over Head: Here was never felt the scorching Heat of the furious Dog-Star, nor durst the bleak North-Winds dare to breathe forth the Rigours of Winter. Neither War that thirsts after Blood, nor cruel Envy that bites with an envenom'd Tooth, and bears twisted Vipers in her Bosom and wreath'd around her Arms, nor Jealousies, Distrusts, Fears, nor vain Desires, did ever approach this blessed Mansion of Peace: Here the Day knows no End, and the Night with her sable Veil is utterly unknown; an unalloy'd agreeable Light spreads it self round the Bodies of these righteous Men, and with its Beams invests them like a Garment. This Light is not like that dusky one which illu-

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minates the Eyes of miserable Mortals, and which, compar'd to this, is no better than Darknes: It is rather a celestial Glory than a Light, for it penetrates more subtilly the thickest Bodies, than the Beams of the Sun can pierce the purest Crystal; yet it never dazzles, but, on the contrary, strengthens the Eyes, (a) and conveys to the inmost Recesses of the Soul an inexpressible Serenity. It is this alone that nourishes those blessed Men, it issues out of them and goes back into them, it penetrates them, and incorporates it self with them, as Food with us: They see it, they feel it, they breathe it; it causes an inexhaustible Fountain of Peace and Joy to spring up in their Souls: They plunge into this Abyss of Joy as Fishes into the Sea; they no longer desire any thing; they have all things without having any thing, for the Relish of this pure Light satisfies the Hunger of their Souls. Their utmost Wishes are gratify'd, and their Plenitude raises them above all that empty hungry Minds court upon Earth: All the Pleasures that surround them are nothing to them, because their consummate Happiness which proceeds from within them, admits no room for any Delights to enter from without. They are like the Gods,

(a) It is from the sacred Penmen, that M. de Cambray has extracted these noble Ideas which so well express the Happiness of just Men. We are not to wonder if his Description is so much superior to that of the Greek and Latin Poets. The sacred Writings present, to such as understand and relish

them, the most finish'd Patterns of Poetry and Eloquence. The Greeks were not the Inventors of those Arts; they only laid down Rules for the attaining them, but which will never be sufficient to form either a perfect Poet, or a complete Orator.

who,

who, replenished with *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, would reject and nauseate those gross Meats which the most exquisite Table of Mortals could set before them. Every thing that is evil flies far away from these calm Abodes: Death, Sicknes, Poverty, Pain, Lamentations, Remorses, Fears, and even Hopes too (which often pain us as much as our very Fears) Divisions, Disgusts, and Vexations can find no Access here.

The lofty Mountains of *Thrace*, which with their Brows, cover'd with everlasting Snow and Ice co-æval with the World, do split the Clouds, might sooner be overturn'd from their Foundations, which are fix'd in the Centre of the Earth, than the Hearts of these righteous Men be mov'd in the least Degree; only they compassionate the Inhabitants of the Earth for the Miseries that oppress them; but then it is such a sweet and calm kind of Compassion, as alters not in the least their unchangeable Felicity. Eternal Youth, ever-during Happiness, and All-divine Glory is impress'd on their Countenances; but their Joy has nothing in it that is frothy or indecent: It is a gentle noble majestic Joy; 'tis a sublime Taste of Truth and Virtue that transports them; they are every Moment without Interruption seiz'd with such a Dilatation of Heart, as is felt by a tender Mother at the Sight of her beloved Son, whom she had given over for dead: But this Rapture, which soon forsakes such a Mother's Heart, never forsakes the Souls of these Men; it never decays in the least, it is always fresh and new; they have the Transports of Inebriation, without the Disorder

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order and Stupefaction of it. They discourse together of what they see and taste, they trample under foot the fond Delights and vain Poms of their former Conditions, which they deplore; they with Pleasure reflect on those sad but short Years, wherein they were oblig'd to struggle against their own Inclinations, and the Torrent of corrupt Men, in order to become virtuous; They admire the Assistance of the Gods, who led them as it were by the Hand, in the Paths of Virtue, thro' a multitude of Perils. Something unspeakably divine runs incessantly thro' their Hearts, like a Flood of the divine Nature it self, which unites it self to them: They see, they feel that they are happy, and are sensible they shall always be so. They all sing together the Praises of the Gods, and all of them together make but one Voice, one Thought, one Heart. One and the same Felicity makes it as it were a Flux and Reflux in the united Souls.

While they enjoy these divine Raptures, whole Ages glide away more swiftly than Hours do with Mortals here on Earth, and yet a thousand and a thousand Ages, when elapsed, do not detract the least from their Felicity, which is always new, and always entire. They all reign together, not on such Thrones as the Hand of Man can overturn, but in themselves, with a Power that can never be shaken; for now they are no more concern'd to make themselves formidable, by a Power borrow'd from a vile and miserable People; no longer wear those vain Diadems, beneath whose dazzling Lustre lurk so many Fears and melancholy Cares. The Gods themselves



selves have plac'd on their Heads such Crowns whose Glory nothing can ever tarnish.

*Telemachus*, who was in quest of his Father, and was once afraid of finding him in these Regions, was so ravish'd with this Taste of Peace and Felicity, that he could have wish'd to have met him here, and was very much concern'd that he himself should be forc'd to return again into the Society of Mortals: Here it is, said he, that true Life is to be found, and what on Earth is call'd Life is nothing but Death. But what surpriz'd him was, his seeing so many Kings punish'd in *Tartarus*, and so few bless'd in the *Elysian* Fields. This convinc'd him that there are few Kings who are firm and courageous enough to withstand their own Power, and to reject the Flattery of so many Men who study to excite all their Passions; so that good Kings must needs be very rare, and the greatest Part are so wicked, that the Gods would not be just, if when they have suffer'd them to abuse their Power during their Life, they should not chastise them after their Death.

*Telemachus*, not finding his Father *Ulysses* among these Kings, look'd about him to see if he could find at least his Grandfather the divine *Laërtes*. Whilst he was in vain doing this, a venerable majestick old Man made up to him. He did not look like one that on Earth is depress'd with Age: it was only perceivable that he was old before he dy'd; his Agedness was only a Mixture of all the Gravity of numerous Years, with all the Graces of Youth; for those Graces revive, even in the most decrepit old Men, the Moment they enter into the *Elysian* Fields. This Man ad-

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vanc'd hastily towards *Telemachus*, and look'd upon him with all the Complacency imaginable, as on a Person who was very dear to him. *Telemachus*, not knowing him, began to be seiz'd with Trouble and Surprise.

I forgive thy not knowing me, O my dear Son, said the old Man to him: I am *Arceſius*, (a) Father of *Laertes*. I resign'd my Breath a little before *Ulyſſes* my Grandson ſet out for the Siege of *Troy*: Thou wert then an Infant in thy Nurſe's Arms, I even then conceived great Hopes of thee, nor was I miſtaken, ſince I ſee thee deſcended into *Pluto's* Kingdoms to ſearch for thy Father, and ſince the Gods are thy Support in this Enterprize. O happy Child! thou art favour'd by the Gods, who are laying up for thee a Glory equal to thy Father's! O how happy am I to ſee thee again! Seek no more *Ulyſſes* in theſe Regions; he is yet alive, reſerv'd to reſtore the Grandeur of our Family in the Iſle of *Ithaca*. Even *Laertes*, tho' he bends beneath the Weight of Years, yet ſtill enjoys the Light, and waits for his Son's coming to cloſe his Eyes. Thus Mortals paſs away, like Flowers that blow in the Morning, and in the Evening are wither'd and trampled under Foot. The Generations of Men are as tranſient as the Waters of a Torrent; nothing can ſtop the Courſe of Time, which ſweeps away even ſuch Things as ſeem to be moſt immoveable. Thou, O my Son, my dear Son, even thou, who now

(a) Our Author ſuffers plain he had his Eye upon nothing to eſcape him in the *Æneas's* meeting with *Antichife* in the *Elyſian* Fields, in the ſixth Book of the *Æneid*. Here it is

enjoy'st a Youth so lively and so adapted for Pleasure, forget not that this bright Part of thy Life is nothing but a Flower that is almost as soon withered as blown; thou wilt find thy self insensibly chang'd; the smiling Graces, the gentle Joys, which now accompany thee, Strength, Health, and Jollity, will vanish like a delightful Dream, and will leave behind them nothing but their sad Remembrance. Languid old-Age, that Enemy of Pleasure, will wrinkle thy Brow, bend thy Body double, weaken thy trembling Limbs, dry up in thy Heart the Source of Joy, make thee disrelish what is present, and dread what is to come, and kill in thee a Sense of every Thing but Pain and Sorrow. This Time seems to thee distant and remote; but, alas! my Son, thou art deceiv'd, it hastens on apace; and will soon reach thee: That which advances with so much Rapidity cannot be far from thee; Time is always upon the Wing; nay the present Time is already gone far away, since it is annihilated in the Moment we are speaking, and can come near us no more. Never, therefore, O my Son, rely on the present, but let the Prospect of Futurity support thee in the rough uneven Path of Virtue. Prepare thy self, by a rectify'd Morality, and the Love of Justice, for a Place in the happy Seat of Peace. At length, nor shall the Time be long, thou shalt again see thy Father re-instated on the Throne of *Ithaca*. Thou art born to reign after him: Thou art born to reign, but, alas! O my Son, how deceitful a Thing is Royalty! If you look on it afar off, you see nothing but Authority, Grandeur and Pleasure: But if you approach near to it, it is full of Thorns, and

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and Difficulties. A private Man may, without Disgrace, lead a calm obscure Life: But a King cannot, without Reproach, prefer an easy unactive Life to the painful Offices of Government; he owes himself to the Nation he governs, and is not allow'd to be at his own Disposal; his least Slips are of infinite (a) Consequence, because they occasion National Miseries, and that sometimes for several Ages. He ought to quell the Audaciousness of wicked Men, support Innocence, and discountenance Calumny. 'Tis not enough for him to do no Ill; he must do all the possible Good that his People stands in need of. 'Tis not enough for him to do Good for his own Part; he must likewise prevent all the Mischiefs others would do, were they not restrain'd. Let so perilous a Condition therefore, O my Son, be the Object of thy Fear: Be arm'd with Courage against thy self, against thy Passions, and against Flatterers.

*Arcefius*, as he spoke these Words, seem'd possess'd with a Divine Flame, and carry'd a Countenance full of Compassion for the Miseries that are concomitant with Royalty. The Kingly Condition, said he, if assum'd for the gratifying a Man's own self, is a monstrous Tyranny; if accepted to fulfil the Duties that belong to it, and to conduct a numerous People, as a Father guides his Children, 'tis a laborious Servitude that requires Heroick Courage and Patience. On the other

(a) It is no Wonder to see the same Touches of Morality so often repeated by the Archbishop. Every thing here is consecrated to the In-

struction of his Royal Pupil, and its in that point of View, that we are to look upon this Poem.



hand, 'tis certain those who have reign'd with an untainted Virtue, are here in Possession of all that the Gods can possibly bestow to render their Happiness consummate.

While *Arcefius* was laying himself out in this Manner, his Words sunk deep into *Telemachus's* Heart, and were impress'd therein like those indelible Figures which an able Artist graves in Brass, in order to transmit them down to the most remote Posterity. His sage Discourse was like a subtile Flame that pierc'd into the very Bowels of the young *Telemachus*, whose Heart seem'd to melt thro' a supernatural Operation. That which lodg'd in the most intimate Recesses of his Soul, secretly consum'd him; he could neither contain it nor support it, nor resist so violent an Impression; it was a quick and bewitching kind of Pain, a lively and delightful Sensation, mix'd with a sort of Torment capable of depriving one of Life.

At length, *Telemachus* began to breathe more freely: He perceiv'd in the Countenance of *Arcefius* a great Resemblance of *Laertes*; he thought too that he remember'd, tho' imperfectly, in his Father *Ulysses* the same kind of Lineaments, when he set out for *Troy*.

This Resemblance melted down his Heart, so that his Eyes started with Tears of Joy; he would needs embrace a Person so dear to him, and several Times he attempted it, but in vain; the empty Shadow still mock'd his straining Arms, just as a delusive Dream flies from a Man when he thinks he has it fast: One while the Dreamer's thirsty Mouth pursues a fugitive Stream: another while his Lips move themselves to form Words which his stiffen'd

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stiffen'd Tongue cannot utter: He eagerly reaches out his Hand, and catches nothing. Thus fares it with *Telemachus*, who cannot gratify the ardent Longings of his Soul; he sees *Arceſius*, hears him, ſpeaks to him, but cannot touch him: At length he asks him who thoſe Men are that ſtand round him.

They are, my Son, ſaid the grave old Man, ſuch Perſons as have been the Ornament of the Age they liv'd in, the Glory and Happineſs of Mankind. Thou ſeeſt the few Kings who have been truly worthy of Royalty, and have faithfully diſcharg'd the Function of Gods upon Earth. Thoſe others whom thou ſeeſt not far from them, but parted by that ſmall Cloud, enjoy a far leſs Degree of Glory; Theſe, indeed, are Heroes, but the Recompence of their Valour and military Expeditions is not to be compar'd with that of wiſe, juſt, and beneficent Princes.

Among thoſe Heroes thou beholdeſt *Theſeus*, who wears a Sort of Sadneſs on his Brow: He was ſo unhappy (a) as to rely too much upon an artful Woman, and is ſtill afflicted for having ſo unjuſtly begg'd of *Neptune* the cruel Death of his Son *Hippolytus*. Happy had it been for him if he had not been ſo eaſily tranſported by his cholerick Diſpoſition! Thou alſo ſeeſt *Achilles* leaning on his Spear, by reaſon of the Wound which the lewd *Paris* gave him on his Heel, and which was the Cauſe of his Death. Had he been as wiſe, juſt and moderate as he was fearleſs, the Gods would have granted him a long

(a) Nothing ſo common in | History as Princes being go- | wou'd be a much harder thing  
vern'd by their Miſtreſſes. It | to find any of them ſo weak as  
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Reign; but they were compassionate to the *Phthiotes* and the *Dolopes*, whose King he was to have been, had he, according to the Course of Nature, surviv'd his Father *Peleus*; the Gods were unwilling to deliver over so many People to the Mercy of a hot-brain'd Man, more easily provok'd than the most unquiet Sea is to be mov'd by a sudden Storm. The fatal Sisters cut short his Thread of Life, and he was like a half-blown Flower mow'd down by a Plough-share, and which falls before the End of the Day that gave it Birth. The Gods were willing to use him only as they do Torrents and Tempests, to punish Men for their Crimes: They employ'd *Achilles* to demolish the Walls of *Troy*, revenge the Perjury of *Laomedon*, and chastise the unlawful Amours of *Paris*: After having thus made use of him as the Instrument of their Vengeance, they were pleas'd: they were inexorable to the Tears of *Thetis*, and refus'd to suffer that young Hero any longer on the Earth, who was fit for nothing but to disturb Mankind, and to overthrow Cities and Kingdoms.

But dost thou observe that other Person who looks so sternly? 'Tis *Ajax*, the Son of *Telamon*, and Cousin of *Achilles*: Doubtless, you are not to be inform'd what Glory he acquir'd in Battle. After the Death of *Achilles*, he pretended that his Armour ought not to (a) be bestow'd on any but himself: Thy

(a) *Ajax* had a much better Pretence to that Armour, for he had deserv'd it much more than *Ulysses* had done; but *Ulysses* knew better

than He how to apply for it. And hence we may see, says *Ovid*, what Eloquence can do, and how much more Strength It has than Valour.

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Father did not think fit to yield him up that Advantage, and the *Greeks* adjudg'd them to *Ulysses*. *Ajax*, upon this, kill'd himself in Despair: Rage and Indignation are still legible in his Face: Do not go near him, my Son, for he would think you had a mind to insult him on account of his Misfortune, for which he ought justly to be pity'd. Dost thou not observe that he looks at us with Uneasiness, and is just now hurrying away into the gloomy Grove, because he hates to see us? He on the other Side, is *Hector*, who had been invincible, if the Son of *Thetis* had not been in the World at the same time. But take notice there of *Agamemnon*, who still carries upon him the Marks of *Clytemnestra's* Disloyalty and Treachery. O my Son, I tremble to think of the Misfortunes of the impious *Tantalus's* Family. The Division of the two Brothers, *Atreus* and *Thyestes*, fill'd that House with Horror and Blood. Alas! How many Crimes does but one Crime draw after it! *Agamemnon*, when he return'd at the Head of the *Greeks* from the Siege of *Troy*, had not Time to enjoy in Peace the Glory he acquir'd in War: And this is the common Destiny of almost all Conquerors. All the Men whom thou seest yonder, have been formidable in War, but they were not amiable or virtuous, and therefore are admitted only to the second Mansion of the *Elysian Fields*: (a)

(a) Good Kings, and victorious Kings, are too unlike each other to be mingled together in the *Elysian Fields*. The Author therefore took particular Care to place them

in separate Mansions, and had he not been afraid to contradict Fable, he had left in the dismal Regions of *Tartarus* many a Demi-God.



As for those others, who have reign'd with Justice, and have had a tender Love for their People, they are the Favourites of the Gods. While *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, full of their Quarrels and Battles, do still even here retain their unquiet Disposition and natural Infirmities; While they in vain regret the (a) Life they have lost, and teize themselves with the Thoughts of their being now only impotent and vain Shadows; those just Kings, being purify'd by the divine Light which feeds 'em, have nothing more to desire to make them happy; with Eyes of Compassion they behold the Restlessness of Mortals; and the great Designs which worry the Thoughts of ambitious Men, appear to them like the Plays of Children; their Hearts are replenish'd with Truth and Virtue, which they imbibe at the Fountain-Head: They have nothing more to suffer, either from others or themselves: No more Appetites, no more Necessities, no more Fears. Every Thing is at an End with them, except their Joy, which is endless.

Observe, my Son, that ancient King *Inachus*, who founded the Kingdom of *Argos*: Thou seest how mild, and yet how majestic he appears, notwithstanding his old Age. Flowers grow beneath his Feet, and his light

(a) In the eleventh Book of the *Odyſſey*, *Ulyſſes* being descended to the infernal Regions, addreſſes himſelf thus to *Achilles's* Shade. O Son of *Peleus*, the Greeks, while you were upon the Earth, rever'd You as a God: Doubtleſs you maintain the ſame Preeminence among the Dead, and

therefore can have no Cauſe to lament the Loſs of Life. I had much rather live a Slave to the pooreſt Plowman upon Earth, reply'd *Achilles*, than be a Commander over all the moſt illuſtrious Dead. [A living Dog is better than a dead Lion.]

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Tread resembles the Flight of a Bird: He holds in his Hand an ivory Harp, and with eternal Raptures sings the wonderful Works of the Gods: From his Heart and his Mouth breathes forth an exquisite Odour: The Melody of his Lyre and Voice were enough to ravish the Gods as well as Men; he is thus rewarded for the tender Affection he bore to the People whom he assembled within the Compass of his new Walls, and whose Legislator he was.

On the other Side you may see among those Myrtles, *Ægyptian Cecrops*, the first King of *Athens*, a City consecrated to that wise Goddess whose Name it bears. *Cecrops* brought beneficial Laws from *Ægypt*, a Country which has been to *Greece* the Source both of Literature and Morality. He refin'd and soften'd the rude unciviliz'd Inhabitants of the *Attic* Villages, and united them by the Bands of Society. He was conspicuous for Justice, Humanity, and a sympathizing Compassionateness: He left his People in great Prosperity and Affluence, and his own Family but in a state of Mediocrity; he was not willing his Children should succeed him in his Authority, because he judg'd there were others more deserving of it.

I must not omit to shew thee *Erythron* in that little Valley; he invented the Use (a) of Silver for Money; he did it with a Design

(a) Gold and Silver, of themselves, do not satisfy any of our real Necessities, and therefore cannot be ranked in the Number of true Riches: But yet by these imaginary Riches

it is that we acquire true ones. And this is what gives to these Metals so much Power over the Minds and Hearts of Mankind.

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Tread

to facilitate Commerce among the Islands of *Greece*; but he foresaw the Inconveniency consequent to his Invention. Apply your selves (said he to the People) to multiply at your own Homes the Riches of Nature, which are the true Riches: Cultivate and improve the Earth, that you may have Plenty of Corn, Wine, Oil, and Fruits. Get innumerable Flocks, that may feed you with their Milk, and clothe you with their Wool; and by this means you need never fear falling into Poverty: The more Children you have, the richer you will be, provided you breed them up to Labour and Industry; for the Earth is inexhaustible, and augments her Fruitfulness in Proportion to the Number of her Inhabitants who are diligent to manure her: She bountifully rewards the Labour of all such, whereas she is sparing and reserv'd to them who are negligent in her Culture. Endeavour therefore principally to acquire this true Wealth, which is sufficient to answer all the real Calls of Mankind. As for coin'd Money, it ought not to be valu'd any farther than as it is subservient to the carrying on such Wars as you are unavoidably engag'd in abroad, or in the Way of Commerce for purchasing such necessary Commodities as are wanting in your own Country; and it were to be wish'd that there were no longer in the World any Trafficking for such Things as serve only to keep up Luxury, Vanity, and Dissolution. The sage *Eryethon* would often say to them, My dear Children, I fear I have made you a fatal Present; in imparting to you the Invention of Money: I foresee it will excite Avarice, Ambition, Pomp; that it will encourage an infinite

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infinite Number of pernicious Arts, whose Tendency is only to corrupt and debauch good Manners; that it will put you out of Conceit with that happy Simplicity which makes your Lives so very quiet and secure; in fine, that it will breed in you a Contempt for Agriculture, which is the Basis of human Life, and the Source of all substantial Riches; But the Gods are my Witnesses that I meant well when I bestow'd this Invention on you, which in it self is useful. But at length, when *Erythron* found that Money corrupted the People, as he foreboded it would, he for Grief retir'd to a solitary Mountain, where he liv'd a poor sequester'd Life, 'till he became extreme old, nor would he concern himself in the Government of the Cities.

Not long after him there appear'd in *Greece* the famous *Triptolemus*, whom *Ceres* had taught the Art of Tilling the Ground, and covering it every Year with Golden Grain. Not but that Men were before this acquainted with the Method of multiplying Corn by sowing it; but they knew not the Art of Husbandry to that Perfection, 'till *Triptolemus*, (a) sent by *Ceres*, came with a Plough in his Hand to offer the Goddess's Favours to all those People who had Courage enough to overcome their natural Laziness, and addict themselves to assiduous Labour. Soon did *Triptolemus* teach the *Greeks* to cleave the

(a) 'Twas he that taught the *Athenians* Agriculture, and from *Athens* it was that that Art spread it self all over *Greece*. This Tradition had taken such Root among the

*Greeks*, that all the Cities and Towns of that Country made it a Matter of Religion to send the first of their Fruits to *Athens*.

Earth,



Earth, and to fertilize her by breaking up her Bosom into Furrows: Soon did the ardent indefatigable Reapers employ their sharp Sickles upon the yellow Ears that wav'd throughout the spacious Fields: Even the wild and barbarous People, that wander'd here and there in the Forests of *Epirus* and *Etolia*, seeking Acorns for their Food, became civiliz'd, soften'd their rugged Manners, and submitted to Laws, when they had learnt the Way of making Corn to grow, and of baking Bread. *Triptolemus* made the *Greeks* feel the Pleasure of owing their Riches to nothing but their own Labour; and of finding in their own Fields whatever was necessary to render their Lives commodious and happy. This plain and innocent Affluence, inseparable from Husbandry, brought to their Minds the sage Counsels of *Eryethon*; so that they contemn'd Money and all artificial Riches, which are no otherwise Riches than as they become so by Mens Fancies, tempting them to seek for dangerous Pleasures, and diverting them from Labour, wherein they would find all that is substantially good, together with Purity of Manners, in the full Enjoyment of Liberty. They then were entirely convinc'd that a fruitful and well-till'd Field is the true Treasure of a Family that is wise enough to be content to live frugally as their Fathers did before them. Well had it been for the *Greeks*, had they continu'd firm to the Maxims so adapted to render them powerful, free, happy, and worthy to be so by a solid Virtue! But alas! they begin to admire false Riches, and gradually neglect the true, and degenerate from this wondrous Simplicity we have been

# Book XIX. TELEMACHUS:

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been speaking of. O my Son! thou shalt one Day fill a Throne; then remember to bring Men back to the Exercise of Husbandry, to honour that Art, to make Things easy to those who apply themselves to it, and neither to suffer the People to live idly, nor to spend their Time in those destructive Arts which foment Luxury and Sloth: Those two Men who were so wise when upon Earth, are here the Favourites of the Gods. Take notice, O my Son, that their Glory as far exceeds that of *Achilles* and the other Heroes, who have only been eminent in War, as the agreeable Spring is preferable to the frozen Winter, or the Lustre of the Sun outshines that of the Moon.

While *Arceſius* was thus speaking, he observ'd that *Telemachus's* Eyes were continually engag'd with looking on a little Grove of Laurel, planted near a Rivulet whose Banks were enamell'd with Violets, Roses, Lilies, and other odoriferous Flowers, whose lively Colours resembled those of *Iris*, when she descends from Heaven to Earth to bring some Message from the Gods to mortal Men. It was the great King *Sesoſtris* whom *Telemachus* discern'd in that beauteous Place; he was invested with infinitely more Majesty than when he sat on the Throne of *Ægypt*. Gentle Emanations of Light stream'd from his Eyes, which dazzled those of *Telemachus*: Had you seen him, you would have thought that he was inebriated with *Nectar*, so much had the Divine Spirit transported him above human Reason, as a Reward for his Virtues.

Said *Telemachus* to *Arceſius*, O my Father, That is *Sesoſtris*, I know him to be the wise King

King of *Ægypt*, whom I not long ago saw on Earth. It is true, reply'd *Arceſius*, and thou ſeeſt how largely the Gods remunerate virtuous Princes! But know that all this Felicity is nothing in Compariſon of what was deſign'd for him, if too great Proſperity had not made him forget the Rules of Moderation and Juſtice. His inordinate Deſire to humble the Insolence and Pride of the *Tyrrians*, prompted him to take their City. This made him deſirous to take others; he ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſeduc'd by the vain Glory of Conquerors; he ſubdu'd, or rather plunder'd, all *Aſia*. At his Return into *Ægypt*, he found his Brother had ſeiz'd his Throne, and had by Violence repeal'd the wholeſomeſt Laws of the Nation. Thus his great Conqueſts ſerv'd for nothing but to make his Kingdom unhappy. But what made him moſt inexcusable was, that he grew giddy with his own Glory. He put the greateſt of the Kings he had conquer'd to draw his Chariot like Horſes. Afterwards he became ſenſible of his Fault, and was aſham'd of having been ſo inhuman. Such was the Fruit of his Victories. Theſe are the Miſchiefs Conquerors bring on their own States, (and on themſelves) while they go about to uſurp thole of their Neighbours: This is what eclips'd the Glory of a King otherwiſe ſo juſt and beneficent, and 'tis this that diminish'd the Happineſs which the Gods had prepar'd for him.

Doeſt thou not ſee, O my Son, that other Perſon, whoſe Wound appears ſo glorious? 'Tis a King of *Caria*, *Diocliſes* by Name, who ſacrific'd himſelf, for his People's Good,

in

in a Battle; because the Oracle had declar'd; that in the War between the *Carians* and the *Lycians*, that Nation whose King should fall should be Victorious.

There is likewise another whom I would have you take notice of; it is a wise Legislator, who having, for the Benefit of his Countrymen, fram'd such Laws as were proper to render them virtuous and happy, made them swear they would never violate any of those Laws during his Absence; after which he left them, exiling himself voluntarily from his Country, (a) and dy'd poor in a strange Land, to oblige his People, according to this Oath, for ever to observe those useful Laws.

That other Prince whom thou seest, is *Euneſimus*, King of the *Pylians*, and one of the Ancestors of the sage *Nestor*. When the Earth was ravag'd by a Pestilence, which sent down to the Banks of *Acheron* Multitudes of crowding Ghosts, he begg'd of the Gods that he might appease their Wrath, and redeem, by his own Death, so many Thousand innocent Men. The Gods granted his Request, and provided for him Here a truly Royal Grandeur, in comparison of which all the Poms of the Earth are but so many vain Shadows.

(a) That Prince was even more a Prince in his Exile than if he had been upon the Throne. He did not abandon his People; he govern'd them by his Laws which he had left them before he departed, and which his Absence forced them to observe. It is *Lycurgus*, of whom this generous Action is related.

That



That old Man whom thou seest crown'd with Garlands, is the famous *Belus*; he reign'd in *Ægypt*, and espous'd *Anchynoe*, the Daughter of the God *Nilus*, (a) who conceals the Source of his Stream, and enriches a mighty Tract of Land by his Inundations: He had two Sons, *Danaus*, whose History thou art no Stranger to, and *Ægyptus*, who imparts his Name to that fine Country. *Belus* thought himself richer by the Plenty he procur'd his People, and the Love his Subjects bore to him, than by all the Tributes he could have impos'd on them. These Men, whom you think dead, my Son, are alive; and that Life which Men miserably drag upon Earth, is the only Death: It is only the Names of Things that are chang'd. May it please the Gods to render thee virtuous enough to merit this happy Life, which nothing can ever extinguish or disturb! Hasten thee away; 'tis time for thee to go and seek thy Father. Before thou findest him, alas, how much Bloodshed shalt thou see! But then, what Glory waits thee in the Fields of *Hesperia*! Let not the Counsels of the sage *Mentor* ever be out of thy Mind; and if thou follow'st them, thy Name shall be great among all Nations, and in all Ages.

He spoke, and presently conducted *Telemachus* to the Ivory Gate, which leads

(a) 'Tis certain that the Ancients knew not the Source of the *Nile*; and it is to conform himself to their Notions, that a certain celebrated Sculptor represents that River-God with his Head muffled in a Veil.

## Book XIX. TELEMACHUS.

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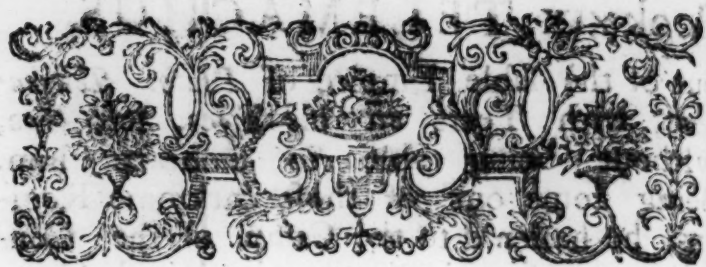
out of the sable Empire of *Pluto*. *Telemachus*, with Tears in his Eyes, left him, without being able to embrace him. Being come out of those darksome Regions, he hasten'd to the Camp of the Confederates, after having again join'd Company with the two young *Cretans*, who went with him almost as far as the Cavern, and who despair'd of ever seeing him more.



VOL. II.

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS.

VOL. II. BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

*In the Assembly of the Leaders of the Army, Telemachus's Advice is receiv'd, that they should not surprize Venusium, which was put in Trust into the Hands of the Lucanians, by an Agreement between both Parties; he shews his Wisdom in the Business of two Deserters, whereof one named Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him; and the other, Dioscorus, offer'd to bring the Allies the Head of Adrastus. In the Battle which was fought soon after, Telemachus carries Death wherever he goes, in order to meet with Adrastus; and that King who looks for Him in the same Manner, meets and slays Pisistratus the Son of Nestor. Philoctetes comes up; and just as he's going to pierce Adrastus,*

Adrastus, he is himself wounded, and oblig'd to retire out of the Battle. Telemachus runs to the Cries of his Friends, among whom Adrastus makes a dreadful Slaughter: He fights that Prince, and grants him his Life upon certain Conditions which he imposes on him. Adrastus rising again, endeavours to surprize Telemachus: This latter seizes him once more, and drives his Sword into his Heart.

**M**EAN while the Chieftains were assembled, to deliberate whether they should possess themselves of *Venusium*: It was a strong Town, which Adrastus had formerly usurp'd from his Neighbours the *Apulian Penetetes*, who were enter'd into the Confederacy against him to demand Justice for this Invasion. Adrastus, to appease them, had put this Town, by way of Trust, into the Hands of the *Lucanians*: But he had by Money debauch'd both the *Lucanian* Garrison and him that commanded it; so that in reality, Adrastus had more Authority in *Venusium* than the *Lucanians* themselves; and the *Apulians*, who had consented that the *Lucanian* Garrison should keep *Venusium*, were over-reach'd in this Negotiation.

A certain Citizen of *Venusium*, Demophantes by Name, had underhand made an Offer to the Allies, to deliver up to them one of the Gates of the City by Night. This Advantage was so much the greater, in that Adrastus had lodg'd all his warlike Stores and Provisions in a Castle near *Venusium*, which could not defend itself if *Venusium* was taken. Philoctetes and Nestor had already given their



Opinion, that they ought not to let slip such a lucky Opportunity. All the Commanders, sway'd by their Authority, and charm'd with the advantageous Prospect of so easy an Enterprize, applauded their Sentiment: But *Telemachus*, at his Return, used his utmost Endeavours to divert them from it.

I grant, said he, that if ever any Man deserv'd to be dealt fraudulently with, it is *Adrastus*; because it has been his common Practice to deceive and circumvent every Body else. I am not ignorant, that in surprising *Venusium* you only put yourselves in Possession of a Town that belongs to you, since it appertains to the *Apulians*, who are one of your Confederates: I confess too, that the Design has so much the better Colour, in that *Adrastus*, who has put this City as a Pledge in the Hands of others, has corrupted the Commander and the Garrison, that he may enter it whenever he thinks fit. To conclude, I know as well as you, that if you take *Venusium*, you will the very next Day be Masters of the Castle, where all *Adrastus's* Provisions are laid up, and so in two Days more you will put an End to this formidable War. But is it not better to perish than to conquer by such Methods? Is Fraud to be (a) repell'd by Fraud? Shall it be said that so many

(a) In an open War, the holding a private Correspondence has never been looked upon as a Breach of the Law of Nations. But the Allies here cou'd not make use of these Methods upon this Occasion without breaking in upon the

Faith of Treaties, and therefore *Telemachus's* Arguments prevail'd. Whoever declares himself an Enemy to the publick Faith seems to declare himself an Enemy to Mankind, and there is no possibility of trusting him till

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many Kings, who enter'd into a League to punish the impious *Adraftus* for his Deceitfulness, are become deceitful like himself? If we may lawfully do as *Adraftus* has done, he is not guilty, and we are in the wrong to go about to punish him. What! has *Hesperia*, that *Hesperia*, which is supported by so many Greek Colonies, and by so many Heroes return'd from the Siege of *Troy*, has she, I say, no other Arms against *Adraftus's* Treachery and Perjury, than the practice of the same Vices? You have sworn by the most sacred Things, that you would leave *Venusium* in Trust in the Hands of the *Lucanians*. The *Lucanian* Garrison, you say, is corrupted by *Adraftus's* Money; I believe it as well as you: But this Garrison is still in the *Lucanian* Pay, and has not refus'd to obey them; it has kept, at least in appearance, a Neutrality; neither has *Adraftus*, nor any of his Men, enter'd into *Venusium*; the Treaty still subsists, the Gods have not forgot your Oath: Shall we not observe our Promises but just so long as we are without a plausible Pretext to violate them? Shall we not be faithful and religious to our Oaths but when there is nothing to be got by breaking them? If you have no Concern for Virtue, nor are mov'd by the Fear of the Gods, at least have a Regard for your Reputation and Interest. If you set this pernicious Example of breaking your Word and violating your Oath, that you may terminate a War, what Wars will you not kindle by so wicked a Conduct? Will

such time as he has lost the Power of breaking his Word, and is absolutely disabled, by superior Force, from prejudicing others by his Treachery and Perfidiousness.

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not your Neighbours be forc'd to be jealous of you on all Occasions, and utterly detest you? Who will ever trust you again, in your pressing Necessities? What Security would you be able to give, should you have a mind to be sincere, and at a Time when it may be of the greatest Importance to you to persuade your Neighbours of your Sincerity?) Shall it be a solemn Treaty? Such Things you have trampled under Foot. Shall it be an Oath? Alas! will it not be notorious that you make slight of the Gods whenever you can, by Perjury, advance your own private Interest? If you act thus, Peace will afford you no more Security than War; All that comes from you will be receiv'd as War, either dissembled or declar'd: You will be look'd on as the perpetual Enemy of All who shall be so unfortunate as to be your Neighbours: All Affairs that require Reputation, Probity, and Confidence, will become impossible to you: You will have no Means left to make your Promises find Credit.

Besides this, added *Telemachus*, there is a more pressing Interest that ought to affect you very much, if you have any sense of Probity left, or any Forecast with respect to your own Interest; and that is, that so deceitful a Conduct attacks the very Vitals of your whole Confederacy, and will soon ruin it: And thus your Perjury will furnish *Adrastus* with an Opportunity to triumph over you.

At these Words the whole Assembly seem'd as it were in an Uproar, and ask'd him how he could take upon him to say, that an Action which would give the Confederates a certain Victory, could ruin the Confederacy?

*Telemachus*

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*Telemachus*

*Telemachus* ask'd them; how will you be able to trust one another, if you once break the only Band of Society and Confidence, namely, Sincerity? After you have once laid it down for a Maxim, that the Rules of Probity and Fidelity may be broken where there is a Prospect of a great Advantage; how can any One of you repose a Confidence in Another, when that Other shall find it greatly his Advantage to falsify his Word and impose on you? What will become of you then? Which of you will not endeavour to prevent the Artifices of his Neighbour by Tricks of his own? And what will be the Fate of a Confederacy of so many People, when after a full Debate, it is agreed among them, that it is lawful to circumvent a Neighbour, and to violate the most solemn Engagements? How great will be your mutual Distrust, your Animosities, your Warmth to destroy each other! *Adrastus* will then have no need to destroy you; you yourselves will do that for him; you will justify his Perfidiousness. O sage and magnanimous Princes! O you who command with so much Prudence such innumerable Multitudes of People, do not disdain to hearken to the Counsels of a young Man. If you should fall into the most calamitous Circumstances, into which Men are sometimes precipitated by War, you might yet recover yourselves by your Vigilance and the Strugglings of your Virtue; for true Virtue never suffers it self to be cast down; but if ever you break the Barrier of Honour and Integrity, your Loss will then become irreparable, you will never be able either to re-establish that Confidence which is necessa-



ry to the Success of all important Affairs, or to reclaim Men to the Principles of Virtue after you have once taught them to despise them. Again, what is it you are afraid of? Have you not Bravery enough to overcome your Enemies without using Guile and Fraud? Is not your Virtue, in conjunction with the Forces of so many Nations, sufficient to enable you to cope with them? Let us fight, nay die, if it must be so, rather than conquer by such vile Methods. *Adrastus*, the impious *Adrastus*, is at our Mercy, so long as we abhor to imitate his Baseness and Improbability.

When *Telemachus* had put an End to this Discourse, he found that his persuasive Arguments had pierc'd their very Souls: he observ'd a deep Silence in the whole Assembly; every one surrender'd up their Senses, not so much to him, or the Graces of his Utterance (a) as to the Force of Truth that shone throughout his whole Speech. Astonishment was legible on their Countenances. At last a hollow murmuring was heard spreading itself by little and little throughout the whole Assembly: Each look'd on his Fellow, and was shy to be the first that spoke; it was expected that the prime Commanders of the Army would declare themselves, and each of them found himself under great Difficulties to

(a) Such was M. de Cambray's Notion of Eloquence. He was for having it so simple, so plain, so bare of Ornaments, as to make us forget and overlook the Speaker.

Therefore he preferr'd *Demosthenes* before *Tully*, because the latter makes a Shew of his Art, and the other conceals it.

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forbear. After a while the grave *Nestor* pronounc'd these Words.

*Ulysses's* worthy Son, the Gods have instructed thy Speech, and *Minerva*, who so often inspired your Father, did put into your Heart that wise and generous Advice you have given us. I look not on your Youth; I only consider *Minerva* in all that you have been saying. You have pleaded the Cause of Virtue; without Her the greatest Gain is real Loss; without Her Men draw suddenly on themselves the Vengeance of their Enemies, the Diffidence of their Allies, the Detestation of all good Men, and the just Resentment of the Gods. Let us therefore leave *Venusium* in the Hands of the *Lucanians*, and think of no other way to conquer *Adrastus* but by our Courage.

He spoke, and the whole Assembly applauded the Wisdom of his Words: But in giving this Applause, every one turn'd his Eyes with Amazement on the Son of *Ulysses*, and they all thought they saw sparkling in him the Wisdom of *Minerva*, who inspir'd him.

There soon arose in the Council of the Kings another Question, which gave him an Opportunity of acquiring no less Glory. *Adrastus*, always cruel and treacherous, had sent into the Camp a Deserter nam'd *Acanthus*, who was to poison the most eminent Chiefs of the Army: He had particular Orders to leave nothing unassay'd to effect the Death of young *Telemachus*, who was already become the Terror of the *Daunians*. *Telemachus*, who had too much Courage and Candour to be inclin'd to Suspicion, gave the

the Wretch a free and easy Reception: He had seen *Ulysses* in *Sicily*, and recounted that *Hero's* Adventures to *Telemachus*, who on his Part took pity on him, entertain'd him, and endeavour'd to comfort him under his Misfortunes; for *Acanthus* complain'd of great Abuses and Indignities that he had receiv'd from *Adrastus*: But *Telemachus* was all the while cherishing and warming in his Bosom a venomous Serpent, that was ready to give him a mortal Wound. Another Defenter was taken, nam'd *Arion*, whom *Acanthus* was sending back to *Adrastus*, to acquaint him with the state of the Confederate Camp, and to assure him that the following Day he would poison the principal Kings, together with *Telemachus*, at an Entertainment which this latter was to give. *Arion* being taken, confess'd his Treason: He was suspected to be in Intelligence with *Acanthus*, because they were intimate Friends; but *Acanthus* who was a deep Dissembler, and of an undaunted Nature, pleaded for himself with so much Art, that there was no convicting him, or discovering the Bottom of the Conspiracy.

Divers of the Kings were for sacrificing *Acanthus* at a Venture to the publick Safety. He ought, said they, to be put to Death; one Man's Life ought not to be weigh'd against the Security of so many Kings: What if one Man perish, when the Point is to preserve those who represent the Gods among Men?

What inhuman Maxim, what barbarous Policy is this, reply'd *Telemachus*? Are you then so lavish of human Blood, you that are appointed over Mankind to be their Shepherds,

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herds, and are only to rule over them for their Preservation, as a Shepherd preserves his Flock? But instead of that you are become blood-thirsty Wolves and not Shepherds; at least you are such Shepherds as only shear and cut the Throats of your Sheep, instead of leading them into good Pasture. According to you, the Moment a Man is accused he becomes guilty, and if he is but suspected, he deserves to die. Thus do the Innocent lie at the Mercy of Envious and Slandrous Men; and according as this tyrannical Distrust gathers Strength in your Breasts, we must have more such Victims sacrific'd.

*Telemachus* spoke these Words with such Authority and Vehemence, as was perfectly irresistible, and the Authors of so unworthy an Advice were cover'd with Shame. Afterwards said he to them, sinking his Speech to a lower Key; for my part, I am not so much in Love with Life as to purchase it at that Price: I had rather *Acanthus* should be wicked than my self; and would sooner chuse that he should deprive me of Life by his Treachery, then I unjustly put him to Death in an Uncertainty. But have a little Patience, O you, who being establish'd Kings, that is, Judges of the People, should discharge your Function with Justice, Prudence and Moderation; let me examine *Acanthus* in your Presence.

Immediately he interrogates him about his Correspondence with *Arion*; he plies him with an infinite Number of Circumstances, and sometimes made as if he would remand him to *Adrastus* as a Deserter that ought to



be punish'd, the better to make his Observation, whether he was afraid to be sent back or no; but the Countenance and Voice of *Acanthus* still remain'd calm and unmov'd, and *Telemachus* began to think that he might not be guilty. At length, seeing that he could not draw him to a Confession, he said to him, Give me your Ring, for I will send it to *Adrastus*. Upon this *Acanthus* presently turn'd pale, and was in the utmost Confusion. *Telemachus*, whose Eyes were continually fix'd on him, perceiv'd it: He takes the Ring; This will I immediately send to *Adrastus*, said he, by the Hand of the crafty *Lucanian Polytropus*, your Acquaintance, who shall pretend he comes secretly from you. If we can by this Means discover your Intelligence with *Adrastus*, you shall without Mercy be put to Death by the most exquisite Torments. If, on the contrary, you now confess your Fault, you shall be pardon'd, and we will content our selves with only sending you into an Island where you shall want for nothing. Upon this *Acanthus* confess'd the whole, and *Telemachus* obtain'd of the Kings that his Life might be spar'd, because he had given him the Promise of it: And he was sent into one of the Islands call'd *Æchinades*, where he liv'd in Peace.

Shortly after this, a *Daunian*, of an obscure Birth, but of a violent and daring Spirit, named *Dioscorus*, came by Night into the Confederate Camp, and made an Offer to them to kill King *Adrastus* in his Tent (a).

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(a) *Pyrrhus's* Physician design'd the same Treachery | against his Master, and offer'd *Fabricius* to deliver him from

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# Book xx. TELEMACHUS!

173

This he was capable of doing, because who-  
ever despises his own Life, is at any time the  
Master of another's. This Person breath'd  
nothing but Revenge, because *Adrastus* had  
taken away his Wife, whom he was to the  
last degree fond of, and whose Beauty was  
not inferior to that of *Venus* herself. He was  
resolved either to destroy *Adrastus* and reco-  
ver his Wife, or to perish himself in the At-  
tempt. He had secret Intelligence whereby  
he had contriv'd a Way to enter into the  
King's Tent by Night, and was to be fa-  
vour'd in his Enterprize by several *Daunian*  
Captains; but he thought it necessary for  
the Confederate Princes to attack *Adrastus's*  
Camp at the same time, to the end that dur-  
ing the Hurry and Disorder he might the  
more easily escape and carry off his Wife.  
If he could not carry her off after he had  
kill'd the King, he was content to die.

As soon as *Dioscorus* had propos'd his De-  
sign to the Princes, they all turn'd their Eyes  
towards *Telemachus*, as who should say, let  
us have your Direction what to do. Upon  
which *Telemachus* spoke as follows: The  
Gods who have preserv'd us from Traitors,  
forbid us to make use of them; and even  
though we had not Virtue enough to detest  
the Treason, our Interest alone were suffi-  
cient Motives to make us reject it: When  
once we have authoriz'd it by our own Ex-

from so formidable an Ene-  
my: But the generous Ro-  
man made *Pyrrhus* acquaint-  
ed with it by a Letter con-  
ceived in the following  
Terms. You are as unlucky  
in the Choice of your Friends  
as in that of your Enemies.

*We transmit to you a Letter  
which was sent to us by one  
of your Domesticks. Our Va-  
lour shall put an end to a  
War, which we will by no  
Means terminate by an Act  
of Treachery.*

ample,

ample; we shall deserve to have it turn'd against us; and what Man among us will assert that be safe or secure? It is not impossible but *Adrastus* may escape the Blow that threatens him; and may make it fall upon the Confederate Kings. War will then cease to be War; Wisdom and Virtue will be of no manner of Use, and nothing will be seen but Frauds, Treasons, and Assassinations. We our selves shall feel their fatal Consequences; and we shall deserve to feel them, since we shall have given Authority to the greatest of Villanies. I am therefore for sending back this Traitor to *Adrastus*; I own that King does not deserve it; but all *Hesperia* and all *Greece*, who have their Eyes on us, merit such a Conduct from us as may deserve their Esteem; we owe to our selves, and, much more, we owe to the just Gods such an Instance of our Abhorrence for Treachery.

*Dioscorus* was presently sent to *Adrastus*, who trembled to think of the danger he had escaped, and was fill'd with Wonder at the Generosity of his Enemies; for pure Virtue is what wicked Men have no Notion of. *Adrastus*, in spite of himself, admired this Step of theirs, but durst not commend it. This noble Action of the Confederates, did, to his Shame, remind him of all his Treacheries and Cruelties: He look'd about for Reasons to extenuate his Enemies Generosity, yet blush'd to be thought ungrateful, when he ow'd them his Life; but corrupt Men (a) soon harden themselves against every Thing that may

(a) *Pyrrhus* was more generous than *Adrastus*. He sent back to the *Romans* the

Prisoners he had taken, without insisting upon any Ransom.

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move them. *Adrastus*, perceiving that the Reputation of the Confederates increas'd more and more every Day, thought himself under a Necessity to perform against them some notable Action: And since it was not in his Nature to do a virtuous one, he was willing at least to obtain some great Advantage over them by Arms, and therefore made all the Haste he could to fight.

The Day of Battle being come, scarce had *Aurora* open'd to the Sun the Portals of the East, in a Path strew'd with Roses, when the young *Telemachus*, outstripping the Vigilance of the oldest Captains, shook off the soft Embraces of balmy Sleep (a), and put all the Officers in Motion. Already did his Helmet, cover'd with a crest of waving Horse-hair, glitter on his Head, and his Cuirass dazzled the Eyes of the whole Army: It was made by *Vulcan*, and had besides its natural Beauty the Lustre of the *Aegis*, that was conceal'd amidst it: In one Hand he held a Spear, and with the other pointed to several Posts that it was necessary to take possession of. *Minerva* had fill'd his Eyes with a divine Fire, and his Countenance with a majestick Awefulness that already promis'd Victory. He march'd, and all the Kings forgetting their Age and Dignity, found themselves enforc'd by a superior Power to follow his Steps. No more are they subject to impotent Jea-

(a) It belongs only to intrepid and magnanimous Souls to compose themselves to Sleep the Night before a Battle. *Alexander* the Great slept so sound that he was

forced to be waked by violence the day before the Battle of *Arbela*, which was to determine both his Fortune and his Glory.

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lously: Every Thing gives way to him whom *Minerva* leads insensibly by the Hand. His Manner betray'd nothing that was impetuous or precipitate: He was mild, calm, patient, always ready to hear others and improve by their Advice; but active, provident, extending his Views to the most remote Contingencies, disposing every Thing to the best Advantage, without perplexing himself or others; excusing Faults, rectifying Miscarriages, obviating Difficulties, never exacting too much of any one, and every where inspiring Freedom and Confidence. If he gave an Order, it was in the plainest and clearest Terms; he repeated it for the better instructing him that was to execute it. He observed by his Eyes whether he conceiv'd him right, and afterwards made him familiarly tell him how he understood his Words, and what was the main Drift of his Enterprize. When he had thus made a Trial of the Person's Sense, and entirely let him into his Designs, he never dispatch'd him away till he had given him some Mark of his Esteem and Confidence, for his Encouragement: So that all he sent from him were full of Ardour to please him, and to compass the Business they went about: But they were under no Fear lest he should impute to them their ill Success (a), for he would excuse all Faults that did not proceed from an evil Disposition of Mind.

(a) What shall we say to the barbarous Custom of the *Ottomans*, who punish with Death the raising of a Siege, or the loss of a Battle? Do they think to animate and exalt a General to Intrepidity by inspiring him with Terror and Fear?

The Horizon look'd ruddy with the Sun's earliest Rays, and the Sea was brighten'd with the Flames of the rising Day; all the Coast was fill'd with Men, Arms, Horses, and Chariots, which being in Motion made a confused Noise, like that of the angry Waves when *Neptune* excites a black-fac'd Storm at the Bottom of his watry Territories. And now *Mars* began, by the Noise of Arms and the terrible Preparations of War, to disseminate Rage in every Heart. The Field was crowded with bristling Pikes, thick-set like a Crop of Corn that covers the fertile furrows at the Time of Harvest: There soon arose a Cloud of Dust, which intercepted both Heaven and Earth from the Eyes of Men; Darkness, Horror, Bloodshed, and inexorable Death, advanc'd apace.

Scarce were the first Arrows shot, when *Telemachus* lifting his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, pronounc'd these Words.

O *Jupiter*, Father of Gods and Men, thou know'st that we have on our side Justice and a peaceable Inclination, which we have not been ashamed to own. 'Tis with Reluctance we fight: We would willingly prevent the Effusion of Blood; we bear no personal Hatred even to this Enemy, however cruel, perfidious, and sacrilegious he is. Behold Thou, and determine between him and us: If we must die, our Lives are in Thy Hand; but if we are destin'd to rescue *Hesperia* and humble this Tyrant, it will be Thy Power, and the Wisdom of thy Daughter *Minerva*, that will give us the Victory; the Glory of it will be due to Thee: It is Thou that hold'st the Balance and regulatest the Fate of Battles; it is

for Thee we fight, and, since Thou art just, *Adrastus* is more Thy Enemy than ours: If Thy Side is victorious before the End of the Day, the Blood of a whole Hecatomb shall flow upon thy Altars.

He spoke, and instantly drives his fiery foaming Courfers into the thickest Ranks of his Enemies. The first he met with was *Periander* the *Locrian*, cover'd with the Skin of a Lion he had kill'd in *Cilicia* when he was travelling there. He was arm'd like *Hercules* with an enormous Club: (a) in Strength and Stature he resembled the ancient Giants: When he saw *Telemachus*, he despis'd his Youth and the Delicacy of his Countenance. It becomes thee well, says he, effeminate Boy, to dispute with us the Prize of Victory: Go, Child, get thee among the Shades below to look for thy Father. At the same Time he lifted up his heavy Club, which was full of Knots and stuck thick with Iron-Spikes; it looks like a Ship-Mast; every one near is afraid they should be crush'd with the Fall of it; it threatens the Head of the Son of *Ulysses*, but he steps aside, and flies upon *Periander* with the Rapidity of an Eagle cutting the Air: The Club, in falling, dash'd to Pieces the Wheel of a Chariot near that of *Telemachus*. Mean while the young Greek struck a Dart into *Periander's* Throat: The bubbling Blood that stream'd from the wide Wound soon stifles his Voice; his furious

(a) *Homer's* Battles are accused of Flatness, occasion'd by the Genealogies, the Description of the Combatants Arms and Armour, and a

world of other Circumstances which diversify them. There needs no other Apology for that Original, than the Graces of this Imitation.

Horses, no longer feeling the controul of their Master's Hand, ran wildly up and down with the Reins hanging loose on their Necks: He falls from his Chariot; his Eyes already shut out the Light, and ghastly Death sat on his disfigur'd Face. *Telemachus*, pitying his Fate, immediately gave his Body to his Domesticks, but kept the Lion's Skin and his Club as a Token of his Victory.

After this he seeks *Adrastus* in the thickest of the Fight, and in his Way sends headlong to *Tartarus* a Multitude of Combatants: *Hilaeus*, who had his Chariot drawn by two Couriers like those of the Sun, and which were bred in the spacious Meadows which are water'd by the River *Ausidus*: *Demoleon*, who in *Sicily* had heretofore almost been a Match for *Eryx* in Combats of the *Cæstus*: *Cranior*, who had been the Guest and Friend of *Hercules*, when that Son of *Jupiter*, in passing through *Hesperia*, slew the infamous *Cacus*; *Menecrates*, who was said to come near *Pollux* for Wrestling: *Hippocoön* the *Salapian*, who was no faint Imitator of *Castor's* address and skill in the management of a Horse: The famous Hunter *Eurymides*, who was always smear'd with the Blood of Bears and wild Boars, which he kill'd on the snowy Ridges of the cold *Appenine*, and who is said to have been so well belov'd by *Diana*, that she herself taught him how to handle the Bow: *Nicostratus*, who had conquer'd a Giant that vomited Fire, in the Rocks of Mount *Garganus*: *Eleanthus*, who was to espouse the young *Pholoe*, Daughter of the River *Lyrus*; her Father had promis'd her to the Man that should deliver her from a wing'd Serpent, that was



bred on the Banks of the River, and was to have devour'd her in a few Days, according to the Oracle's Prediction. This young Man, out of an Excess of Love to her, devoted himself to kill this Monster; he was prosperous in the Attempt, but cou'd not taste the Fruit of his Victory, for while *Pholoe* was preparing herself for the Ceremonies of a happy Marriage, and impatiently expecting *Eleanthus*, she was inform'd that he had follow'd *Adrastus* to the War, and that the Destinies had cruelly cut his vital thread: She fill'd with her Lamentations the Woods and Mountains near the River; she drown'd her Eyes with Tears, she tore her charming Tresses, she threw away the Garlands she had gather'd, and impeach'd the Heavens of Injustice; (a) as she incessantly wept, both Day and Night, the Gods, mov'd with her Complaints and the Request of the River-God, put an end to her Sorrow, for she pour'd forth such abundance of Tears, that she was presently chang'd into a Fountain, which gliding into the Middle of the River, seeks to join her Waters to those of the God her Father; but the Water of this Fountain is still bitter; no Grass adorns its Banks, nor does it afford any shady Tree but the sad *Cypress*.

Mean while, *Adrastus*, understanding that *Telemachus* spread Terror all around him, sought him out with the greatest Impatience,

(a) With the horror of Battles, our Author finds Means to intermingle all those agreeable Paintings which *Ovid's Metamorphoses* furnish him with. The Reader's Fancy is continually captivated by new Objects.

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hoping to make an easy Conquest of so raw a Youth; he was follow'd by thirty *Daunians* of uncommon Strength, Dexterity, and Boldness, to whom he promis'd very large Rewards, if they cou'd destroy *Telemachus* by any manner of Means: Had they met him in this Moment of the Fight, doubtless these thirty Men, by surrounding *Telemachus's* Chariot, while *Adrastus* had fallen upon him in Front, wou'd have found no Difficulty to have dis- patch'd him; but *Minerva* turn'd them ano- ther Way.

*Adrastus* thought he saw and heard *Telemachus*, lower down in the Plain, at the Foot of a Hill, where there was a Crowd of Com- batants in close Engagement; he runs, he Ries, he resolves to fate himself with Blood, but instead of *Telemachus* he finds the aged *Nestor*, who with (a) his trembling Hand was throwing at a Venture some un-executing Darts: In his Rage *Adrastus* would have run him thro', but a Troop of *Pylians* interpos'd around their King.

Then a thick Cloud of Javelins and Ar- rows darken'd the Air, and cover'd all the Combatants: Nothing cou'd be heard but the doleful Cries of expiring Mortals, and the Clattering of Arms of those who fell in

(a) This is what *Virgil* calls *Telumq; imbelle sine ictu*, speaking of a Javelin that was thrown by King *Priam*. Our Author us'd frequently to complain of the Poverty of our [the *French*] Language, doubtless because he was sensible that it had not wherewithal to

display those Riches, and that abundance of Ideas which he saw in his own fruitful Imagination. But whoever compares his Ex- pressions with those of the Ancients, will be inclined to entertain more favourable Thoughts of our Language.

the Conflict; the Earth groan'd beneath large Heaps of dead Bodies; Streams of Blood ran guttering down on every Side; *Bellona* and *Mars*, together with the infernal Furies, cloth'd in Robes reeking with Gore, glutted their merciless Eyes with this Spectacle, and incessantly renew'd the drooping Rage of the Soldiers; these Deities who are Enemies of Mankind, chased far away from both Parties generous Pity, moderated Valour, soft Humanity. There appear'd no longer among this confus'd Medley of enraged and blood-thrifty Men, any Thing but Slaughter, Revenge, Despair, and brutal Fury: The wise and invincible *Pallas* herself trembled at the Sight, and started back with Horror.

Mean while *Philoctetes* with a slow Pace and bearing the Arrows of *Hercules* in his Hand, endeavours to come up to the Relief of *Nestor*. *Adrastus*, not being able to reach the divine old Man, had launch'd his Darts on several *Pylians*, and made them bite the Dust; he had already overset *Enfilas*, who was so swift-footed that he scarce left the Print of his Feet in the Sand, and who in his own Country outstript the rapid Streams of *Enrotas* and *Alpheus*, and left them far behind. At his Feet fell *Eutiphon*, who was more beautiful than *Hylas*, and as keen a Hunter as *Hippolytus*: *Pterilas*, who had follow'd *Nestor* to the Siege of *Troy*, and who was belov'd by *Achilles* himself on account of his Courage and Strength: *Aristogytos*, who by bathing in the Waters of the River *Achelous*, was said to have secretly receiv'd from that God the Power of transforming himself into all Sorts

of Shapes, and indeed so slippery and nimble was he in all his Motions, that he mock'd the strongest Hands: But *Adraftus*, with one Thrust of his Spear, render'd him motionless, and his Soul took an immediate Flight out of the gory Wound.

*Nestor* seeing his bravest Captains fall by the Hand of the cruel *Adraftus*, just as the gilded Ears of Corn in time of Harvest beneath the sharp-edged Sickle of the unweary'd Reaper, forgot what Danger he in vain expos'd himself to. He shook off his old Age, and thought of nothing but to follow with his Eye his Son *Pisistratus*, who, on his Side, was ardently employ'd to keep off Danger from his Father; but the fatal Moment was come, wherein *Pisistratus* was to make *Nestor* know how unfortunate a thing it sometimes proves for a Man to live to a great Age.

*Pisistratus* aimed his Spear with that Violence against *Adraftus*, that the *Daunian* Prince must needs have fall'n, had he not avoided the Stroke; and whilst *Pisistratus*, who was disadvantage'd by making a false Thrust, was recovering his Spear, *Adraftus* pierc'd him with a Javelin into the Middle of his Belly; his Bowels began immediately to issue out with a Torrent of Blood; his ruddy Complexion faded like a Flower that the Hand of some Nymph has cropt in the Meadows: His Eyes were now almost extinguish'd, and his Speech began to falter. *Alicius*, his Governor, who was near him, receiv'd him in his Arms, just as he was falling, and had only Time to carry him to his Father; there he wou'd fain have spoken, and



given the last tokens of his Tendernefs, but as he open'd his Mouth, he expir'd.

While *Philoctetes* was dealing round him Slaughter and Horror in repelling the Efforts of *Adraftus*, *Nestor* grasp'd his Son's Body in his Arms; he fill'd the Air with his dolorous Cries, and began to hate the Light: Unfortunate Wretch that I am, said he, to have been a Father, and to live so long (a). Alas, ye cruel Destinies, why did ye not put a Period to my Life, when I was in Chace of the *Calydonian* Boar, or in my Voyage to *Colchos*, or at the first Siege of *Troy*? Then I had died with Glory, and without Bitternefs and Sorrow; now I drag a miserable, despis'd, impotent old Age. I now live only to suffer Affliction, nor have I any other Sensation left but that of Sorrow. O my Son, my Son, my dear Son *Pisistratus*! when I lost thy Brother *Antilochus*, still I had thee to comfort me; but now I cease to have even Thee; I have nothing to comfort me; all is at an End with me. Hope, the sole Sweetner of human Pains, is a Blessing which no longer concerns Me. *Antilochus*, *Pisistratus*, O my dear Children, methinks I lose you both at once in one and the same Day; the Death of the One makes the old Wound, which the Other had caus'd, to bleed afresh within my Heart! I am never more to see either of you! Who will close my Eyes? Who will gather up my Ashes? O my dear *Pisistratus*, thou, as

(a) This Hero, weaken'd by Old Age, could act but a very cold part in this Engagement, had not our Author animated him by Grief

and Sorrow; Lamentations better become the Mouth of *Nestor*, than Weapons do his Hands.

well

well as thy Brother, diedst like a valiant Man;  
'tis only I that cannot die!

At this he was going to pierce himself with a Dart; but those about him staid his Hand, and afterwards forc'd him from his Son's Body; and this unfortunate old Man falling into a Swoon, they carry'd him into his Tent, where after he had a little recover'd himself, he would needs return to the Battle, but they withheld him by Force.

And now *Adrastus* and *Philoctetes* were hunting out each other: Their Eyes flash'd Fire like those of a Lion and a Leopard going to tear each other to pieces in those Fields which *Cayster* waters. Menacings, martial Rage, cruel Revenge, roll'd in their furious Eyes; they cause certain Death wherever they sling their Darts; all the Soldiers look upon them with Terror and Affright: And now they come within sight of each other. *Philoctetes* bears in his Hand one of those dreadful Arrows, which, when flung by Him, never miss'd their Aim, and which inflicted Wounds that were incurable: But *Mars* favouring the cruel and intrepid *Adrastus*, would not endure that he should so soon perish, but was willing to make use of him as an Instrument to lengthen out the Horrors of the War, and multiply Bloodshed and Slaughter. *Adrastus* was yet due to the Justice of the Gods for a Punishment of Mankind, and to spill their Blood.

The very Moment *Philoctetes* design'd to attack him, he himself receives a Wound from the Spear of *Amphimachus*, a young *Lucanian*, who was handsomer than the fam'd *Nireus*, whose Beauty was inferior to none of

of all the Greeks that fought at the Siege of Troy, except *Achilles*. Scarce did *Philoctetes* feel the Wound, but he shot an Arrow at *Amphimachus*, and pierc'd him to the Heart: In an Instant his fine black Eyes lost their Lustre, and were clouded with the Shades of Death; his Lips more ruddy than the Roses with which *Aurora* strews the Horizon at her rising, chang'd colour, and a frightful wanness tarnish'd his lovely Cheeks: That Face, so well-favour'd and so delicate, was, of a sudden, cover'd with Deformity; *Philoctetes* himself was mov'd with Pity towards him, and all the Soldiers fetch'd deep Sighs at seeing this young Man weltring in his Blood, and his Hair as beauteous as that of *Apollo*, all disorder'd and polluted with Dust. *Philoctetes* having overcome *Amphimachus*, was forc'd to retire from the Fight: He had suffer'd great expence of Blood and Strength; and even his old Wound, in the Heat of Action, was going to open again, and renew his Pains; for the Sons of *Æsculapius*, with their divine Skill, cou'd not entirely heal it; And now he was just ready to fall among a Heap of bleeding Bodies that were round about him, when *Archidamas*, the boldest and most expert of all the *Oebalians*, whom he had brought with him to lay the Foundations of *Petilia*, carries him out of the Battle, in the very Moment that *Adrastus* might, with the greatest Ease, have laid him extended at his Feet (a). And now *Adrastus* no longer meets with

(a) It was necessary that | himself by great Exploits, *Adrastus* shou'd signalize | to the end that the principal

with any thing that dare oppose or retard his Victory; All either fly or fall before him: he's like a Torrent which having surmounted its Banks, sweeps away with its outrageous Waves the Corn, the Cattle, the Shepherds, and whole Villages.

*Telemachus* hears at a distance the Conquerors Shouts, and sees the Disorder of his Men flying from *Adrastus*, as a Herd of timorous Deer traversing the vast Plains, (a) the Woods, the Mountains, and even the most rapid Rivers, when pursued by the eager Huntsmen.

*Telemachus* groans; his Eyes look indignant: He quits the place where he had long been fighting with so much Danger and Glory. He runs to the Support of his shatter'd Troops; he advances, besmear'd all o'er with the Blood of a Multitude of his Enemies whom he had extended on the Dust: He gives a Shout at a distance, that is heard by both Armies.

*Minerva* had infus'd something ineffably dreadful in his Voice, with which he made the neighbouring Mountains echo. *Mars* never makes his own harsh Voice sound louder in *Thrace*, when he calls together the infernal Furies, Death, and War, to attend him. This Shout of *Telemachus* fills his

principal Hero might become an only and a necessary Resource. Had it not been for *Telemachus*, *Adrastus* had got the Victory.

(a) Those who complain of the multitude of *Homer's* Comparisons, will find them

no less frequent in our Author. But common Sense pleads for them, in opposition to the Rules and Principles which are generally made use of against them.

Soldiers



Soldiers Hearts with Courage and Boldness, and chills his Enemies Souls with freezing Fear. Even *Adrastus* self blushes as he feels his Courage shake: A World of fatal Presages fill him with Terror, and that which animates him is rather Despair than a sedate Valour. Thrice did his trembling Knees begin to slip from under him; thrice he started back, without knowing what he did; a swoon-like Paleness, and a cold damp Sweat, travels thro' all his Limbs; his hoarse and hesitating Voice cou'd not make an end of one articulate Word; his Eyes, morosely fierce, seem to burst out of his Head; he was, like *Orestes*, worry'd by the Furies; his every Motion was convulsive. Now he begins to believe there are Gods. He thought he saw Them shaking their Thunder at him, and that he heard a hollow Voice from the lowest Abyss, calling him into dark *Tartarus*. Every Thing made him sensible there was a celestial and invisible Hand hovering over his Head, which was going to sink him down by its intolerable Weight. All Hope was extinguish'd in his Heart; his Courage and Resolution vanish'd, and disappear'd like the Day-light, when *Phæbus* posting down to the Bosom of *Thetis*, leaves the Earth mantled in the Shades of Night.

The impious *Adrastus*, who was too long suffer'd on the Earth, too long, but that Mankind stood in need of so dreadful a Scourge; the impious *Adrastus* does at length draw near his last Hour. Like one distract-ed he runs to meet his inevitable Fate; Horror, pungent Remorse, Consternation, Fury, Rage,

Rage, Despair, accompany him in his March. No sooner does he set Eye on *Telemachus*, but he fancy'd he saw *Avernus* open its gulphy Jaws, and whirling Flames issuing from the black *Phlegeton*, ready to swallow him up. He cries out, and his Mouth continues open, without being able to utter a Word. Like a Man asleep, who in a frightful Dream wags his Lips, and aims to speak, but Utterance fails him, and he attempts it in vain. With a trembling and impatient Hand *Adrastus* flings his Dart at *Telemachus*, while this latter, undaunted and calm, like one that is befriended by the Gods, defends himself with his Buckler: He seem'd as if Victory, covering him with her Wings, did already hold a Crown over his Head; a gentle and regular Courage shone in his Eyes: One would have taken him for *Minerva* herself, so compos'd and unconcern'd was he in the midst of the greatest Dangers: *Adrastus's* Dart being repell'd by *Telemachus's* Buckler, he hastens to draw his Sword, to deprive the Son of *Ulysses* of the Advantage of throwing his Dart in his turn. *Telemachus* seeing *Adrastus's* Sword in his Hand, immediately betakes himself to his own, and relinquishes his now useless Dart.

When they were seen thus fighting Hand to Hand, all the Soldiers in Silence laid down their Arms to gaze on them, and waited for the Issue of the War from their single Engagement. Their two glittering Swords cross each other like Flashes of Lightning, and deal fruitless Blows on the burnish'd Armour, which resounds with their heavy Strokes like Thunder. The two Combatants stretch

stretch themselves out, contract themselves, bow themselves down, start up in an Instant, and after a while grapple together; the Ivy that grows at the Foot of an Elm, does not more closely grasp the hard and knotty Trunk with its wreathing Branches, till it reaches the highest Boughs, than these two Combatants clasp and lock one another (a). *Adrastus* had not yet lost any thing of his native Strength; and *Telemachus* was not yet arrived to the full Increase of his. *Adrastus* made several Attempts to surprize his Enemy and overset him; he endeavours to seize the Sword of the young Greek, but in vain. While he offers at this, *Telemachus* catches him up from the Ground, and throws him on his Back on the Sand; then did that impious Wretch, who always contemn'd the Gods, betray a vile Fear of Death; he is asham'd to beg his Life, and yet cannot help manifesting that he desires it; he endeavours to work upon the compassionate Temper of *Telemachus*: O Son of *Ulysses*, said he to him, I now at last acknowledge that the Gods are Just; they punish me as I have deserv'd: nothing but Distress can open the Eyes of Men to see the Truth; I see it, and stand condemn'd by it; but let an unfortunate King put you in mind of your Father, who is remote from *Ithaca*, and let the Thoughts of this affect your Heart!

(a) The Marvellous is here managed with a great deal of Sobriety. There is enough of it to heighten the Action, without detracting any thing from the Glory of the Hero. *Telemachus's* Armour was made by *Vulcan*, and himself is supported by *Minerva*. But 'tis his own Valour, which makes these great Advantages of any avail, and the Readers Eyes never quit the Hero in order to fix themselves on the Gods.

*Telemachus,*

*Telemachus*, who held him fast under him, and had already lifted up his Sword to pierce his Throat, instantly made this Answer; I had no other aim but Victory and the Peace of the Nations to whose Succour I am come; I delight not in Bloodshed. Live therefore, *Adrastus*, but live to repair your Faults; restore all that you have usurp'd, re-establish Tranquillity and Justice in the Confines of the great *Hesperia*, which you have sullied with so many Massacres and Treacheries; live and become a new Man; let your Fall teach you that the Gods are Just; that wicked Men are miserable; that they cheat themselves in seeking Happiness by Violence, Inhumanity, and Guile; in short, that nothing is so happy or delightful as a plain and steady Virtue. Give us for Hostages your Son *Metrodorus*, with twelve of your prime Nobility.

At these Words *Telemachus* suffers *Adrastus* to rise, and aids him with his Hand, without in the least distrusting his Villany. But *Adrastus* immediately threw at him a second Dart, which he had kept conceal'd; it was a short one, but so sharp-pointed, and flung with that dexterity and force, that had not *Telemachus's* Armour been of a supernatural Make, it had certainly pierc'd it. At the same Time *Adrastus* runs behind a Tree, to avoid the Pursuit of the young Greek, who cry'd out to the *Daunians*, You see, O ye *Daunians*, the Victory is ours; this wicked Man saves himself only by his Treachery. He who fears not the Gods is afraid of Death: (a) On the contrary,

(a) There needs no more | those, who pretend that the  
than this Maxim to confute | Sentiments of Religion are  
incon-



contrary, the Man who fears the Gods has nothing else to fear. Speaking these Words, he moves towards the *Daunians*, and gives a Sign to his Men, who were on the other side the Tree, to intercept the perfidious *Adraftus*. *Adraftus*, fearing he should be taken, makes as if he would return the same Way he came, and resolves to break thro' the *Cretans*, who stood to oppose his Passage; but on a sudden *Telemachus*, swift as the Thunder which is hurl'd by the Father of the Gods from high *Olympus* top on guilty Mortals Heads, flies upon his Enemy, seizes him with his victorious Hand, lays him sprawling on the Ground, as the bleak North-Wind beats down the tender Ears of Corn; he will now hear no more, tho' the impious Wretch attempts again to abuse his generous Temper; he buries his Sword in his Heart, and precipitates him to the Flames of sable *Tartarus*; a just Punishment of his Demerits.

incompatible with the military Virtues. *Machiavel*, in his first Book of his History of *Florence*, ascribes to Religion the Fall of the Roman

Empire. The wise Politicians of Antiquity impute it to other Causes, and those very different from that Italian Writer.



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*Telemachus kills Adrastus.*

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THE ARGUMENT.

*Adrastus being dead, the Daunians stretch out their Hands to the Allies in Token of Peace, and desire that they will grant them a King of their own Nation. Nestor, inconsolable for the Loss of his Son, absents himself from the Assembly of the Leaders, where several are of Opinion, that the best Way will be to divide the Country of the Conquer'd, and to give Telemachus the Territory of Arpi. Telemachus is so far from accepting of this Offer, that he proves it to be the common Interest of the Allies to chuse Polydamas for King of the Daunians, and to let them remain in Possession of their Lands. He then persuades those People to give the Country of*

VOL. II.                      O                      Arpi



Arpi to Diomedes, who at that time happen'd to land there to seek a Retreat. The Troubles being thus ended, they all separate, and return to their own Country.



O sooner was the Breath gone from *Adrastus*, but all the *Daunians*, instead of deploring their own Defeat, and the Loss of their King, rejoic'd for their Deliverance, and stretch'd out their Hands to the Allies, in token of Peace and Reconciliation. *Metrodorus*, the Son of *Adrastus*, whom his Father had nurtur'd up in Maxims of Dissimulation, Injustice, and Inhumanity, betook himself to flight like a Coward; but a certain Slave, that was an Accomplice in all his Cruelties and infamous Actions, whom he had enfranchis'd and loaded with Favours, and to whose Fidelity alone he committed himself in his Flight, cast about how he might betray him, for his own Advantage. He kill'd him as he fled, by giving him a Wound in his Back; then, cutting off his Head, brought it to the Camp of the Confederates, in full Expectation of some mighty Reward for a Crime which thus finish'd the War; but the Villany was held in Abhorrence, and the Perpetrator put to death. *Telemachus*, seeing the Head of *Metrodorus*, who was a Youth of marvellous Beauty, and of an excellent Disposition, which had been spoil'd by Pleasures and bad Examples, cou'd not forbear bursting into Tears. Behold, said he, the Bane, the Canker that is in a young Prince's Prosperity; the higher his Condition is, and the more sprightly his Temper, the more

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more he wanders out of the true Way, and departs from the Sentiments of Virtue; I myself might perhaps have done the same, had not the Misfortunes in which I was bred up, thanks to the Gods, and *Mentor's* Instructions, taught me to govern my self.

The *Daunians* being assembled, demanded, as the only Condition of Peace, that they might be permitted to set up a King of their own Nation, who would, by his Virtues, wipe out the Reproach which the flagitious *Adraftus* had brought upon the Crown. They thank'd the Gods for having destroy'd the Tyrant, and crowded to kiss the Hand of *Telemachus*, who was their Instrument in cutting off that Monster; so that their Defeat was to them in the Nature of a Triumph. Thus in a Moment fell, beyond Retrieve, that Power which threaten'd all the others in *Hesperia*, and which was Cause of Terror to so many Nations. Like those Terraces that seem firm and immoveable, but are by little and little sapp'd and undermin'd: For a great while the feeble Toil, us'd in attacking the Foundations of it, is derided; it seems not in the least weaken'd, all is smooth and plain, nothing so much as shakes; mean while all the subterranean Props are gradually destroy'd down to the Foundation, and then at once the Terrace sinks, and opens a prodigious Chasm. Thus an unjust and fraudulent Power, whatever Prosperity it acquires by its Violence, is all the while digging a Precipice under its own Feet (a). Guile and Inhumanity

(a) Most of *Alexander the Great's* Successors did but just shew themselves upon the Throne. History has transmitted to us nothing but their Crimes and their Fall.

nity do, by degrees, sap the most solid Foundations of illegal Authority; Men admire it, fear it, tremble before it till the Moment it vanishes; its own Weight sinks it down, and nothing can raise it again, because it has with its own Hands destroy'd the true Supports of Sincerity and Justice, which alone beget Love and Confidence.

The chief Commanders of the Army met the next Day to grant the *Daumians* a King. It was a delightful Thing to see the two Camps intermingled by so unlook'd for a Friendship, so that the two Armies now made but one. The wise *Nestor* cou'd not be present at this Council, because Grief of Mind, added to his great Age, had wither'd his Heart, just as a Shower of Rain demolishes a Flower, and makes it droop in the Evening, which in the Morning, while *Aurora* was rising, was the Glory and Ornament of the verdant Fields; his Eyes were become two Fountains of Tears that could not be dry'd up; kindly Sleep, that charms the acutest Pains, fled far away from Him: Hope, the Life of a Man's Heart, was extinct in him; all Food was bitter to this unfortunate old Man; even the Light was odious to him; his Soul wish'd for nothing but to quit his Body, and to sink into the everlasting Night of *Pluto's* Empire: In vain did his Friends talk to him; his distemper'd Mind nauseated all Friendship, as a sick Man disrelishes the most wholsom Meats. To all that they could say to move him, he return'd nothing but deep-fetcht Sighs and Heart-breaking Groans; by fits he was heard to say, O *Pisistratus*, *Pisistratus*, *Pisistratus*, my Son, thou call'st  
me

hence, I will follow thee, thou wilt render Death sweet to me! O my Son, all the Happiness I now desire is to see thee again on the Banks of *Styx*. Then would he continue whole Hours without speaking the least Word; but would sob and wail, and lift his Hands and tear-drown'd Eyes to Heaven.

And now the Princes, being assembled, were expecting *Telemachus*, who remain'd by *Pisistratus's* Body, on which he strew'd Handfuls of Flowers, with exquisite Perfumes, and shed a Flood of bitter Tears. O my dear Companion, said he, I shall never forget how I met with thee at *Pylos*, follow'd thee to *Sparta*, and found thee again on the Banks of the great *Hesperia*: (a) I owe thee a thousand and a thousand officious Cares; I lov'd thee, and was belov'd by thee: I was acquainted with thy Valour; it wou'd have surpass'd that of many renown'd *Greeks*; but, alas! it has occasion'd thy Death, tho' gloriously; it has robb'd the World of a blooming Virtue which wou'd have equall'd that of thy Father! Yes; thy Wisdom and thy Eloquence, in a riper Age, would have come up to the Perfections of that Hero who was admir'd by all *Greece*! Thou wast already Master of that sweet Insinuation which was irresistible when thou spakest; those natural and ingenuous Ways of recounting a Story; that sage Moderation which charms down

(a) This Episode of *Pisistratus's* Funeral, holds the Reader fast by the Senses. The Grief of a Friend is described in Colours, which have nothing in common

with the Grief of a Father. The whole contributes to *Telemachus's* Glory, by shewing how sensible he was of the Charms of Friendship.



boiling Spirits; that Authority which flows from Prudence and the Energy of good Counsels. When thou spakest, every Ear was attentive; all were prepossess'd in thy Favour, all were desirous that Thou should'st have their Approbation; thy Speech, that was plain and without Flourish, gently stole into Men's Hearts, like Dew upon the springing Grass. But alas! all those Blessings, which we enjoy'd but a few Hours ago, are now snatch'd from us for ever! *Pisistratus*, whom I hugg'd in my Arms this Morning, is now no more; we have nothing left but a sad Remembrance of him. Ah, if thou hadst clos'd the Eyes of *Nestor*, and not we thine, then had he not seen what he now is forc'd to see, nor would he have been the most unhappy Father in the World!

Then *Telemachus* caus'd the gory Wound that was in *Pisistratus's* Flank to be wash'd; he order'd him to be laid out upon a Bed of Purple, where, with his Head leaning upon his Shoulder, o'erspread with the Paleness of Death, he resembled a young Tree, which having cover'd the Earth with its Shade, and extended its flourishing Boughs to Heaven, is wounded by the sharp Edge of a Woodman's Ax; it no longer holds by its own Root, nor by the Earth, that fruitful Mother who nourishes her Plants in her Bosom; it sickens, it droops, it loses its Verdure, it can no longer support it self, and down it falls; its Branches that us'd to obscure the Day, are dragg'd in the Dust, all wither'd and dry; it is now a bare Trunk despoil'd of all its Ornaments. Thus *Pisistratus*, being now become a Prey to Death, was carry'd away by those

who

who were to lay him on his Funeral Pile; already the Flame mounts up to Heaven; a Troop of *Pylians*, with dejected watry Eyes, and trailing Arms revers'd, slowly attended him: The Body was not long in consuming; the Ashes are put into a golden Urn: And *Telemachus*, who took upon him the Care of the whole Ceremony, commits this Urn, as a most valuable Treasure, to *Callimachus*, who had been *Pisistratus's* Governor: Take, said he, these Ashes, the sad but precious Remains of him whom you so much lov'd; keep them for his Father, but wait till he has recover'd Strength enough to ask for them, and then, and not till then, deliver them: That which excites Sorrow at one Time, asswages it at another.

After this, *Telemachus* repairs to the Assembly of the Confederate Kings. As soon as they espy'd him, they were all hush'd, in Expectation to hear him discourse: This made him blush, and he could not be prevail'd upon to speak. The Praises that were given him by publick Acclamations, on account of his late Action, added to his Bashfulness; so that he would gladly have hid himself: This was the first Time he appear'd confus'd and irresolute. At length he desir'd, as a Favour, that they would desist from commending him. (a) Not but that I am a Lover of Praise, said he, especially when it comes from such good Judges of Virtue; but I am afraid of loving it too much: Praises are apt to corrupt Men; they fill them full of themselves, and render them vain and presumptuous: We ought equally

(a) Every Man loves Praise, 'tis only the wise Man that fears it,

to merit and avoid them: There is no great Unlikeness between the justest and the falsest Praises. The wickedest of all Men, namely, Tyrants, are those who have procured themselves to be the most praised by their Flatterers. What Pleasure is there in being commended like them? Due Praises are such as you will give me in my Absence, if I am so happy as to deserve them. If you believe me to be really good, you ought also to believe that I am willing to be modest, and wou'd fear Vanity. Spare me therefore, if you have any Esteem for me, and do not praise me as if I were a Man fond of such things.

After *Telemachus* had thus express'd himself, he return'd not a Word more to those who continu'd extolling him to the Sky: But by an Air of Indifference, he soon cut short the Encomiums that were made upon him. They began to be afraid they should displease him by praising him: Thus their Encomiums were at an end, but their Admiration increas'd, every one knowing the Tenderness he had shewn to *Pisistratus*, and the Care he took to pay him the last Offices. The whole Army was more mov'd with these Marks of his Good-nature, than with all those miraculous Instances of Wisdom and Valour which he had lately manifested. He is wise, he is valiant, whisper'd they one to another; he is the Favourite of the Gods, and the true Hero of our Age. He is more than Human: But all this is only Matter of Wonder, it does nothing more than fill us with Amazement. He has Humanity and Goodness; he is a Friend; he is tender-hearted;

hearted; he is Sympathizing, he is Liberal, he is Beneficent, and wholly at the disposal of them whom he ought to love. He is the Delight of them who converse with him; he has laid aside his former Haughtiness, Carelessness and Pride. This is what makes him useful in Life, (a) this is what comes home to each Man's Heart; this is what begets in us a Fondness for him, and makes all his Virtues palpable to us: This is what makes us all ready to sacrifice our Lives for him.

These Discourses were scarce finish'd, when they proceeded without any more ado, to the Point in Hand, namely, the Business of giving a King to the *Daunians*. Most of the Princes were of Opinion that it was best to divide that Country among themselves as a conquer'd Land. They offer'd to *Telemachus*, for his Share, the fertile Country of *Arpos*, which twice a Year produces the rich Donatives of *Ceres*, the bounteous Blessings of *Bacchus*, and the ever-green Fruits of the Olive-Tree sacred to *Minerva*. This Land, said they to him, ought to make you forget the poor Cottages of *Ithaca*, the frightful Rocks of *Dulichium*, and the wild Forests of *Zacanthus*. Give over the Search of your Father, who must be perish'd in the Waves near the Promontory of *Capaneus*, thro' the Revenge of *Nauplius* and the Displeasure of *Neptune*. Think no more of your Mother, who ever since your Departure has been in the Possessi-

(a) The Admiration we have for the Virtues of Heroes, is nothing but a forced Homage in which the Heart has no Share, if they do not win it by their Humanity and Goodness,



on of her Lovers: Think no more of your Country, whose Soil is not favour'd by Heaven, like this we now offer you. He patiently heard all this; but the Rocks of *Thrace* and *Thessaly*, are not more deaf and insensible to the Complaints of despairing Lovers than *Telemachus* to these Proposals.

For my part, says he, I am not fond either of Riches or Pleasures: What avails the possessing a greater Compass of Land, and commanding a greater Number of Men? It occasions but the more Perplexity and the less Liberty to the Master. Life is full enough of Miseries, even to the wisest and most moderate sort of Men, without the additional Trouble of governing others<sup>(a)</sup>, who are untractable, restless, oppressive, treacherous, and ungrateful. If a Man aims at the Mastery over others for his own Sake alone, with an Eye to nothing but his own Authority, Pleasure, and Glory, he is a Villain, he is a Tyrant, he is the Scourge of Mankind. If, on the contrary, his Design in aiming at the Dominion over them, be only to conduct them aright, for their own Good, he is not so much their Master as their Guardian; he has nothing but the Trouble of it, which is endless, and he is far from having any Thoughts or Desires to enlarge the Bounds of his Authority. The Shepherd, who devours not his Flock, but with the Hazard of his own Life, guards it against the Wolves, and watches over it Night and Day, and takes care to lead it into fat Pastures, Has no mind to increase

(a) You are not at leisure to be a King, if you are not at leisure to hear me, said a

Woman to *Philip*, when that Prince refused to hear her.

the Number of his Sheep by seizing upon those of his Neighbours, because it would but increase his Trouble. Altho' I never sway'd a Scepter, added *Telemachus*, yet do I understand from the Laws, and from those wise Men who made them, how painful and laborious a Thing it is to direct the Reins of Government, and have the Conduct of Cities and Kingdoms: I am therefore content with my poor *Ithaca*, as mean as it is. I shall have Glory enough, provided I reign there with Justice, Piety, and Courage: And, indeed, I shall reign there but too soon. Heaven grant that my Father, safe from the Fury of the Waves, may govern there to an extreme old-Age, and that I may long learn under him how to overcome my own Passions, and thereby to regulate those of a whole Nation.

Afterwards *Telemachus* thus proceeded: Hear, O ye Princes, what I think my self oblig'd to say to you for your own Interest. If you procure the *Daunians* a Just King, he will rule them with Justice; he will shew them how much it is for their Advantage to adhere to the Dictates of good Faith and Sincerity, and never to incroach upon their Neighbours. And this is what they could never come to an Understanding of while they were govern'd by the impious *Adraftus*. As long as they shall be under the Sway of a wise and moderate Prince, you will have nothing to fear from them. They will be beholden to you for this good King, whom you shall have bestow'd on them; they will be indebted to you for all the Peace and Prosperity they shall enjoy under him. They will be so far from annoying you, that they will incessantly

incessantly bless you, and both King and People will be, as it were, your Creatures, the Work of your own Hands. If, on the contrary, you proceed to divide their Country among you, pray observe the Mischiefs that I foretel will unavoidably ensue. These People, driven by Despair, will begin a new War; they will have Justice on their Side, in contending for their Liberty, and the Gods, who are Enemies of Tyranny, will fight for them. And if the Gods take their Part, you will certainly, sooner or later, be confounded, and all your Prosperity vanish like Smoke. Wisdom and Council will be taken away from your Commanders, Courage from your Soldiers, and Fertility from your Lands. You will flatter your selves with vain Expectations, you will be rash and unadvis'd in your Undertakings, you will silence honest Men that shall offer to tell you the Truth; your Fall will be sudden, and it will be said of you, Are these the flourishing Nations, that were to give Laws to all the the World? See how they fly before their Enemies, and are the Sport of others, who trample them under their Feet? This is the Work of the Gods, this is what such unjust, proud, inhuman People deserve! Again; if you attempt to divide this Conquest among you, you unite all the neighbouring Nations against you. Your League, form'd to defend the common Liberty of *Hesperia* against the usurping *Adrastus*, will become hateful; and 'tis your selves that all the World will with good Reason accuse of aiming at a universal Tyranny. But admitting you prove victorious, both over the *Daunians* and all others, even That will be your Destruction.

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tion. This Project will difunite you all, be-  
cause, not being founded upon Justice, you  
will have no Rule among you to square out  
each other's Pretensions by; every one will  
urge that his Part of the Conquest should be  
proportionate to his Power; none of you  
will have Authority enough over the Nati-  
ons to make the Alotment peaceably, and this  
will be the Source of a War which your  
Great-grand-children will never see an End  
of. Is it not much better to be just and mo-  
derate, than to follow one's Ambition with  
so much Danger, and thro' so many inevita-  
ble Mischiefs? Is not profound Peace, the  
calm and innocent Pleasures that accompany  
it, the Blessings of Plenty, the Friendship of  
one's Neighbours, the Glory that is intail'd  
on Justice, the Authority that is acquir'd in  
rendering one self by one's Sincerity the Ar-  
biter of all foreign Nations; are not these,  
I say, much more desirable Things than the  
foolish Vanity of an unwarrantable Conquest?  
O Princes, O Kings, you see I speak to you  
without any Bias or Self-Ends; hearken there-  
fore to one who loves you so well as to con-  
tradict you, nay even to displease you, by set-  
ting the Truth before your Eyes.

While *Telemachus* delivered himself thus,  
with an Air of Authority which they had ne-  
ver seen in any other, and while all the Prin-  
ces with Astonishment and Rapture admired  
the Wisdom of his Counsels, there was heard  
a confus'd Noise throughout the Camp; it  
spread it self to the very Place where the As-  
sembly was held. A Stranger, said they, is  
landed on these Coasts, with a Company of  
armed Men. This unknown Person is of a  
lofty



lofty Mien; every Thing in him appears Heroick; it is easy to discern that he has been long under the Frowns of Fortune, and that his high Courage has made him superior to all his Calamities. At first the People of the Country, who had the keeping of the Coast, would have repuls'd him as an Enemy that was coming to make an Invasion; but after having drawn his Sword with an Air of Intrepidity, he told them that he knew how to defend himself if he were attack'd, but that all he desir'd of them was Peace and Hospitality. He immediately held forth an Olive-Branch as a Supplicant: Upon this he is heard; he desires to be brought to those that govern in this Part of *Hesperia*, and therefore he is conducted into the Presence of the assembled Kings.

Scarce was this News brought, when this Stranger was seen entering with a Majesty that surpriz'd the whole Assembly: One might easily have taken him for *Mars*, when he assembles in the Mountains of *Thrace* his blood-thirsty Troops. He bespeaks the Assembly in these Terms.

(a) O ye Shepherds of the People, who are doubtless met together here either to defend your Country against its Enemies, or to enact the most righteous Laws; hearken to a Man that has been harrow'd by Fortune. Heaven grant you never feel the like Calamities! I am *Diomedes*, King of *Ætolia*, who wounded *Venus* at the Siege of *Troy*. The Revenge of this Goddess follows me throughout the

(a) This was the Name the ancient Poets gave to Kings; and they express by this sole

Title all the Duties of the Royalty.

Universe. *Neptune*, who can refuse nothing to the divine Daughter of the Sea, has deliver'd me up to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, which have dash'd my Ships against many a Rock. The inexorable *Venus* has taken from me all Hope of ever seeing again my Kingdom, my Family, and the delicious Light of that Country where I first saw the Day at my Birth. No, I shall never see more what I hold most dear in the World. I now am come, after numerous Shipwrecks, to seek on this unknown Shore a little Repose and a secure Retreat. If you fear the Gods, especially *Jupiter*, who has the Care of Strangers; if you are capable of Pity, do not refuse me, in these vast Regions, some Corner, tho' it be of barren Ground, some dismal Desert, or some sharp craggy Rock, that I, with my Companions, may found a City there, which may be at least a melancholy Image of our lost Country. We ask but a small Tract in some waste Place, which is of no use to you. We will live peaceably with you in a strict Alliance: Your Enemies shall be ours; we will enter into all your Interests; we only desire the Liberty of living according to our own Laws.

All the while *Diomedes* was speaking this, *Telemachus*, with his Eyes fasten'd on him, betray'd in his own Countenance all the different Passions that the human Soul is capable of. When *Diomedes* first spoke of his long continu'd Calamities, he was in Hopes that this majestick Person might be his Father. As soon as he had declar'd himself to be *Diomedes*, *Telemachus's* Countenance fell like a beautiful Flower, which the cruel North-wind

wind had just blasted with its pernicious Breath. The following Words of *Diomedes*, complaining of the implacable Anger of a Deity, begot in him a compassionate and a tender Remembrance of the like Misfortunes suffer'd by his Father and himself. His Cheeks ran down with Tears mix'd with Grief and Joy, and he instantly flew to *Diomedes* to embrace him.

I am, said he, the Son of *Ulysses*, whom you once knew, and who was not unuseful to you when you took the famous Horses of *Rhesus*. The Gods have treated him, as well as you, unmercifully. He is still alive, or there is no Truth in the Oracles of *Erebus*. But alas! he is not alive to me: I left *Ithaca* to seek him, and now I can neither see him nor *Ithaca* again. Judge by my Misfortunes how great my Compassion must be for yours. The Advantage that Misfortunes bring along with them, (a) is to teach us to sympathize with others in the like Troubles. Tho' I am but a Stranger here, yet I am able, O great *Diomedes*, (for notwithstanding the Misery that overwhelm'd my Country when I was a Child, I have not been so ill educated as to be ignorant of your glorious Feats in War) I am able, O thou the most invincible of all the Greeks next *Achilles*, to procure you some Relief. These Princes, whom you here see, are Persons of Humanity, without which they very well know there is neither Virtue, nor true Courage, nor substantial Glory. Mis-

(a) This is a Translation of that Verse of *Virgil*,  
*Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco.*

What *Telemachus* says, is an Imitation of *Dido's* Speech to *Aeneas's* Companions, in the first Book of the *Aeneid*.

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fortune 'adds a new Lustre to the Glory of Great Men: There is something incomplete in them if they never met with Calamities. There is then wanting in their Lives Examples of Patience and Firmness of Mind; Distress'd Virtue melts all Hearts that have any Relish for Virtue; leave to us, therefore, the Care of comforting you. Since the Gods have sent you to us, we look upon you as a Present they intended us, and ought to esteem our selves happy that we are able to mitigate your Sorrows.

While he was thus speaking, *Diomedes* look'd on him with Wonder and Amazement, and felt his Heart leap within him. They press'd each other in their Arms, as if they had been united in the closest Bands of Friendship. O worthy Son of *Ulysses*, said *Diomedes*, I discover in you the Complacency of your Father's Countenance, the Gracefulness of his Discourse, his commanding Eloquence, his noble Sentiments, and his well-weigh'd Thoughts.

Mean while *Philoctetes* likewise embrac'd the great Son of *Tydeus*: They related to each other their melancholy Adventures: Then said *Philoctetes* to him, I doubt not but you would gladly see again the wise *Nestor*; he has just lost *Pisistratus*, the last of his Children; and now there remains nothing for him to do but to descend with Sorrow to the Grave: Come then and try to comfort him; a Friend under Affliction is fitter than another to ease his troubled Heart. They immediately repair to the Tent of *Nestor*, who scarce knew *Diomedes* again, Grief had so depress'd his Spirits, and disorder'd his Senses. *Diomedes* began

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immediately to weep with him, and their Interview was to the old Man a redoubling of Sorrow; but after a while the Presence of this Friend asswag'd the old Man's Sorrows, which one might easily discern were in some Measure suspended by the secret Pleasure of relating what he himself had suffer'd, and of hearing, on the other Side, what had befall'n *Diomedes*.

Whilst they were thus conversing, the Kings, together with *Telemachus*, were debating what Course to take. *Telemachus* advis'd them to give *Diomedes* the Country of *Arpos*, and to chuse *Polydamas* for King of the *Daunians*, he being of their own Nation. This Man was a famous Captain, but *Adrastus*, thro' Jealousy, would never employ him, lest the World should ascribe to that able Soldier the Glory which he would suffer no Man to have the least Share of besides himself. *Polydamas* had often in private intimated to him, that he too much expos'd his own Life and the Welfare of his Country, in this War, against so many confederate Nations: He would often have advis'd him to have observ'd a more ingenuous and moderate Deportment with Respect to his Neighbours; but those Men who hate Truth, do also hate such Advice, are so bold to declare it to them. They make no manner of Account either of their Sincerity, or their Zeal, or their Disinterestedness. A bewitching Prosperity harden'd *Adrastus's* Heart against the most wholesome Advice, notwithstanding which, he still obtain'd the Victory over his Enemies Day after Day; Pride, Insincerity, Violence, were

ill the Instruments of Triumph to him. None of the Misfortunes which *Polydamas* so often threaten'd him with, came to pass. *Acrastus* laugh'd at that timorous Prudence which is always foreseeing Inconveniencies. He could no longer endure the Sight of *Polydamas*; he remov'd him from all Employments of Honour and Trust, and left him to languish in Solitude and Indigence.

*Polydamas* was at first dispirited at this Usage; but it soon gave him what he wanted, by opening his Eyes to see the Vanity of high Fortunes; he became Wise at his own Cost; he began to rejoice that he had been unfortunate; he, by degrees, learnt how to suffer, to be satisfied with a Little, and calmly to feed his Soul with Truth; to cherish and entertain within him secret Virtues, which are more worth than the noisy showy ones: In time, to know how to live a sequester'd Life. He dwelt at the Foot of Mount *Garganus*, in a Desert, where a half-arch'd Rock serv'd him for a House; a Brook that run from a Mountain slak'd his Thirst, and some adjoining Trees afforded him their Fruits for Food: He had two Slaves that cultivated a little spot of Ground for him, in which he wrought likewise with his own Hands (a); the Ground repay'd his Toil with great Increase, not suffering him to want any Thing: He had not only Fruit and Pulse in abundance, but all sorts of fragrant Flowers besides. There he

(a) Just in such Circumstances was *Abdolonimus* when *Alexander* the Great made him King of *Sidon*. I want

ed nothing when I possess'd nothing, said the new King, recalling to mind the Sweetness of his former Condition.

bewail'd the Unhappiness of those People who are forc'd on their Destruction by the senseless Ambition of a Tyrannical Prince. There he every Day expected that the just Gods, tho' patient for a while, would at length crush the impious *Adraftus*. The more his Prosperity gain'd Ground, the more irrecoverable he thought his Fall would prove for Imprudence, when it is successful in its Errors, and Power, when scr'd up to the highest Pitch of absolute Authority, are the Forerunners of the Downfal of Kings and Kingdoms. When he was inform'd of the Overthrow and Death of *Adraftus*, he shew'd no Signs of Joy, either for having foreseen it, or for being rescu'd from his Tyranny. He only sigh'd for fear of seeing the *Damians* in a State of Slavery.

This is the Man *Telemachus* propos'd for their King. He had for some time known his Courage and Valour; for *Telemachus*, according as *Mentor* had advis'd him, was incessantly making inquiry of the good and bad Qualities of all who were in any considerable Employment, not only among the Confederate Nations who serv'd in this War, but even among his Enemies. He made it his principal Care every where to find out and examine (a) what Men had any particular Talent or Virtue.

The Confederate Princes made at first some Difficulty of placing *Polydamas* on the Throne. We have experienc'd, said they, how much

(a) Of all the Sciences, this is the most instructive, and perhaps the most difficult. It requires even a greater Share of Judgment to know others, than to know ones self.

King of the *Daunians* is to be dreaded by his Neighbours, when he is a Lover of War and knows how to manage it. *Polydamas* is a great Captain, and may be very dangerous to us. But *Telemachus* reply'd, 'Tis true, *Polydamas* understands War, but he loves Peace; and these are the two Things that are most to be desir'd in a Prince. A Man who is acquainted with the Unhappiness, the Hazards, and the Difficulties of War, is much more capable of avoiding it than another, who has no Experience of them: *Polydamas* has learn'd to relish the Pleasure of a quiet Life; he condemn'd the Enterprizes of *Adrastus*; he foresaw their dismal Consequences. A weak, ignorant, and an unexperienc'd Prince ought more to be dreaded by you, (a) than a Man who will look into Affairs, and determine every Thing himself. A weak, ignorant and unexperienc'd Prince will see nothing but by the Eyes of a giddy Favourite, or of a flattering, turbulent, and ambitious Minister; so that a Prince thus blinded, will engage himself in a War, even tho' he has no mind to it; and you can never be sure of him, because he cannot be sure of himself; he will falsify his Word to you; he will soon reduce you to such Extremities, that you must either ruin him, or he you. Is it not more advantageous, more safe, and, at the same time, more just and generous, to make a faithful Return to the Confidence the *Daunians* place

(a) A Prince of Resolution has no Faults but his own. } together with his own Faults,  
But a soft, weak Prince has, } the Fault of all those that direct him.



in you, and to give them a King worthy to command them?

The whole Assembly receiv'd Conviction from this Speech, and they came to a Resolution instantly to propose *Polydamas* to the *Daunians*, who were impatiently waiting for an Answer. When they heard the Name of *Polydamas*, they reply'd, We are now satisfy'd that the Confederate Princes will act sincerely by us, and perpetuate the Peace with us, since they are willing to grant us a Man so virtuous and so capable of governing us, to be our King. If they had propos'd to us a cowardly, vicious, effeminate, and ill-principled Person, we should have thought they aim'd only at depressing us and corrupting the Form of our Government: We should have secretly harbour'd in our Breast a deep Resentment of so ill-natur'd and fraudulent a Piece of Conduct; but their Choice of *Polydamas* is a sure Indication of real Candour. The Confederates, without doubt, expect nothing from us but what is just and honourable, since they concede to us a King who is incapable of acting the least Thing counter to the Liberty and Glory of our Nation. And we, in like manner, do protest, in Presence of the just Gods, that Rivers shall sooner return to their Sources, than we will cease to love so beneficent a People. May our most remote Posterity remember the Benefit we this Day receive, and may they never forget to renew, from Generation to Generation, the Peace of the Golden Age in all the Borders of *Hesperia*!

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*Telemachus*, after this, propos'd to bestow on *Diomedes* the Fields of *Arpos*, to plant a Colony there. This new People, said he to them, will be oblig'd to you for their Settlement in a Country which you don't at all occupy. Remember, that all Men owe each other reciprocal Love; that the Earth is too large for them; that they can't be without Neighbours; and that 'tis best to have such as are indebted to us for their Establishment. Be soften'd with the Misfortunes of a King who cannot return into his own Country. *Polydamas* and he, being united together by the Bands of Justice and Virtue, which are the only durable ones, will preserve you in profound Peace, and render you formidable to all the Neighbouring Nations that may entertain Thoughts of aggrandizing themselves. You see, O ye *Daunians*, that we have bestowed on you a King capable of advancing your Glory to the Skies; do you, therefore, on your Part, give up a Piece of Ground that is to you useless, since we ask it of you for a King who deserves all manner of Relief at your Hands.

The *Daunians* reply'd, That they could deny *Telemachus* nothing, since it was he that procur'd them *Polydamas* for their King. Accordingly they went that instant to fetch him from his Solitude, and to place him upon the Throne. But before they parted, they granted the fertile Plains of *Arpos* to *Diomedes*, to found a new Kingdom there. The Confederates were overjoy'd at this Concession, because *Diomedes's* Colony of *Greeks* would add a considerable Weight to the Confe-

derate Forces, if ever the *Daunians* should renew the Usurpations, of which *Adrastus* had set so ill an Example.

All the Princes now thought of nothing but separating.

*Telemachus*, with Tears in his Eyes, departs with his Men, after having tenderly embrac'd the valiant *Diomedes*, the wise and inconsolable *Nestor*, and the fam'd *Philoctetes*, the worthy Inheritor of the Arrows of *Hercules*.



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VOL. II. BOOK XXII.

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THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, at his Return to Salentum, is surpriz'd to see the Country so well manur'd, and to find so little Magnificence in the City. Mentor gives him his Reasons for this Alteration, shews him the Causes which generally hinder a State from flourishing, and proposes the Conduct and Government of Idomeneus, as a Model for him. Telemachus after this, opens his Heart to Mentor, relating to him his Inclination for Antiope, the Daughter of that King. Mentor agrees with him as to her good Qualities, which he commends and assures him that the Gods decree her for him; but



that at present he ought to turn his Thoughts only upon going to Ithaca, and freeing Penelope from the Persecution of her Lovers.



THE brave Son of *Ulysses* burn'd with Impatience to see *Mentor* again at *Salentum*, and to take Shipping with him for *Ithaca*, where he hoped his Father might, ere this, be arriv'd. As he drew near to *Salentum*, he was fill'd with Amazement to see all the neighbouring Country, which he had left little better than a Desert, cultivated like a fine Garden, and full of diligent Labourers: He knew this must be *Mentor's* doing (a). Afterwards entring the City, he observ'd that there were fewer Artificers for Luxury and the Pleasures of Life, and a much less Appearance of Pomp and Magnificence than before. *Telemachus* was not pleas'd with this, for he was naturally fond of every Thing that look'd gay and fine: but it was not long before his Mind was possess'd with other Thoughts. He at a Distance sees *Idomeneus* coming towards him with *Mentor*: This instantly fill'd his Heart with Joy and Tenderness: Yet notwithstanding he had been successful in the War against *Adrastus*, he was afraid, lest *Mentor* should not be well-pleas'd with him; and as he came forward, he consulted *Mentor's* Eyes, to see if they intimated nothing that might give him Occasion to upbraid himself.

(a) The Reader is not surprized at this Alteration when he finds that *Minerva* was the Author of it, and presided in this great Work. Our Poet never makes use of the Marvellous at the expence of Probability.

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First, *Idomeneus* embrac'd *Telemachus* as his own Son; afterwards *Telemachus* threw himself about *Mentor's* Neck, and bedew'd him with his Tears. Says *Mentor* to him, I am well-pleas'd with you; you have been guilty of great Overights; but they have serv'd to make you know your self, and to be hereafter diffident of your own Abilities. Men often reap more Fruit from their Mis-deeds than from their noblest Atchievements. Great Actions are apt to puff up the Heart and to inspire a dangerous Presumption; whereas a Man's Miscarriages and Failures make him enter into himself, and restore him the Prudence which he lost during the Run of his good Fortune. That which remains for you to do is to praise the Gods (a), and not to court the Praises of Men. Your Performances have been great; but pray speak the Truth, were they done entirely by yourself? Did they not happen to you like something unaccountably pour'd upon you from without? And were you not like to have spoil'd them by your Headiness and Imprudence? Did it not seem to you as if *Minerva* had chang'd you into another Man beyond yourself, in order to make you the Instrument of her Atchievements? She held back all your Infirmities, and superseded your Defects, as *Neptune* does, when he suspends the angry Waves and stops the Storm.

Whilst *Idomeneus* was eagerly asking Questions of the *Cretans* who were return'd from the War, *Telemachus* gave attentive Ear to the

(a) This Maxim contains all the Duties of a Man, who is indebted to his own Me-rit alone for any great Prosperity.

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sage Counsels of *Mentor*. After which he cast his Eyes on every Side with Wonder, and said to him, What a Change do I see! It passes my Understanding: Has any dreadful Calamity befallen this Place while I was absent? What is become of that Magnificence which shone out in every Part of it at my Departure? I see neither Gold nor Silver, nor precious Stones: The People are meanly habited: the Buildings that are carrying on are much inferior to the rest, both for Dimensions and Ornament; the Arts droop, and the City is become a Desert.

To this, *Mentor* reply'd smiling, Did you take notice of the Condition of the Country round the City? Yes, answer'd *Telemachus*, I saw the Fields were clear'd of the Brambles and People every where employ'd in Culture. Which is best, adds *Mentor*, a City decorated with Marble, and superb in Gold and Silver, with a Country neglected and barren; or a manur'd fertile Country, with a City ordinary in Shew and moderate in its Manners? A great City full of Artificers employ'd in emasculating Mens Minds with the Luxuries of Life, when it is surrounded with a Kingdom poor and ill-cultivated, is like a Monster who has a Head of an exorbitant Bigness, but whose Body is extremely thin and depriv'd of Nourishment, so as to bear no Proportion to the Head: 'Tis the Number of People, and the Plenty of Provisions, which makes the true Strength and true Riches of a Kingdom. *Idomeneus* has now a People innumerable, and indefatigable in Labour, who fill every Corner of his Country; so that his whole Country is as it

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## Book XXII. TELEMACHUS.

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were but one intire City, and *Salentum* but the Centre of it. We have transported out of the City into the Country the Men that were wanting to the Country and were superfluous in the City. Besides, we have drawn hither abundance of Foreigners. The more these People increase and multiply, the more do the Fruits of the Earth increase and multiply by their Labour. This so sweet and peaceable a Multiplication augments his Kingdom more than a Conquest would do. He has laid aside no Arts, but such superfluous ones as turn the Poor from applying themselves to Things that are really wanting, and which corrupt the Rich, by occasioning Pride and Supineness. But we have done no Manner of injury to the polite Arts, nor to those who have a true Genius for cultivating them. Thus *Idomeneus* is much more powerful than he was when you admired his Magnificence; that dazzling Glitter hid under it a Weakness and a Misery which would soon have undermin'd his Empire: Now he has a greater Number of Men, and subsists them more easily: These Men, who are accusom'd to Toil, Pain, and a Contempt of Life, thro' the Love they bear to good Laws, are always in a Readiness to fight in the Defence of those Lands which they with their own Hands have improv'd. This State which you think decay'd, will soon become the Wonder of *Hesperia*.

Remember, O *Telemachus*, that there are in the Government of a Nation, two pernicious Things, which are scarce ever to be remedy'd. The first is an unjust and too violent Authority in Kings. The second is Luxury,  
which



which vitiates the Manners of the People. When Kings have accustom'd themselves to know no Law but their own absolute Will, and to give no Check to their Passions, they may do any thing; but by this very Power of doing any thing, they sap the Foundation of their Power; they go by no certain Rules, nor are they restrain'd by any Maxims of Government; their Subjects try who shall flatter them most: they lose their People, and have nothing left them but Slaves, whose Number lessens every Day. Who shall tell them the Truth? Who shall set Bounds to this Torrent? Every thing falls before it; the Wisest fly away, hide themselves, and groan in secret. Nothing but a sudden and violent Revolution can bring back this deluging Power into its natural Channel. Nay, oftentimes the Means made use of to regulate it, have irrecoverably destroy'd it. Nothing so much threatens a fatal Fall, as an Authority that is carry'd too far, like a Bow too much bent, which at last breaks on a sudden, if the String be not slacken'd; but who is he that will dare to slacken it? *Idomeneus* was in his Heart a just Man, yet it was this bewitching Authority that tumbled him from his Throne; but even after that, his Eyes continued Hoodwink'd: There was a Necessity for the Gods to send us hither to undeceive him, and to open his Eyes that he might see that overstrain'd extravagant Power which does not besit the State of Man; nay, they were forc'd to make use of a sort of Miracle to recover him from his Delusion. The other almost incurable Mischief is Luxury; as too great an Authority poisons Kings, so Luxury poi-

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sons a whole Nation: 'Tis commonly urg'd, that Luxury serves to feed the Poor at the Expence of the Rich; as if the Poor could not more profitably provide for themselves by increasing the Fruits of the Earth, than by softening and womanizing the Rich by the Refinements of Voluptuousness. Thus a whole Nation habituates itself to look upon the most superfluous Things, as if they were absolutely necessary, and thus every Day brings forth some new Necessities of the same Kind, and Men can no longer live without Things which but thirty Years ago were utterly unknown to them. This Luxury is affectedly call'd the *Bon Gout*, the Perfection of Arts, and the Politeness of a Nation. This Vice, which carries in its Womb a thousand more, is commended for a Virtue; it spreads its Contagion from the King down to the very Dregs of the People; they that have any Royal Blood in their Veins are willing to imitate the King's Magnificence; the Men of Quality would mimick the King's Relations, and the middle Sort would fain equal those of Quality, (for who is it that thinks amiss of himself?) The lowest Rank of Men would pass for a middle Sort, and every one lives above his Condition, some for Ostentation, and to make a Shew of their Wealth, others thro' a mistaken Shame and to cloke their Poverty; (a) even those who are so wise as to condemn so great a Disorder, are not so

(a) Where is the wise Man that dares rise up against the Customs of a Nation? It is no little Matter for him to condemn Them: But if he sets up to reform them, his Reputation will be very much exposed.

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wise as to dare to be the first to stem the Tide, or to set contrary Examples. Thus a whole Nation falls to Ruin; all Conditions and Ranks of Men are confounded; an eager Desire of, acquiring Wealth to support a vain Expence, corrupts the purest Minds, and nothing is regarded but how to grow Rich: Poverty is counted Infamous. Be Learned, Prudent, Virtuous; instruct Mankind, win Battles, save your Country, sacrifice all your Interests to the publick Good; you are despis'd, if your Talents are not set off by Pomp and Show. Even those who have no Wealth would fain appear Rich, and accordingly spend as if they were so; and then they fall to borrowing, cheating, and using a thousand mean Arts to get Money: But who shall remedy these Evils? The Relish and Habitude of a whole Nation must be chang'd, new Laws must be given them: And who shall attempt this unless the King shall prove to be so much of a Philosopher, as to set an Example of Moderation himself, and so put out of Countenance those who love a pompous Expence, and at the same time, to encourage the Prudent, who will be glad to be authoriz'd in a decent Way of Frugality?

*Telemachus*, hearing this Discourse, was just like a Man who comes out of a profound Sleep: He felt the Truth of these Words and they were deeply engraven in his Heart, like as a skilful Statuary gives what Lineaments he pleases to a Piece of Marble, so as to bestow on it Softness, Life, and Motion. *Telemachus* made no Answer: but pondering in his Breast all that he had been hearing, he attentively survey'd the several Changes and Altera-

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Alterations that had been made in the City, and after a while he thus express'd himself to *Mentor*.

You have made *Idomeneus* the wisest of all Kings; both he and his People are become new Creatures; and it must be granted, that what You have done here is infinitely greater than the Victories We have lately obtain'd. Chance and Strength have a great Share in the Successes of War; We are forc'd to divide the Glory of the Battle with our Soldiers: But all You have done is perform'd wholly by yourself: You have been oblig'd, singly to labour against a King, and his whole People, to reform them. The Successes of War are always fatal and odious: But what I see here is the Work of a Celestial Wisdom; all is sweet, all is pure, all is amiable, all bespeaks an Authority more than Human. When Men have set their Hearts upon purchasing Glory, why do they not look for it in thus applying themselves to do Good? How ignorant are they of the true Nature of Glory, who hope to acquire it in ravaging the Earth and spilling human Blood! *Mentor* display'd a sensible Joy in his Face to see *Telemachus* have such right Notions about Victories and Conquests, at an Age when it was so natural for him to be intoxicated with the Glory which he had acquired.

After this *Mentor* added: 'Tis true all you see here is good and laudable; but know, that it is possible to do yet better Things than these. *Idomeneus* curbs his Passions, and applies himself to govern his People with Justice; yet for all this, he commits a great many Faults, which are the unhappy Consequences



quences of his former Errors. When Men set about shaking off any Evil Custom, this Evil still seems to adhere to them. For a long time, there still remains within them some of their old Leaven, a weaken'd Disposition, inveterate Errors, and almost incurable Prejudices. Happy are they who never wander'd out of the right Path! They may be able to do good in a much greater Perfection. The Gods, O *Telemachus*, will require more from You than from *Idomeneus*; because You have been acquainted with the Truth from your Infancy upwards, and have never been abandon'd to the Fascinations of a too great Prosperity.

*Idomeneus*, continued *Mentor*, is wise and sagacious; but he applies himself too much to minute Things, and does not enough meditate on the Bulk of his Affairs, in order to form Schemes. The Qualification of him who is set over other Men, does not consist in doing All himself: It is an egregious Piece of Vanity to think to do any such Thing, or to go about to persuade the World that one can do it. A King ought to govern by chusing and conducting those who govern under him: He is not to descend into every Circumstantial Matter; for that is doing the Business of those who are under him: He ought only to call them to an Account, and to know enough to be able to take the necessary Parts of such an Account. The grand Art of governing (a) is to know how to chuse and

(a) Experience justifies *Mentor's* Maxims. What King ever govern'd more gloriously than *Louis* the XIVth. back'd by two Ministers who had a perfect Mastery

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and apply, according to their several Talents, those that are under you; to govern those that govern; to correct them, try them, encourage them, raise them, keep them under, change them, and have a constant Eye over them, regulate them, and inspire them with good Conduct. For a Prince to examine every Thing himself, argues Diffidence, Little-ness of Mind, and a Jealousy about mean Matters, which consumes that Time and Freedom of Spirit which is necessary for great Things. To form grand Designs, a Man must have a calm disengag'd Thought, so as to be able to consider every thing at ease, and intirely free from all Affairs of a difficult and perplexing Nature. A Mind that is exhausted and spent with too many Particularities, is like the Lees of Wine, which have neither Strength nor Flavour: They who govern by Detail are always determin'd by what is before them, without extending their Views to a remote Futurity; they are always sway'd by the Affair of the present Day, and that Affair being the only one that takes up their Thoughts, they are too much impress'd and erampt by it; for no Man can pass a sound Judgment of Things, without comparing them all together, and marshalling them in a certain Order, that thereby they may be reduc'd to a proper Connexion and Proportion. To fail in this Rule of Government, is to be like a Musician, who, thinking it e-

stery of the Science of Particularities? Their Glory did not in the least detract from that Great Prince who employ'd them, and there was

plain to be seen in their Administration, that perfect Harmony which *Mentor* so strongly recommends to *Telemachus*.

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nough that he has hit upon harmonious Sounds, never troubles himself to unite and accord them together, in order to compose a sweet and ravishing Piece of Musick. Or like an Architect, that thinks his Business done, provided he heap together mighty Columns, and abundance of well-cut Stones, without thinking of the Order and Proportion of the several Ornaments of his Building. When a Dining-Room is to be made, he thinks not of making a suitable Stair-case. When the Body of the Building is in Hand, he dreams not either of the Court-Yard or the Portal; his Work is nothing but a confus'd Medley of pompous Parts, which are not made to fit one another. This Work, instead of being for his Honour, is rather a Monument of his Shame; for it shews, that it was done by a Workman who had not a sufficient Compass of Thought to take in at once the general Design of his whole Work, which is the Character of a limited and a subaltern Mind. When a Man is born with a Genius confin'd to Particularities, he is only fit to execute Affairs under another. Depend upon it, O my dear *Telemachus*, the Government of a Kingdom demands a certain Harmony, like Musick, and just Proportions, like that of Architecture.

If you will give me Leave, I will again make use of the Comparison of these Arts, and make you conceive what ordinary Understandings those Men have who govern by the Detail. He who in a Consort of Musick sings only some certain Parts, tho' he sings them perfectly well, he is no more than a Singer. He alone is the Master of Musick

who

Sounds, who governs the whole Confort, and at once  
ord them regulates all the Parts of it. In like manner,  
veet and he that cuts the Columns, or raises one Side  
an Ar- of a Building, is but a Mason; while he who  
provid- contrives the whole Edifice, and has all the  
nns, and Proportions in his Head, is alone the Archi-  
ut think- ect. So those who take most Pains, and  
the seve- are most laborious in making out the Dis-  
When a patches, are such as have the least Share in the  
inks not governing Part; they are no more than Un-  
When the der-workmen. The true Genius that con-  
e dreams ducts a State is he, who, doing nothing him-  
e Portal; self, causes every Thing to be done; he con-  
Medley rives, he invents, he foresees the future, he  
ade to sit reflects on what is past, he distributes and  
of being proportions Things, he makes early Prepara-  
ent of his tions, he incessantly arms himself to struggle  
one by a against Fortune, as a Swimmer grapples with  
Compass a Torrent of Water; he is attentive Night  
e general and Day, that he may leave nothing to  
ch is the Chance.

Do you think, O *Telemachus*, that a great  
Painter labours from Morning till Night,  
that he may dispatch his Work the sooner?  
No; such Slavery and Subjection would damp  
the Flame of his Fancy; he would no lon-  
ger work from his Genius; all must be done  
irregularly and by Sallies, according as his  
Relish moves him, and his Spirit stimulates  
him. Think you that he spends his Time in  
grinding of Colours and preparing of Pen-  
cils? no, that's the Business of his Servant.  
His Province is that of Thought and Con-  
trivance; he studies nothing but to strike  
bold Strokes that may give a noble Air, Life  
and Passion to his Figures; his Head is bu-  
died upon the Sentiments and Way of think-

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ing of those Heroes he is about to represent; he transports himself into the Ages wherein they liv'd, and goes back into all the Circumstances that ever attended them: To this kind of Enthusiasm he must join a Judgment that must restrain and chastise his luxuriant Fancy, that the whole may be true, correct, and proportionable in all its Parts. Do you think, *Telemachus*, that less Elevation, Genius, and Effort of Thought is requisite to make a great King, than a good Painter? Conclude then, that the Business of a King is to Think to form great Designs, and to pitch upon such as are proper Persons to execute them under him.

*Telemachus* reply'd; methinks I am convinc'd of every Thing you have been saying; but at this rate, a King would be often imposed upon, by not entering, himself, into Particulars of Things. No, 'tis you that impose on your self, reply'd *Mentor*: That which hinders a Prince from being imposed upon, is a general Knowledge of Government: Those who have no Principles to go by in Business, and have no true discernment, go always as it were groping in the Dark, and 'tis owing to Chance if they don't mistake their Way. They don't so much as know What it is they are looking for, nor which way they ought to steer their Course; they only know how to be distrustful, and they sooner distrust honest Men that contradict them, than Knaves that flatter them. On the contrary, they that have Principles of Government, and who are well skill'd in Men, know what they ought to expect from them, and the Means to attain it. They perceive, at least in gross, whether the

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Persons they make use of are Instruments proper for their Purpose, and whether they conceive their Intentions so far as to be able to hit the Mark they aim at. Besides, as they don't concern themselves with tedious Particulars, they have their Minds more at Liberty to survey at once the main of the Work, and to observe whether it advances towards its principal End: If they make any Mistakes, they scarce ever happen to be material ones. Again, they are above those little Jealousies that are the Badges of a narrow Spirit, and a groveling Soul: They very well know that there's no avoiding being deceived sometimes in great Affairs, because they must make use of Men for their Instruments, (a) and that Men are often subject to Error and Deceit. More may be lost by the Irresoluteness attending Diffidence, than would be lost by suffering oneself to be in some Measure imposed upon. He is very happy who is deceived only in inconsiderable Things; great ones will not fail to take their own course: And this is the only Thing that a great Man should be under any Concern for. He ought severely to punish Deceit when it is discover'd; but a Man that will not be really deceiv'd, must reckon upon meeting with some Deceit. A Workman in his Shop sees every Thing with his own Eyes, and does every Thing with his own Hands. But a King that has wide Dominions, can neither do nor see every Thing: He ought to do only those

(a) *The greatest of all Errors, says a certain celebrated Author, is to go about to* | *reform all Errors. Certain necessary Evils will be tolerated in a wise Government.*

Things that no other can do under him. He ought to see only such as are of greatest Importance.

In fine, says *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, you are belov'd by the Gods, who are preparing for you a Reign that shall be replenish'd with Wisdom; all that you see here is intended, not so much for *Idomeneus's* Glory, as for your Instruction. All these prudent Establishments, which you admire in *Salentum*, are but the Shadow of what you shall one Day Do in *Ithaca*, if by your Virtues you answer the purposes of your high Destiny. 'Tis Time we thought of going hence; *Idomeneus* keeps a Ship ready for our Return.

*Telemachus*, upon this, did, tho' not without some Difficulty, unbosom to his Friend a certain Inclination he had, which made him loth to depart from *Salentum*. You will blame me, perhaps, said he, for too easily entering into Engagements in the Places thro' which I pass: But my Heart wou'd continually upbraid me, if I shou'd conceal from you that I love *Antiope*, the Daughter of *Idomeneus*. It is not, O my dear *Mentor*, such a blind Passion as you cured me of in *Calypso's* Island: I well know the Depth of the Wound Love made in my Soul, when I was with *Eucharis*: I cannot yet utter her Name without Concern: Time and Absence have not been able to expunge it from my Heart: This sad Experience teaches me to be distrustful of my self: But as for *Antiope*, what I feel on her Account, is nothing like the other: It is not an amorous Phrenzy; it is Judgment, it is Esteem, it is Persuasion: O how happy should I be in passing my Life with her! If ever the Gods

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restore my Father to me, and permit me to  
 chuse a Wife, *Antiope* shall be the Person:  
 What in her charms me is her Silence, her  
 Modesty, her Reservedness, her assiduous In-  
 dustry in embroidering and working of Wool,  
 her Application in managing her Father's  
 House since her Mother's Death, her Con-  
 tempt of gaudy Apparel, her Forgetfulness, or  
 rather Ignorance which she seems to be in, of  
 her own Beauty. When *Idomeneus* com-  
 mands her to lead up the Dances of the young  
*Cretan* Maidens to the warbling Flutes, one  
 would take her for smiling *Venus* accompa-  
 nied with the Graces: When he carries her  
 to Hunt with him in the Forest, she looks as  
 Majestick, and is as dexterous at handling the  
 Bow, as *Diana* amidst her Nymphs; herself  
 alone does not know it, while all the World  
 admires it. When she enters into the Tem-  
 ple of the Gods, and bears the sacred Offer-  
 ings on her Head in Baskets, one would think  
 she were the very Deity that inhabits the  
 Temple. With what Awe, with what De-  
 votion have we seen her offer Sacrifices and  
 avert the Anger of the Gods, when some  
 Crime was to be expiated, or some dreadful  
 Omen to be deprecated? In fine, when one  
 sees her with a Company of her Maidens,  
 holding in her Hand a golden Needle, one  
 wou'd think *Minerva's* self were descended to  
 Earth in a human Form, to inspire Men with  
 curious Arts: She cheers up others to Work,  
 she renders Labour pleasant to them by the  
 Sweetness of her Voice, when she Sings the  
 miraculous Stories of the Gods. She surpasses  
 the most exquisite Painting by her delicate  
 Embroideries. Happy the Man whom kindly  
*Hymen*



*Hymen* shall unite to her! He will have nothing to fear but to lose her and survive her. My dear *Mentor*, I call the Gods to witness that I am ready to be gone: I shall love *Antiope* as long as I live; but she shall not retard my Return to *Ithaca* one Moment. If another should enjoy her, I should pass the rest of my Days in Sorrow and Bitterness: But in short I am resolved to leave her, tho' I know my Absence may endanger me to lose her. I am unwilling to discover my Passion either to her, or to her Father; for I think I ought not to make a Declaration of it to any but you, 'till *Ulysses*, reinstated on his Throne, gives me his Consent. You may, by this, my dear *Mentor*, be convinc'd, that my present Impression is vastly different from that blind Passion I had for *Eucharis*.

*Mentor* reply'd; O *Telemachus*, I allow there is a Difference; *Antiope* is gentle, plain-hearted, prudent; her Hands despise not Labour; she foresees things at a great Distance; she provides against all Contingencies; she knows how to be silent; she acts regularly without a Hurry; she is everlastingly employ'd, but never embarrass'd, because she does every Thing in its due Season; the good Order of her Father's House is (a) her Glory; it adds a greater Lustre to her than her very Beauty: Tho' the Care of all lies upon her, and she is charg'd with the Burden of reproofing,

(a) There was now nothing wanting in *Telemachus*, but the Glory which is so rarely to be met with, that of being wise in his Love.

*Antiope's* Picture is drawn from the Principles laid down by our Author, in his Treatise of the Education of a Daughter.

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fusing, sparing, (Things that make almost all other Women hated) she has acquir'd the Love of all the Household; and this because they find not in her either Passion, or Conceitedness, or Levity, or Humour, as in other Women: With a single glance of her Eye they know her Meaning, and are afraid to displease her: The Orders she gives are plain; she commands nothing but what may be perform'd; she reproves with Kindness, and even amidst her Reprehensions, she finds room to give Encouragement to do better: Her Father's Heart reposes itself upon her, as a Traveller, fainting under the Sun's sultry Rays, reposes himself upon the tender Grass beneath a shady Tree. You are in the right, O *Telemachus*; *Antiope* is a Treasure worthy to be sought for, even in the most remote Regions. Her Mind, no more than her Body, is never trim'd with vain gaudy Ornaments: Her Fancy, tho' full of Life, is restrain'd by her Discretion; she never speaks but when there is an absolute Occasion; and when she opens her Mouth, soft Persuasion and genuine Graces flow from her Lips. The Moment she begins to speak, every Body else is silent, which throws a bashful Confusion into her Face; she could find in her Heart to suppress what she was about to say, when she perceives that she is so attentively listen'd to; for my part I have scarce ever heard her speak.

You may remember, O *Telemachus*, when her Father one Day made her come in, how she appear'd with her Eyes cast down, cover'd with a large Veil, and spoke no more than just enough to moderate the Anger of  
*Idomeneus*,

*Idomeneus*, who was going to inflict a rigorous Punishment upon one of his Slaves. At first she took Part with him in his Trouble, then she calm'd him, at last she intimated to him what might be alledg'd in Excuse of the poor Wretch, and without letting the King know that he was transported beyond due Bounds, she inspir'd into him Sentiments of Justice and Compassion. *Thetis*, when she soothes old *Nereus*, does not appease with more Sweetness the raging Billows. Thus *Antiope*, without assuming any Authority, and without taking Advantage of her Charms, will one Day manage the Heart of a Husband, as she now touches her Lyre, when she would draw from it the most melting Sounds. Once again, I tell you, *Telemachus*, your Love for her is well-grounded; the Gods design her for you; you love her with a rational Affection, but you must wait till *Ulysses* grant her to you. I commend you for not having discover'd your Sentiments to her; but know that if you had taken any By-methods to let her know your Designs, she would have rejected them, and ceased to have had a Value for you; she will never promise herself to any one, but will leave her self to be disposed of by her Father; she will never take for her Spouse a Man that does not fear the Gods, and who does not acquit himself of all the Duties that are incumbent upon him. Have you not observed as well as I, that she appears less in sight than she us'd to do, and casts her Eyes more to the Earth since your Return? She knows all the Successes that have attended you in the War; she is not ignorant either of your Birth, or of your Adventures,

ventures, or of any Thing that the Gods have done for you; and 'tis this that renders her so shy and so reserved. Come, let us go, *Telemachus*, let us go to *Ithaca*; there remains now nothing more for me to do but to bring you to your Father, and to put you into a Condition to obtain a Bride worthy of the Golden Age. Were she a Shepherdess on the frosty *Algidus*, instead of being a Daughter of the King of *Salentum*, you would be the happiest of Men in the Enjoyment of her.



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS.

VOL. II. BOOK XXIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus, fearing the Departure of his two Guests, proposes to Mentor several knotty Affairs, which he tells him he cannot settle without his Assistance. Mentor instructs him how to proceed for the future, and continues firm in his Resolution, that Telemachus should return to Ithaca. Idomeneus makes another Trial to retain them, by stirring up the Passion of this latter for Antiope; he engages them in a Hunting-Match, to which he carries his Daughter with him. She had been torn to pieces by a wild Boar, but that Telemachus saves her. After this, he finds in himself a great Repugnance to leave her, and to bid the King

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*King her Father Farewel. But being encourag'd by Mentor, he conquers his own Weakness, and embarks for Ithaca.*



*Domeneus*, who could not hear the Thoughts of parting with *Telemachus* and *Mentor*, made it his whole Study how he might keep them longer. He represented to *Mentor*, that without his Assistance he could not decide a certain Difference that was arisen between *Diophanes*, the Priest of *Jupiter* Conservator, and *Heliodorus*, Priest of *Apollo*, concerning the Presages drawn from the Flight of Birds, and the Entrails of Victims. Why, reply'd *Mentor*, should you concern your self with sacred Affairs? Leave the Decision of them to the *Hetrurians*, who have the Tradition of the most ancient Oracles, and are the inspir'd Interpreters of the Gods. Employ your Authority only in stifling such Disputes at their very Birth. Be guilty neither of Partiality nor Prejudice. Do you only support the Decision when it shall be given. Remember, that a King ought to be resignedly subject to Religion, and never undertake to regulate it (a). Religion comes from the Gods; it is above all Kings. If Kings interfere in Matters of Religion, in-

(a) A Prince cannot act any Part so much out of Character, as that of a Doctor. The *Portuguese* boded no Good from the Reign of *Don Sebastian*, when they saw that young Prince strenuously dispute in every The-

sis that was argu'd at *Lisbon*, and place his Glory in bearing away the Palm in such Tongue-Battles. [2. Whether this is not to colour-over the Old *French* King's Want of Learning, insomuch that he could hardly write or read?] ]

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stead of protecting it, they will enslave it. Kings are so powerful, and other Men so weak, that every Thing will be in Danger of being alter'd at the King's Pleasure, if he is allow'd to meddle in Questions relating to sacred Things. Leave therefore a free Decision of these Points to the Friends of the Gods, and do you confine your Power to correct those who shall disobey their Judgment when pronounc'd.

Then *Idomeneus* complain'd of the Perplexity he was in with a great Number of Law-Suits between private Persons, which he was press'd to hear: Decide all new Questions, answer'd *Mentor*, which are likely to establish general Maxims of Jurisprudence, and to be brought as Precedents in the Interpretations of the Laws; but never undertake to try private Causes. They will besiege you in whole Multitudes. You will be the only Judge of all your People. All the other Judges, who are appointed under you, will be wholly useless. You will be quite oppress'd beneath the Weight of them, and these petty Businesses will take up that Time which ought to be employ'd in greater, and yet you will never be able of your self to dispatch even those petty ones. Be very cautious, therefore, how you throw your self into such Perplexity. Refer the Affairs between private Persons to the Under-Judges: And do nothing your self, but what no other Man can do to ease you. You will then acquit your self as a King ought to do.

I am also press'd, said *Idomeneus*, to mediate certain Marriages. Some Men of noble Birth, that have serv'd me in all my Wars,

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and lost very great Estates by so doing, think it would be a kind of Recompence, if they might marry certain rich young Ladies: A Word from me would procure them those Settlements.

It is true, reply'd *Mentor*, it would cost you no more than a Word. But that very Word would cost you too dear. Would you deprive their Parents of the Liberty and Comfort of chusing their Sons-in-law, and consequently their Heirs? This would be bringing every Family into the most intolerable Slavery. You would be answerable for all the domestick Misfortunes of your People. Marriages have generally Thorns enough in them, without imbittering them with this farther Hardship. If you have faithful Servants to reward, (a) give them some of the Lands that are uncultivated; to these add Ranks and Honours proportionable to their Condition and Service; and if it is necessary, make them Presents out of what you may save in your Expences: But never pay your Debts by sacrificing Ladies of Fortune contrary to the Inclinations of their Parents.

*Idomeneus* soon proceeded from this Question to another. The *Sybarites*, said he, complain of our having usurp'd some Lands belonging to them, and bestowing them as Wastes on the Strangers that we have lately drawn thither, in order to grub 'em up and till them. Shall I give way to these People? If I do so, every one will think that it is but forming pretensions upon us, and they shall have them comply'd with.

(a) A Prince who is liberal at the expence of other People, makes himself odious by his Favours.



It is not just, reply'd *Mentor*, to believe the *Sybarites* in their own Cause. But neither is it just to believe you in yours. Whom then shall we believe, answer'd *Idomeneus*? We are not to believe either of the two Parties, answer'd *Mentor*. The wisest Course is to chuse for your Arbitrator some neighbouring Power that cannot be suspected of Partiality to either. Such are the *Sipontines*. They have no Interest contrary to yours. But am I oblig'd, answer'd *Idomeneus*, to trust to an Arbitrator? Am not I King? Is a Sovereign oblig'd to submit to Strangers for the fixing the Bounds of his Territories?

*Mentor* reply'd, Since you are resolv'd to stand firm in the Justification of your Title, it is plain you your self are perswaded that your Right is good: On the other hand, the *Sybarites* are as resolute as you. They maintain that their Right is undoubted. In this wide Opposition of Opinions, either an Arbitrator, chosen by both Parties, must reconcile the Difference, or the Sword decide it. There is no third Expedient. If you were to go into a Republick which had neither Magistrates nor Judges, and where every Family should think it lawful to do themselves Justice by Force of Arms in all their Pretensions upon their Neighbours, (a) you would pity the Misery of such a Naton, and be struck

(a) Such was the Barbarousness of our [the *French*] Nation in the early Times of the Monarchy. The whole Kingdom was turn'd into one vast Field of Battle by the

great Lords continually fighting with one another; and is very extraordinary that a certain wise Author seems to lament the Loss of such a sort of Government.

with

with Horror at that dreadful Confusion; where every Family is worrying its Neighbour. Do you imagine that the Gods would look with less Horror upon the World, which is but a larger Republick, if every Nation in it, which is no more than a great Family, should right themselves by Violence in all their Claims upon their Neighbours? A private Man, who possesses a Field as the Inheritance of his Ancestors, can maintain it only by the Authority of the Laws, and the Judgment of the Magistrate. He would be very severely punish'd, as a Stirrer up of Sedition, if he should keep by Force what Justice had bestow'd upon him. Do you think that Kings are allow'd to run immediately to Arms for the Defence of their Pretensions, without having first try'd all Methods of Gentleness and Humanity? Is not Justice more sacred and more inviolable to Kings, in relation to whole Countries, than to Subjects, in relation to a petty Field? Shall a Man be a Villain, an Oppressor, that seizes only upon a few Acres of Land? And shall he be a just Man, a Hero, that invades whole Provinces? If we are apt to be prejudic'd, to be selfish, to be blind in the inconsiderable Affairs of private Persons, ought we not much more to apprehend our being bias'd and hoodwink'd in the great Affairs of the State? Shall we trust our selves in a Matter where we have so much Reason to be diffident of our own Judgment? How cautious and timorous ought we to be of falling into Mistake, in a Case where the Error of one Man has such frightful Consequences? A King's flattering himself vainly in the fancy'd

Right of his Pretensions, often occasions Plunderings, Famines, Massacres, Plagues, Depravation of Manners, whose fatal Consequences reach down to the remotest Ages. Since a King generally draws so many Flatterers about him, ought he not constantly to fear that he shall be flatter'd upon these Occasions? On the contrary, if he agrees upon an Arbitrator to end the Difference, he shews his Equity, his good Faith, his Moderation. He publishes the solid Reasons upon which his Cause is grounded. The Arbitrator, whom he chuses, is a friendly Mediator, and not a rigorous Judge. You do not blindly submit your self to his Decisions, but only shew a great Respect for his Opinion. He does not pronounce Sentence as a supreme Judge, but makes Proposals to the two Parties, and each sacrifices something by his Advice to preserve the publick Peace. If a War follows, after all this Care in the King to avoid it, he then is sure of having on his Side, at least, the Testimony of his Conscience, the Esteem of his Neighbours, and the just Protection of the Gods. *Idomeneus*, convinc'd by these Arguments, consented, that the *Sipontines* should be Mediators between him and the *Sybarites*.

Then the King, seeing that all these Endeavours to detain the two Strangers were ineffectual, try'd to hold them by a stronger Tye. He had observ'd, that *Telemachus* lov'd *Antiope*, and he hoped to engage him by this Passion. With this View, he made her sing at divers Feasts. She did it only in Obedience to her Father; but with so much Modesty and Reluctance, that it was easy to per-

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ceive the Pain she suffer'd in obeying. *Idomeneus* went so far as to bid her sing the Victory gain'd over the *Daunians* and *Adraftus*: But she could not prevail with her self to sing the Praises of *Telemachus* before his Face. She respectfully excus'd her self from doing it, and her Father knew not how to constrain her. Her soft melodious Voice sunk to the Heart of the young Son of *Ulysses*: His very Soul was mov'd. *Idomeneus*, whose Eyes were fix'd upon him, enjoy'd the Pleasure of observing his Disorder. But *Telemachus* would not seem to perceive the King's Design. He could not help being very much touch'd upon such an Occasion. But his Reason held in his Passions, and he was no longer the same *Telemachus* that was formerly Slave to a tyrannical Love in *Calypso's* Island. While *Antiope* sung, he kept a profound Silence. As soon as ever she had done, he turn'd the Discourse upon some other Subject.

The King finding he cou'd not succeed in his Design this way, resolv'd, for a last Trial, to make a great Hunting-match, where his Daughter should have the Pleasure of being present. *Antiope* wept, being unwilling to go to it. But she could not refuse to submit to the absolute Command of her Father. She mounts upon a foaming thundering Horse, like one of those which *Castor* broke to Battle. She governs him with Ease. A Troop of young Maidens follow her with Joy. She appears in the midst of them like *Diana* in the Forests. The King sees her, and could never look off her. While he beholds her, he forgets all his past Misfortunes. *Telemachus*



*chus* sees her too. He is more charm'd with the Modesty of *Antiope*, than with her Dexterity and all her Graces.

The Dogs pursu'd a Boar of an enormous Size, and furious, like that of *Calydon*. His long Bristles were hard and stiff as Spikes; his glaring Eyes were full of Blood and Fire. His Breathing was heard from far, like the hollow Noise of the seditious Winds, when in order to allay a Tempest, *Æolus* recalls them into his Cave. His long Tusshes crook'd, like the sharp Sickle of the Reaper, cut the Trunks of the Trees. All the Dogs that durst come near him, were torn to pieces. The boldest Hunters, while they pursu'd him, were afraid to overtake him. *Antiope*, who rode as swift as the Winds, fear'd not to attack him near at hand. She lanches her Dart, which enters above his Shoulder. The Blood of the raging Beast streams out, and makes him more furious. He turns towards her that wounded him. Immediately *Antiope's* Horse, notwithstanding all his Courage, starts, and gives back. The monstrous Boar flings himself upon him, like those heavy Machines which shake the Walls of the strongest Towns. The Courser staggers, and is beaten down. *Antiope* sees her self upon the Ground, out of a Condition to avoid the fatal Tush of the Boar enrag'd against her. But *Telemachus*, alarm'd at the Danger *Antiope* was in, throws himself off his Horse: Quicker than Lightning he flies between the sprawling Horse and the Boar, just ready to revenge the Loss of his Blood. He brandishes his long Spear, and buries it almost intirely in the Flank of the frightful Monster,

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ster, which falls to the Earth foaming with Madness.

*Telemachus* cuts off the Head of the Beast, which is still dreadful to behold, and which frightens all the Hunters. He presents it to *Antiope*. She blushes, and consults the Eyes of her Father, who having but a Moment before been in the utmost Terror at the Danger of his Daughter, is transported with Joy at her Deliverance, and makes a Sign to her to accept the Present. As she takes it, she says to *Telemachus*, I, with Acknowledgment, receive of you a Gift more valuable than this. For I owe you my Life.

Scarce had she spoken, but she fear'd she had said too much. She turn'd her Eyes to the Earth; and *Telemachus* seeing her Confusion, durst say no more than these Words: Happy the Son of *Ulysses* in having sav'd so precious a Life! But more happy yet, might he pass the rest of his with you! *Antiope*, (a) without returning any Answer, suddenly rejoin'd her young Companions, and remounted her Horse.

*Idomeneus* would that Moment have promis'd his Daughter to *Telemachus*, but he hoped to inflame his Passion more by leaving him in Uncertainty, and thought the Desire of securing his Marriage with her, would keep him longer at *Salentum*. Thus *Idomeneus* reason'd in himself. But the Gods make Sport of the Wisdom of Men. What he

(a) The Manners of the present Age agree so little with *Antiope's* reserv'd Behaviour, that her Character will doubtless be thought some-

what rude and unciviliz'd. But the Author was of Opinion, a young Lady is no farther Virtuous, than as she fears to expose her Virtue.

fancy'd would stay *Telemachus*, was the very Thing that made him in Haste to be gone. The Emotion he already began to feel, threw him into a just Diffidence of himself. *Mentor* redoubled his Care, to give him an Impatience to return to *Ithaca*, and at the same Time press'd *Idomeneus* to give him leave to depart.

The Ship was already prepar'd; for *Mentor*, who regulated every Moment of *Telemachus's* Life, in order to raise him to the highest Degree of Glory, suffer'd him to stay in every Place just so long as was necessary to exercise his Virtue, and to gain him Experience.

*Mentor* had taken care to cause the Vessel to be prepar'd presently after *Telemachus's* Arrival; but *Idomeneus*, who could not without great Reluctancy see them prepare for their Voyage, fell into a mortal Sorrow and a most deplorable Melancholy, when he saw his two Guests, who had been so helpful to him, about to forsake him. He shuts himself up in the most retir'd Apartments of his House; there he eas'd his Heart in sighing and pouring out Floods of Tears: He refus'd to eat; Sleep had no Power to charm his acute Sorrows; he pin'd away, he wither'd in this uneasy Condition, like a well-grown Tree which covers the Earth with the Shadow of its thick-spreading Boughs, when a Worm begins to gnaw the Stock of it in those refin'd Channels thro' which the Sap is convey'd to nourish it: This Tree, which the Winds were never able to loosen, and which the fruitful Earth takes delight to nourish in her Bosom, which the Woodman's Ax never dared

to wound, yet now languishes and droops, and all the while the Cause of its Decay lies undiscover'd; it fades and sheds its Leaves that were its Glory and Ornament; it has nothing now to shew but its Trunk, cover'd with a Bark that gapes with frequent Flaws, together with dry and sapless Branches. Thus far'd it with *Idomeneus* in his Sorrow.

*Telemachus* was melted, but durst not speak to him; he dreaded the Day of his Departure; he sought Pretexts to retard it, and had continu'd a long Time in this Unresolvedness, if *Mentor* had not thus spoke to him: I am glad to see this Change in you; you were naturally rugged and stiff, not suffering your self to be mov'd by any thing but your own Conveniencies and Advantage; but you are at length become human, and by undergoing Misfortunes your self, you have learnt to sympathize with others under the like Circumstances. Without this Compassionateness, a Man has neither Goodness nor Virtue, nor Capacity to govern others; but you must not carry it too far, nor fall into a weak unmanly Passion. I would willingly speak to *Idomeneus*, to get his Consent for your Departure, and would save you the Trouble of so melancholy a Conversation; but I would not have either an indecent Shame, or a Timorousness over-rule your Heart. You must accustom your self to blend Courage and Firmness of Mind with a tender and sensible Friendship: You should fear to afflict Men without an unavoidable Necessity; you should take part in their Troubles when you cannot avoid making them uneasy, and soften as much as you



you can the Severity of the Blow which it is impossible for you entirely to withhold. 'Tis for that very Reason, answers *Telemachus*, that I would rather *Idomeneus* knew the Time of our Departure from Your Mouth than mine.

To which *Mentor* immediately reply'd; You are deceiv'd, my dear *Telemachus*; you are like the Children of Kings, who are tenderly brought up in Purple; they expect every thing to be done their own Way, and would have the whole System of Nature pay Obedience to their Humours; and yet have not Resolution enough to oppose any Person to his Face. It is not that they care so much for Mankind, or that they are tender of grieving them, out of a Principle of Goodness; but they do it with an Eye to their own Conveniency; they are not willing to see any sorrowful dissatisfy'd Faces about them; they are under no Concern for the Troubles and Miseries of Men, provided they are not before their Eyes, or sounding in their Ears: Discourses on such Subjects are offensive to them, and damp their Pleasure. To please them, they must be continually told, that all Things go well; and, while they are wallowing in Delights, they are unwilling to hear or see any thing that may interrupt their Mirth: If there is Occasion to reprehend, correct, and undeceive any one, to oppose the Pretensions and Passions of an unjust and troublesom Man, they always employ some other to do it, rather than speak themselves with a gentle Firmness of Mind upon such Occasions. They are ready to suffer the most unjust Favours to be extorted from them, and

and spoil the most important Affairs, for want of Resolution to act against the Sentiment of those with whom they have to do every Day. This Weakness, which every Body perceives in them, puts every Body upon casting about how to make their Advantage of it; they teize them, they importune them, they tire them out, and by thus worrying them they gain their Ends; they begin with flattering them and extolling them to the Skies, to insinuate themselves the better; but so soon as ever they have wrought themselves into their Confidence, and are plac'd near their Persons in some considerable Authority, they lead them whither they please, they impose the Yoke upon them, under which they groan, and are often inclin'd to shake it off, but still they wear it as long as they live: They are so jealous of their Honour, as not to endure to be thought to be govern'd by others, but yet they are continually govern'd by others, nor can they tell how to do without it; for they are like those feeble Vines, which not being able to support themselves, creep round about the Trunk of some large Tree.

I cannot suffer you, O *Telemachus*, to fall into this Fault, which renders a Man so unapt for Government. You, who are so tender as not to dare to speak to *Idomeneus*, will be no longer touch'd with his Sorrows when once you are got out of *Salentum*. It is not so much his Trouble that softens you; 'tis his Presence that embarrasses you. Go, speak your self to *Idomeneus*; learn on this Occasion, to be tender-hearted and steady-minded at the same Time; let him know the Concern

Concern you feel in parting from him, but let him know too, with a resolv'd Air, and a positive Tone of Voice, the Necessity of your Departure.

*Telemachus* durst neither any longer oppose *Mentor*, nor go to *Idomeneus*; he was asham'd of his Fear, and yet had not the Courage to overcome it: He paus'd, then made a Step or two, then immediately return'd, to alledge to *Mentor* some new Reasons of Delay: But *Mentor's* Look alone depriv'd him of Speech, and put to flight all his fair Pretences. Is this, said *Mentor* smiling, the mighty Conqueror of the *Daunians*, the Deliverer of the great *Hesperia*, the Son of the wise *Ulysses*, who is to be, after him, the Oracle of *Greece*? He dares not tell *Idomeneus* that he can no longer put off his Return into his Country to see his Father! O ye People of *Ithaca*, how unhappy will ye one Day be, if you have a King who is over-rul'd by an indecent Shame, and who sacrifices his greatest Interest to his Weakness, in Matters of the most inconsiderable Consequence! See *Telemachus*, what a Difference there is between Valour in the Field, and Courage in Business: You did not fear the Arms of *Adrastus*, and yet now you are afraid of the Sorrows of *Idomeneus*: It is this that dishonours Princes who have perform'd the greatest Actions. After they have appear'd to be Heroes in War, they shew themselves the meanest of Men upon common Occasions, wherein others support themselves with Vigour.

*Telemachus*, convinc'd of the Truth of these Words, and stimulated with this Reproach, went

went hurrying out, and would no longer give ear to his Affections. But he was scarce enter'd into the Room where *Idomeneus* was sitting with downcast Eyes, languishing and devour'd with Sorrow, but they were both afraid of each other; they durst not look one upon another; they understood one another without saying any thing, and each dreaded the other's breaking Silence; they both of them fell a weeping. After a while *Idomeneus*, urg'd with Excess of Sorrow, cry'd out, To what Purpose is Virtue courted, if she so ill requites those who love her? After my Weakness has been remonstrated to me, I am forsaken: Well! I must relapse into all my former Misfortunes; speak no more to me of governing well; no, I am not able to do it; I am weary of Mankind. Whither would you go, *Telemachus*? Your Father is dead, you in vain seek for him. *Ithaca* is become a Prey to your Enemies; they will destroy you if you return thither, you will find that one or other of them has marry'd your Mother. Remain here. You shall be my Son-in-law and my Heir. You shall reign after me: Nay, during my Life, you shall have an absolute Power in my Kingdom. My Confidence in you shall be unbounded; but if you are insensible to all these Advantages, at least, leave *Mentor* with me, who is my only Resource. Speak, answer me, harden not your Heart, take pity on the most miserable Man in the World. What! do you say nothing? Ah! too plainly I see how cruel the Gods are to me; I felt it less severely even in *Crete*, where I was so unhappy as to slay my only Son.

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At last *Telemachus* reply'd with a disorder'd and timorous Voice: I am not at my own Disposal; the Destinies recal me into my Country. *Mentor*, who is indu'd with the Wisdom of the Gods, commands me in their Name to be gone. What would you have me do? Must I renounce my Father, my Mother, and that which ought to be much dearer to me, my Country? Being born to Royalty, I am not destin'd to a sedate calm Life, nor to follow my own Inclinations. Your Kingdom is more wealthy and powerful than that of my Father. But I ought to prefer what the Gods decree for me, before what you have had the Generosity to offer me. I should think my self too happy, if I had *Antiope* for a Wife, even without any Hopes of your Kingdom. But to make my self worthy of her, I must go where my Duty calls me, and my Father must be the Person that demands her of you. Did you not promise to send me back to *Ithaca*? Was it not upon this Promise that I, with the Confederates, fought for you against *Adrastus*? 'Tis time for me to think of redressing my domestick Misfortunes: The Gods, who have given me to *Mentor*, have also given *Mentor* to the Son of *Ulysses*, to make him fulfil the Decrees of Fate. Would you have me lose *Mentor*, after having lost all Things besides? I have now neither Estate, nor Retreat, nor Father, nor Mother, nor any certain Country to fly to; I have only a wise virtuous Man left me, who is the most precious Gift of *Jupiter*: Be you your self Judge whether I can forego such a Treasure, and consent

to his leaving me. No, I would sooner die, take, take my Life, That's a Trifle, but take not *Mentor* from me.

As *Telemachus* proceeded in his Discourse, his Voice enlarg'd it self, and his Timorousness went off. *Idomeneus* knew not what to answer, and could not find in his Heart to grant what the Son of *Ulysses* ask'd of him. When he could no longer speak to him, he, by his Looks and Gestures, endeavour'd to move his Compassion. At the same Moment he saw *Mentor* appear, who gravely address'd himself to him in these Terms. Do not afflict your self: We indeed leave you; but Wisdom, which presides in the Councils of the Gods, will always continue with you: Do but believe your self happy, in that *Jupiter* has sent us hither to save your Kingdom, and to recover you from your erroneous Digressions. *Philocles*, whom we have restor'd to you, will serve you faithfully. The Fear of the Gods, the Relish of Virtue, the Love of the People, and Compassion for the Unhappy, will always prevail in his Heart. Harken to him, and make use of him without Distrust or Jealousy. The greatest Piece of Service you can do your self, is to oblige him to tell you your Faults freely and without any varnishing. The greatest Courage of a good King consists in seeking true Friends, who may shew him his Mistakes. Provided you are indued with this kind of Courage, our Absence cannot hurt you, and you will live happily; but if Flattery, which insinuates like a Serpent, should again find a Way to your Heart, to make you

you distrust the most disinterested Counsels, you are undone: Don't suffer your self to be overcome with Sorrow, but resolutely yield to the Guidance of Virtue. I have told *Philocles* all that he ought to do for your Assistance, and have caution'd him never to make a wrong Use of your Confidence in him: I can take upon me to answer for him; the Gods have given him to you, as they have given me to *Telemachus*. Every one ought courageously to follow where his Destiny leads; 'tis of no Use to wail and lament. If ever you have Occasion for my Help, after I have restor'd *Telemachus* to his Father and his Country, I will come and visit you again; and indeed what can I do that can give me a greater Pleasure? I neither seek Riches nor Authority upon Earth; I am only desirous to assist those that are Seekers of Justice and Virtue. Can I ever forget those Instances of Confidence and Friendship I have found from you?

At these Words, *Idomeneus* was of a sudden become another Man; he felt his Mind grow calm, like the Sea, when *Nephtune*, with his Trident, quells the tumultuous Waves and the most low'ring Tempests: There only remain'd in him a quiet and peaceable sort of Regret, which was rather a Sentiment of Tenderness, than an acute Sorrow. Courage, Confidence, Virtue, and the Hope of the Assistance of the Gods, began to revive within him.

Well then, said he, my dear *Mentor*, I find I must lose every thing, and not be discourag'd;

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discourag'd; at least, remember *Idomeneus*, when you are arriv'd at *Ithaca*, where your Wisdom will bring down Blessings showering on your Head. Forget not that *Salentum* was the Work of your Hands, and that you have left an unfortunate King there, who has no Hope but in you. Farewel, O worthy Son of *Ulysses*, I will retard you no longer: Far be it from me to resist the Gods, who lent me so great a Treasure; and farewell, *Mentor*, the greatest and wisest of all Men (if however Humanity is able to do what I have seen in you, and if you are not some Deity under a borrow'd Form to instruct weak and ignorant Men) go and conduct the Son of *Ulysses*, who is more happy in having you with him, than in having been the Conqueror of *Adrastus*: Farewel both of you, I dare speak no more; forgive my Sighs; go, live, and be happy together. I once possess'd you. O glorious Days! too happy Days! Days which I knew not how sufficiently to value! Days that have too rapidly pass'd away, ye will never more return; never will my Eyes again see what they now behold!

*Mentor* took this Moment for their parting; he embrac'd *Philocles*, who bath'd him with his Tears, without being able to speak a Word. *Telemachus* would have taken *Mentor* by the Hand, in order to get away from *Idomeneus*; but this last, taking his Way towards the Haven, plac'd himself between *Mentor* and *Telemachus*: He gaz'd upon them; fetch'd deep Sighs; he began to speak, but his Words were



cut off by frequent Sobblings, so that he could not accomplish a Period.

And now confus'd Murmurs are heard upon the Shore, which is cover'd with Mariners; the Ropes are pull'd, the Sails are hoisted, and a favourable Wind springs up. *Telemachus* and *Mentor*, with Tears in their Eyes, take their leave of the King, who presses them a long time in his Arms, and follows them with his Eyes as far as he can possibly see them.



THE



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS.

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VOL. II. BOOK XXIV.

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The ARGUMENT.

*During their Voyage, Telemachus proposes several Difficulties to Mentor upon the Art of Government; and, among others, that of knowing Mankind, and of employing the Good without being deceiv'd by the Bad. Their Conversation is hardly ended, when a Calm obliges them to come to Anchor in a little Island where Ulysses had just landed before. There Telemachus sees him, and speaks to him without knowing him; but after he had seen him embark, he feels a secret Uneasiness, for which he can assign no Cause. Mentor discovers it to him, comforts him, assures him he shall quickly be with*

his Father again, and makes a farther Trial of his Piety and Patience, by delaying his Departure 'till he has made a Sacrifice to Minerva. Then the Goddess Minerva, (till now conceal'd beneath the Shape of Mentor) resumes her divine Form, and lets him know who she is. She gives Telemachus her last Instructions, and then disappears. After which Telemachus arrives at Ithaca, and finds again his Father Ulysses in the House of the faithful Eumæus.



ALREADY the Sails begin to fill; they weigh Anchor, and the Land seems to fly from them; already the experienc'd Pilot sees at a Distance the Mountains of *Leucatè*, whose Head wraps itself in a whirling Cloud of freezing Sleet; he likewise beholds the *Acroceraunian Hills*, which still rear up their haughty Brow to Heaven, tho' they have been so often batter'd with Thunder.

As they sail'd, *Telemachus* said to *Mentor*, Methinks I now conceive the Methods of Government which you have explain'd to me. At first they had the Appearance of a Dream; but, by degrees, they unravel themselves in my Mind and exhibit themselves clearly to me; as all Objects seem dark at the first Glimmerings of *Aurora*, and afterwards look as if they were coming out of a Chaos, when the Day insensibly gaining Strength, distinguishes them, and restores them as it were their natural Shapes and Colours. I am fully persuaded that the essential Point of Government is to discern well the different Characters

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## Book XXIV. TELEMACHUS. 261

ractions and Inclinations of each Man's Spirit; to make a prudent Choice, and to apply them according to their several Talents; but I want to know how to acquire this Skill in Men.

To this *Mentor* answer'd, you must study Men, if you would know them; and in order to know them, you must (a) converse with them. Kings ought to have frequent converse with their Subjects, to make them talk, to consult them, to make Trial of them by small Employments, that they may thereby know whether they are capable of higher Functions. How, my dear *Telemachus*, did you in *Ithaca* attain your skill in Horses? It was by often seeing them, and by observing their Faults and their Perfections, in Company with Men that had Experience in them: Just so you should be often talking of the good and bad Qualities of Men, and make this the Subject of your Discourse, with other wise and virtuous Persons, who have long study'd their Characters; you will insensibly learn what they are fit for, and what you may expect from them. Who is it that taught you how to know good and bad Poets? It was frequent Reading and Reflection with such Persons as had a true Taste that Way. Who is it that procur'd you that Judgment in Musick? It was the same Application of Mind in observing excellent Musicians. How can any one hope to govern Men well, if he

(a) What must we think of those Oriental Princes, who, in order to render Themselves more venerable and awful, do as it were imprison Themselves in their

Palaces, from whence if they ever stir out, it is only to receive a sort of Adoration? Is it because they rather chuse to be the Idols than the Kings of their People?



does not know them? And how should he know them if he does not converse with them? To see them in Publick is not conversing with them; for on such Occasions there is nothing said on either Side but Things indifferent and prepar'd with Art. The Business is to converse with them in Private, to fish up from the Bottom of their Souls all the secret Springs that lie lurking there; to feel them on every Side, and to sound their Maxims thoroughly. But in order to judge well of Men, you must first apply yourself to know what they ought to be: You should know what true and solid Merit is, that you may discriminate such as have it from such as have it not. Men are continually talking of Merit and of Virtue, without knowing well what Virtue and Merit are. They are only fine Words, indetermin'd Phrases in the Mouths of most of those who are proud of repeating them every Minute. You must be furnish'd with certain Principles of Justice, Reason and Virtue, whereby to know who are reasonable and virtuous: You must be acquainted with the Maxims of a good and wise Government, that you may discern the Men who act by these Maxims, from those who depart from them thro' a false Subtilty: In a word, to take the Dimensions of many Bodies one ought to have a fix'd Measure; and, in like manner, to form a right Judgment, a Man ought to have certain Principles, to which all is reducible: He ought to know exactly what is the Design of human Life, and what End ought to be propos'd in governing Mankind. This sole and essential Aim is for a Man never to desire Authority and

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and Grandeur for his own (a) Sake, (which only tends to gratify a Tyrannical Pride) but to sacrifice himself to the infinite Cares of Government, in order to render Men good and happy; otherwise he walks in the dark and in an uncertainty all the whole Course of his Life: He goes like a Ship adrift in the open Sea without a Pilot, and without consulting the Stars, and without knowing any of the neighbouring Coasts, and therefore cannot avoid being wreck'd.

Oftentimes Princes, for want of knowing wherein true Virtue consists, are ignorant of what they ought to look for in Men: True Virtue, they think, has something in it that is rough, austere, and foreign to them; this frightens and sours them, and so they turn themselves toward Flattery, and from that Time they can no longer find either Sincerity or Virtue; ever afterwards they pursue a vain Shadow of false Glory, which makes them unworthy of the true; they soon get a Custom of believing there is no such Thing as true Virtue upon Earth; for tho' good Men very well know ill Men, yet ill Men cannot discern the Good, nor bring themselves to believe there are any such in the World. Princes of this Character can do nothing but distrust every Body alike; they hide themselves, lock themselves up, are jealous upon the least Trifle; they are afraid of Mankind, and Mankind is afraid of them; they fly the Light, and dare not appear in

(a) *The Shepherd is only for his Sheep, the Master only for his Scholars, says Plautus, and from thence con-*

cludes that the King is made for the Subjects, and not the Subjects for the King.

their natural Condition; tho' they desire not to be known, they can't help being so; for the malicious Curiosity of their Subject dives into and guesses at every Thing; but they themselves know no Body. The selfish Crew that besieges them are overjoy'd to see them inaccessible to others: Kings that are inaccessible to Men are also inaccessible to Truth. Those about 'em take extreme Delight in blackening, by infamous Reports, and driving from the Court every Thing that is capable of opening the Prince's Eyes.

Such Kings pass their Lives in a savage unhuman kind of Grandeur; and being incessantly afraid of Imposture, they are always sure to be inevitably impos'd upon, and deserve to be so. When one speaks only to a small Number of People, one is liable to receive all their Prejudices and Passions. Good Men themselves have their Failings and Prejudices. A Prince is at the Mercy of Tale-bearers, a vile and malignant Tribe of Men, whose Food is Venom, and who poison the most innocent Things; they make Mountains of Mole-hills; they will invent Mischiefs if none is ready made to their Hands; they, for their own Interest, play with the Diffidence and unbecoming Curiosity of a weak and jealous Prince.

Therefore O my dear *Telemachus*, study Men, examine them, make them talk one of another, try them gradually, but be not implicitly sway'd by any; make Improvement of your Experience, when you happen at any Time to be deceiv'd in your Judgment, for you will infallibly be deceiv'd sometimes; let that be a Lesson to you not to judge too hastily

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ly of any one, either well or ill, for both Mistakes are very dangerous: The Wicked are too subtle and deep not to surprise the Good by their specious Pretences. Thus your past Errors will afford you very useful Instructions. When you find any Man has a peculiar Talent and is withal virtuous, make use of him without Reserve; for Men of Honour love to have their Integrity taken notice of; they are fonder of Esteem and Confidence than Riches. But take care you do not spoil them by giving them an unbounded Power. Many a one has lost his Virtue, because his Master heap'd on him too much Authority and Wealth: He who is so much belov'd of the Gods, as to find in a whole Kingdom two or three true Friends, Men of solid Wisdom, stanch Virtue, will soon by their Means find other Persons that resemble them, to fill up inferior Places. Thus a Prince may, by a few good Men whom he can trust, learn what he cannot of himself discern in other Men.

But is it adviseable, said *Telemachus*, to employ ill Men that have Abilities and a Talent for Business, as I have often heard say it is? There is, said *Mentor*, oftentimes a Necessity to make use of them. When a Nation's in a Ferment and Disorder, there are often found crafty Knaves in Authority: They are possess'd of considerable Posts, which they cannot be easily put out of; they have acquir'd the Confidence of certain powerful Persons, who must be humour'd: Nay, these very wicked Men themselves must be humour'd; because they are dreaded and have it in their Power to raise Disturbances at pleasure. Tis proper therefore



therefore to continue them for a Time, but still with a Design to render them useless by degrees. As for real and intimate Confidence, beware of ever reposing it in them, for they may abuse it and hold you fast (in spite of all you can do) by the Secrets you have committed to them; a Chain more hard to be broken than any made of Iron! Send them upon Negotiations that are only temporary, be civil to them, engage them to be faithful to you, by seeming to indulge even their Passions, for you will never hold them by any other Handle; but do not let them into your more secret Deliberations; have some Engine always ready to move them at your Pleasure, but never commit to them the Key either of your Heart or of your Affairs. When a State comes to be settled, and is under the Conduct of wise and good Men whom you may depend upon, those ill Men that you are forc'd to employ, will by degrees become useless, (a) and even then you should not discontinue to treat them well; for you should never be ungrateful even to ill Men: But at the same time that you shew them Civilities, you should endeavour to make them good; and while you connive at their Faults as human Frailties, you ought not to let pass unpunish'd the Evils they would openly commit if they were let alone. After all, there is an Evil in the very Good that is done by ill Men,

(a) This is one of the greatest Advantages of Peace; at the same time that it settles a Prince firmly on his Throne, it puts him in a Condition to make a free

use of his Sceptre (Prerogative:) But in a civil War, says *Homer*, Bad Men run away with all the Possa of Profit and Honour.

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and tho' this Evil often becomes inevitable, you should however endeavour by degrees to put a Stop to it. A wise Prince, who aims at good Order and Justice in all his Views, will in Time be able to lay aside corrupt and fraudulent Men, and to do his Business without them: He will find enow good Men of a sufficient Capacity to serve him.

But it is not enough for him to find good Subjects in a Nation; he should form such himself. This, answer'd *Telemachus*, must be attended with great Difficulties. Far otherwise, reply'd *Mentor*; your Application and Diligence in looking out for Men of Abilities and Virtue, in order to make their Fortunes, will be a Spur to all such as have a Talent and a Spirit; so that they will all strive to recommend themselves to your Notice. How many Men are there that languish in an obscure and unactive Life, who would become great Men were they excited by Emulation and Hope of Success, to exert themselves in Business? How many Men are there, whose Misery and Incapacity to raise themselves by their Virtue, tempt them to do it by criminal Methods? If therefore you annex Rewards and Honours to Genius and Virtue, how many good Subjects will form themselves and produce to publick View their several Merits? But how many will You form, in making them ascend Step by Step from the lowest to the highest Employments? You will hereby exercise their Talents, you will fathom the Depth of their Understanding and discover the Sincerity of their Virtue. Those that shall rise to the highest Places will be such as have been brought up in the lowest ones

ones under your own Eye. You will have follow'd them, Step by Step, through the whole course of their Lives. You will thereby be able to judge of them, not by their Words, but by the series of their Actions.

While *Mentor* was reasoning thus with *Telemachus*, they perceiv'd a *Pheacian* Ship, that had put in at a small Island that was desolate and wild and surrounded with frightful Rocks. And now the Winds were hush'd; even the gentle *Zephyrs* seem'd to hold their Breath; the whole Sea became smooth like a Looking-glass; the flagging Sails could no longer give Life to the Vessel; and the Rowers were so fatigu'd they could scarce make any Riddance; so that they were under a Necessity of Landing in this Island, which was, indeed, rather a prodigious Rock than a habitable Place; in other Weather, less calm, there would be no approaching it without the greatest Danger. Those *Pheacians*, who waited for the Wind, appear'd no less impatient than the *Salentines* to prosecute their Voyage. *Telemachus* advances towards them upon this craggy Shore; he asks the first he meets, whether he had not seen *Ulysses*, King of *Ithaca*, in the Royal Palace of *Alcinous*.

The Person he thus accidentally accosted was not a *Pheacian*, but an unknown Stranger, who had a majestick Air, but withal sad and disconsolate: He seem'd to be full of Thought, and scarce heard *Telemachus's* Question at first, but at length he made this Reply, You are not mistaken; *Ulysses* has been receiv'd by King *Alcinous*, as being in a Place where *Jupiter* is fear'd, and Hospitality exercised; but he is not there now, and therefore

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it would be in vain for you to look for him; he is gone to see *Ithaca* again, if the appeas'd Deities will at last suffer him once again to salute his Domestick Gods. Scarce had the Stranger pronounc'd these melancholy Words, but he fled into a little Thicket that was on the Top of the Rock, from whence he, with a sad Aspect, view'd the watry Deep, flying from all the Men he saw, and seeming troubled that he could not get away. *Telemachus* look'd wistfully on him, and the more he look'd, the more he was mov'd and astonish'd. This unknown Person, said he to *Mentor*, has answer'd me like one that is full of Pain and Anxiety, and hears with Uneasiness every Thing that is said to him: I pity the Unfortunate, ever since I was so myself, and I find my Heart strongly bias'd to this Man, tho' I know not why: He was not over-courteous to me, scarce wou'd he vouchsafe to hearken to me or answer me, and yet I can't help wishing that his Troubles had an End. *Mentor* with a Smile reply'd, you see what the Misfortunes of Life are good for; they take down the Pride of Princes, and render them sensible of other Mens Afflictions. When they have, indeed, tasted nothing but the sweet Poison of Prosperity, they fancy themselves to be Gods; Mountains must become Plains to gratify their Humour; they look upon Men as nothing: They are for sporting with the whole Frame of Nature. When they hear any one speak of Suffering, they know not what it means, 'tis all a Dream to Them; they never saw the Difference between Good and Evil. Nothing but Misfortune can give them Humanity, and change their



their Hearts of Flint into Hearts of Flesh; then they find they are but Men themselves, and are taught to be tender of other Men, who are like themselves. If your Heart is mov'd with so much Pity for a Stranger, because you find him wandering on the Shore like your self, how much more Compassion ought you to have for the People of *Ithaca*, if you shall hereafter see them suffer! That People whom the Gods will commit to you as a Flock to a Shepherd, will perhaps become miserable thro' your Ambition, or Pride, or Imprudence; for a Nation never suffers but through the Misdeeds or Defects of their Kings, who ought to watch over them, to secure them from Misery.

While *Mentor* was speaking thus, *Telemachus* was swallow'd up with Trouble, and, after a while, with some emotion, reply'd, If all this be true, the Condition of a King is very miserable: He is a Slave to all those he seems to command; he is not so much made to command them as he is to serve them; he owes himself entirely to them; he is burthen'd with all their Cares; he is every Man's Man; he must comply with their Weaknesses, correct them like a Father, render them wise and happy: The Authority he seems to have is not his own: He can do nothing, either for his own Glory or Pleasure; his Authority is that of the Laws, which he must obey himself, to set an Example to his Subjects; properly speaking, he is only the Defender of the Laws to make Them reign: He must watch and labour to maintain those Laws; he has the least Liberty and Repose of any Man in his Kingdom.

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He is a Slave that sacrifices his own Repose and Liberty for the sake of the publick Liberty and Felicity.

It is very true, reply'd *Mentor*, a King is made a King only to take care of his People, as a Shepherd does of his Flock, or a Father does of his Family. But, my dear *Telemachus*, do you think him unhappy for having so much Good to do to so many People: He restrains ill Men by Punishments, encourages the Good by Rewards; he represents the Gods, in thus conducting all Mankind to Virtue. Has he not Glory enough in causing the Laws to be observ'd? That of Setting himself above the Laws is but a false Glory, and breeds nothing but Horror and Contempt: If he is a vicious Man, he cannot but be miserable; for he can find no Tranquillity amidst his Passions, and in his Vanity: If he be a good Man, he tastes the purest and most substantial of all Pleasures, in labouring the Cause of Virtue, and thereby expecting from the Gods an everlasting Recompence.

*Telemachus*, whose Mind was troubled with a secret Uneasiness, seem'd never before to have comprehended these Maxims, tho' he was full of them, and had himself taught them to others. A sullen Humour gave him a Spirit of Contradiction and Subtilty, contrary to his true Sentiments, and made him reject the Truths which *Mentor* explain'd to him.

*Telemachus* oppos'd to these Reasons the Ingratitude of Men. What! said he, to take so much Pains to endear ones self to those Men, who, perhaps, will never love us, and  
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to shew Kindness to such worthless Wretches as will make use of the very Favours they have receiv'd, to do us a Mischief! *Mentor* answer'd, You must reckon upon meeting with Ingratitude from Men, and yet you must not omit to do them Good; you ought to serve them, not so much for their own Sake, as out of Love to the Gods who command it: The Good that is done is never lost; if Men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it; besides, if the Bulk of Mankind is ungrateful, there are always some virtuous Men, upon whom your Virtue will make an Impression; nay, the very Multitude, as fickle and capricious as they are, never fail sooner or later, to do some Kind of Justice to Men of real Virtue. But would you hinder Men from being ungrateful? Do not solely apply your self to render them powerful, rich, formidable in Arms, happy in Pleasures: Such Glory, such Plenty, such Pleasures, corrupts them; it makes them but the more wicked, and, consequently, the more ungrateful. 'Tis making them a fatal Present, 'tis offering them a pleasing Poison. But apply your self to reform their Manners, to instil into them Justice, Sincerity, Fear of the Gods, Humanity, Fidelity, Moderation, Disinterestedness. In making them Good, you will prevent their being Ungrateful (a) You will give them the true Good, namely, Virtue; and Virtue, if it be solid, will always engage them to him who shall have inspir'd

(a) It is *Socrates's* Thought handed down to us by *Xenophon*; Take effectual Pains to make Men Virtuous, and you'll never have any cause to complain of their Ingratitude, said that Philosopher.

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them with it. Thus by giving them the true Good, you will do good to your self, and be freed from all Fear of meeting with Ingratitude. Is it to be wonder'd at that Men should prove ungrateful to such Princes as never exercised them in any thing but Injustice, boundless Ambition, Jealousy against their Neighbours, Hard-heartedness, Pride, and Insincerity? As a Prince has taught them, so he must expect to find them, and no otherwise. But if, on the contrary, he has labour'd, by his own Example, as well as Authority, to render them good, he will find the Fruit of his Labour in their Virtue, or, at least, he will find in his own, and in the Friendship of the Gods, sufficient Matter of Consolation for all his Disappointments.

Scarce was this Discourse ended, but *Telemachus* advanc'd with Impatience towards the (a) *Pheacians* belonging to the Ship which lay upon the Shore. He address'd himself to an old Man among them, and ask'd from whence they came, whither they were going, and if they had not seen *Ulysses*? The old Man answer'd, We come from our Island, which is that of the *Pheacians*: We are going to fetch Merchandises from *Epirus*: *Ulysses*, as you have already been told, has been in our Country. But he is gone.

Who, adds *Telemachus* immediately, is that melancholy Man that seeks out the most so-

(a) It was in the Island of the *Pheacians* that *Ulysses* took Shipping in order to return to *Ithaca*. This Poem is, as it were, enchas'd into the *Odyssey*. The Author

could not more happily have follow'd the Rule laid down by *Horace* in his Art of Poetry, as to his Choice of a Fable.



litary Places, while he waits for the Departure of your Ship? That, replies the old Man, is a Stranger, who is unknown to us; but they say his Name is *Cleomenes*; that he is a Native of *Phrygia*; that an Oracle foretold to his Mother, before his Birth, that he should come to be a King, provided he did not stay in his own Country; and that if he did stay there, the Wrath of the Gods should fall upon the *Phrygians* in a dreadful Plague.

As soon as he was born, his Parents gave him to some Mariners, who carry'd him into the Island of *Lesbos*. There he was bred up in private, at the Charge of his Country, whose Interest it was so much that he should never come Home again. He soon grew tall, strong, agreeable, and expert at all the Exercises of the Body. He even apply'd himself with a great deal of Taste and Genius to the Sciences and liberal Arts; but no Country would suffer him to stay among them.

The Prediction concerning him became famous. He was quickly known where-ever he went. In all Parts the Kings were afraid he should rob them of their Diadems. Thus he has wander'd from his Youth, and can find no Spot of Earth where he may have Leave to fix. He has often gone to Nations very remote from his own, but he is scarce arriv'd in any City before his Birth is discover'd, and the Oracle relating to him. It is in vain that he conceals himself, and chuses in every Place some obscure Kind of Life; his Talents always shine out, it's said, in spite of himself, either for War, or for Letters, or

for the most important Affairs. In every Country there always offers some unforeseen Occasion that draws him out, and shews him to the Publick. His Merit is all his Misfortune. That makes him terrible, and shuts him out from all the Countries where he would reside. It is his Fate to be esteem'd, belov'd, admired every where, and at the same Time to be thrown out of all the known Parts of the Earth.

He can now no longer be call'd young, and nevertheless he has not yet been able to find any Coast, either of *Asia* or of *Greece*, where they would suffer him to live in any Repose. He seems to be without Ambition, and desires no Splendor of Fortune. He would think himself exceeding happy if the Oracle had never promised him Royalty. He has now no Hopes left of ever revisiting his own Country, for he knows he should only carry Mourning and Tears into every Family. The Royalty it self for which he suffers is not at all desirable in his Eyes: Yet, contrary to his own Inclination, he is forc'd, by a cruel Fatality, to pursue it from Kingdom to Kingdom; and it seems to fly before him, to make Sport of this unhappy Man quite down to his old Age. Fatal Present of the Gods, which clouds his brightest Days, and brings him nothing but Uneasiness and Fatigue in old Age, when weak Man has need of Repose only!

He now says he is going to *Thrace*, to find out some savage and lawless People, whom he may assemble, reform, and govern for some few Years; after which, the Oracle being accomplish'd, there will be no Occasion to stand in Fear of him in the most flourishing Kingdoms.

doms. He then intends to retire at his Ease into some Village of *Caria*, and there give himself wholly up to Agriculture, which he passionately loves. He is a Man of great Wisdom and Moderation, he fears the Gods, has a thorough Knowledge of Men, and knows how to live quietly with them, without esteeming them. This is what we are told of this Stranger, whose Adventures you are so desirous to be acquainted with.

While they were thus conversing, *Telemachus* often turns his Eyes towards the Sea, which began to be in a Ferment; the Winds heav'd up the Waves, which came dashing against the Rocks, and whitening them with their Foam: Upon this the old Man says to *Telemachus*, I must depart. My Companions cannot stay for me. Saying these Words, he runs towards the Shore; the *Pheacians* embark; a confused Noise is heard on the Shore, occasion'd by the Eagerness of the Mariners to put to Sea.

That unknown Person, named *Cleomenes*, had been wandering some Time up and down the Island, climbing to the Top of every Rock, and from thence surveying the immense Space of the Seas, with a profound Dejection of Mind. *Telemachus* had not lost Sight of him, but watch'd every Step he took. His Heart was melted with Pity for a virtuous Man, wandering, unhappy, decreed for the greatest Things, and yet serving for the Sport of a rigorous Fortune far from his native Country. At least, says he to himself, it is probable I may once more see *Ithaca* again: But this *Cleomenes* can never return to *Phrygia*. The Example of a Man yet more unfor-

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unfortunate than himself mitigated the Grief of *Telemachus*.

After a while, this Man seeing his Ship ready to set Sail, descended from those sharp-pointed Rocks, with as much Speed and Agility as *Apollo* in the Forests of *Lycia*, when having ty'd up his flaxen Locks, he scours over the Precipices in Chace of the Stags and wild Boars. And now this unknown Person is embarked, his Ship cuts its Way thro' the brackish Flood, and flies from the lessening Shore.

And now a secret Impression of Grief seizes *Telemachus's* Heart; he is uneasy without knowing why: Tears trickle down his Face, and nothing is so pleasant to him as Weeping. At the same time he sees all the *Salentine* Mariners fast asleep on the Grass; they were weary and depress'd; gentle Repose had insinuated it self into all their Limbs, and all the humid Poppies of the Night were, by *Minerva's* Power, strew'd upon them in the Middle of the Day. *Telemachus* is astonished to see this universal Drowsiness of the *Salentines*, while the *Pheacians* were so diligent to improve the Opportunity of a fair Wind; but he is yet more mindful to view the *Pheacian* Ship that is ready to put to Sea, than to go to wake the *Salentines*. Some unaccountable Attractive fasten'd his Eyes to that Ship, which was now departed; and of which he can now see nothing but the Sails, which cast a glimmering Whiteness from the azure Deep; nay he is so intent that he does not hear *Mentor* speak to him; he is in an Extasy, like that of the *Menades*, when they hold the *Thyrus* in their Hands, and make



their frantick Shouts resound from the Banks of the *Hebrus* and the Mountains of *Rhodope* and *Ismarus*.

At last he began to come out of this sort of Enchantment, and the Tears again roll'd down from his Eyes. Upon this, says *Mentor* to him, I do not wonder, my dear *Telemachus*, to see you weep; tho' the Cause of your Sorrow is unknown to you, it is not so to *Mentor*; it is the Voice, the Operation of Nature, 'tis she that melts your Heart. The Stranger who gave you so lively an Emotion, is no other than the great *Ulysses*. What the old *Pheacian* related to you of him, under the Name of *Cleomenes*, is nothing but a Fiction, invented the better to conceal your Father's Return into his Kingdom. He is going to *Ithaca*, and is already very near the Harbour, and at last sees again that long-desired Place. Your Eyes have seen him, as was formerly foretold you should, but without knowing him: You shall soon see him and know him, and he shall know you; but the Gods did not allow that That should be done out of *Ithaca*: His Heart felt no less Perturbation than yours; but he is too wise to discover himself to any Mortal in a Place where he might be expos'd to the Treachery and the Insults of *Penelope's* cruel Lovers. *Ulysses*, your Father, is the wisest of all Men; his Heart is like a deep Well; his Secrets are not to be drawn out of him. He loves Truth, and never speaks any Thing that offends against it; but he never speaks it unless there be Occasion: Wisdom, like a Seal, always keeps his Lips shut from uttering any unnecessary Words. How often was he disorder'd in speaking to you! How

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often did he do violence to himself to avoid your knowing him! What Anguish did he not feel in seeing you! And this was the Cause of his Melancholy and Sadness.

During this Discourse *Telemachus* dissolved into Tears; deep interrupting Sobs hinder'd him at first from making any Answer. After a while he burst out into these Words, Alas! my dear *Mentor*, I found something nameless in that Stranger, that strongly engaged me to him, and made a Yearning in all my Bowels. But why did you not tell me before he went away, that it was *Ulysses*, seeing you knew him? Why did you let him go without speaking to him, and without intimating that you knew him? What is the Mystery of this? Am I always to be unhappy! Will the incens'd Gods for ever hold me like thirsty *Tantalus*, whose greedy Lips are still amus'd by the fugitive deceitful Water? O *Ulysses*, *Ulysses*, have you escaped me for ever? O I shall never see him more; he will fall into the Ambuscades that *Penelope's* Lovers have prepar'd for him: O had I follow'd him, then at least I had died with him! O *Ulysses*, *Ulysses*, even tho' you escape the Fury of a fresh Storm, (for I have every Thing to fear from adverse Fortune) I tremble, lest when you arrive at *Ithaca*, you should meet with the same sad Fate as *Agamemnon* did at *Mycenæ*. But why, dear *Mentor*, did you envy my Happiness? I should now have been embracing him; I should have been already with him in the Port of *Ithaca*, and we should have fought together to conquer all our Enemies. *Mentor* reply'd, smiling, See, my dear *Telemachus*, how the Mind of Man is formed.

You are in the utmost Dejection and Grief because you saw your Father without knowing him. What would you have given but Yesterday to have been certain that he was not dead? Now you are assured of that Point by the Testimony of your own Eyes; and this Assurance, which ought to give you infinite Pleasure, leaves you in Sorrow. Thus the froward Heart of Mortals always looks upon that as nothing, which it most desired, as soon as ever it is in Possession of it; and is ingenious to torment itself, because it does not continue to possess it. It is to exercise your Patience that the Gods hold you thus in Suspence. You look upon this Time as lost; but know that it is the most useful Part of your Life; These Troubles serve to exercise you in the most necessary of all Virtues for those that are to command others. We must be patient if we would acquire the Mastery of our selves and of others. Impatience, which seems to be the Vivacity and Strength of the Soul, is only its Weakness and Impotence to suffer Pain. He that cannot wait and suffer, is like one that cannot keep a Secret; both of them want Firmness of Mind to contain themselves, as a Man that runs a Race in a Chariot, and has not a Hand strong enough to stop at proper Times his fiery Coursers: They cease to obey the Bridle, they run headlong down a Precipice, and the weak Man, whom they run away with, is dash'd in pieces by the Fall. Thus an impatient Man, by his wild ungovernable Appetites, is flung into an Abyss of Misfortunes; the more absolute his Authority is, the more fatal to himself is his Impatience: He will not wait;

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wait; he will not give himself Time to measure any Thing; he forces all Things to gratify his Wishes; he tears off the Boughs to gather the Fruit before it is ripe; he breaks down the Gates rather than stay till they are open'd; he will needs be reaping when the wise Husbandman is but sowing; all he does in haste and preposterously is ill done, and can have no longer Duration than his fickle Fancy. Such are the senseless Projects of a Man who thinks he is able to do every thing, and who gives the Reins to his fickle Desires, in the Abuse of his Power. 'Tis to teach you to be patient, my dear *Telemachus*, that the Gods thus exercise your Patience, and seem to make their Sport of you in the wandering Life wherein they still detain you. The Blessings you hope for, just shew themselves to you, and then fly away like an airy Dream, which vanishes as soon as a Man awakes: And this is done to instruct you that the very Things you fancy you hold fast in your Hands, may escape from you in an Instant. The wisest Lessons you can have from the Mouth of *Ulysses*, will not be so useful to you as his long Absence and the Sufferings you have gone thro' in seeking him.

Then *Mentor* was resolv'd to put *Telemachus's* Patience to one more Trial, greater than the last. Just as the young Man was going to hasten the Mariners, with a strong Desire to depart, *Mentor* stopp'd him short, and engaged him to make upon the Shore a Sacrifice to *Minerva*. *Telemachus*, with great Docility, does what *Mentor* orders. They raise two Altars of Turf; the Incense smokes; the Blood of the Victims flows: *Telemachus* breathes



breathes forth tender Sighs towards Heaven; he acknowledges the powerful Protection of the Goddess. Scarce is the Sacrifice ended, but he follows *Mentor* into the dusky Paths of a little neighbouring Wood. There, he of a sudden perceives the Countenance of his Friend assume a new Form. The Wrinkles of his Forehead disappear'd, as the Shades of Night vanish, when the rosy-finger'd Morn unbars the Gates of the Orient, and inflames the whole Horizon. His hollow and severe Eyes were turned to a celestial Blue, and fill'd with divine Fire. His grisly undress'd Beard was no longer seen. Noble and majestic Lineaments, mix'd with Sweetness and Grace, presented themselves to the Eyes of the astonish'd *Telemachus*. He saw a Woman's Countenance, with a Complexion finer than that of a tender Flower just opening to the Sun: He saw thereon the Lily's Whiteness mix'd with the blooming Rose's Vermilion. All over her Face flourishes an eternal Youth, majestically plain and unaffected. An ambrosial Odour diffuses it self from her flowing Tresses. Her Garment glitters like those lively Colours with which the Sun, when he rises, paints the dusky Arches of Heaven, and the Clouds that he has just been gilding. This Deity does not touch the Ground with her Foot, but shoots fleeting thro' the Air, as a Bird cleaves it with his Wings. In her strong Hand she holds a brilliant Spear, capable of striking Terror into the most warlike Cities and Nations. *Mars* himself would have trembled at it: Her Voice is sweet and mild, but commanding and insinuating. Her every Word is like a fiery Dart that pierc'd *Telemachus's* Soul,

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Vol. II.

Book XXIV.

pag. 283.



*Minerva quits the Shape of Mentor & leaves Telemachus*



## Book

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Soul, and makes him feel an unaccountable kind of delicious Pain. Upon her Helmet appears the solitary Bird of *Athens*, and upon her Breast there glitters the formidable *Egis*. By these Badges *Telemachus* knows *Minerva*.

O Goddesses said he, (a) 'tis You, 'tis You your self, who have vouchsafed to conduct the Son of *Ulysses*, for his Father's Sake! — he would have gone on, but his Voice fail'd him; his Lips made fruitless Offers to utter the Thoughts that came crowding from the Depth of his Heart. The Presence of a Deity overcame him, so that he was like a Man who in a Dream is so overcharg'd as to lose his Respiration, and cannot form a Word for the violent Agitation of his Lips.

At length *Minerva* pronounc'd these Words: Son of *Ulysses*, hearken to me for this last Time. I never instructed any Mortal with so much Care as I have done you. I have led you by the Hand through Shipwrecks, unknown Countries, bloody Wars, and all the Evils that can try the Heart of Man. I have shewn you by plain Examples the true and false Maxims of Government. Your Misdeeds have been no less useful to you than your Misfortunes; for what Man can govern wisely if he has never suffered any Hardship, or has never made any Advantage of the Suffer-

(a) The Death of *Hector* in the *Iliad*, and that of *Tur-nus* in the *Aeneid*, puts an end to the Action without putting an end to the Reader's Curiosity, which seems

not to be intirely satisfied. But in this Poem of *Telemachus* we have nothing more of the Marvellous to expect after the disappearing of the Goddesses.



ings into which his Faults have precipitated him? You, as well as your Father, have fill'd Sea and Land with your disastrous Adventures: Go, you are now worthy to tread in his Steps. All that remains for you, is a short and easy Passage to *Ithaca*, where your Father is this very Moment landing. Go fight under him and pay him the same Obedience as the meanest of his Subjects, to whom be you yourself an Example. He will procure *Antiope* to be your Bride, and you shall be happy with her, because you sought her for her Prudence and her Virtue more than her Beauty. When you come to reign, place your whole Glory in renewing the Golden Age. Hear every Body. Trust but a few. Have a care of trusting your own self too much: Fear to deceive yourself, but never fear to let others see that you have been mistaken. Love your People, and omit nothing to gain their Loves. Fear is necessary where Love is wanting; but it should always be made use of with Unwillingness, as violent and dangerous Remedies are. Ever consider at a distance all the Consequences of what you are about to undertake; endeavour to foresee the most terrible Inconveniencies, and know that true Courage consists in looking all Dangers in the Face, and in despising them when once they become necessary. He that is unwilling to see them, has not Courage enough to bear the Sight of them unconcern'd. He that sees them all, and avoids such of them as are avoidable, and makes Head against the rest without any Perturbation of Mind, is the only wise and magnanimous Man. Avoid Ease, Sloth, Pride, and Profusion: Place your Glory in Simplicity;

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let your Virtues and good Works be the Ornaments of your Person and Palace; let them be your Life-Guards, and let all the World learn from You wherein true Happiness consists: Never forget that Kings are not Kings for their own Glory, but for the Benefit of their People; the Good they do descends to the most distant Ages, and the Evil they do multiplies from Generation to Generation, even to the most remote Posterity. One ill Reign is sometimes the Occasion of the Calamity of several Ages. Above all, be upon the Guard against your own Humour: She is an Enemy that you will always carry about you to your Tomb. She will enter into your Counsels, and betray you if you hearken to her. Humour makes Men lose the most happy Opportunities. She gives them Childish Inclinations and Aversions, to the Prejudice of their greatest Interests. She makes them determine the most important Affairs upon the slightest Reasons. She hides every Talent, lessens the Courage, makes a Man unequal, weak, vile, and insupportable. Have a care of this Enemy. Fear the Gods, O *Telemachus*; this Fear is the most valuable Treasure of the Heart of Man; you will find it accompany'd with Wisdom, Justice, Peace, Joy, refin'd Pleasure, true Liberty, delicious Plenty, and unblemish'd Glory.

I now leave you, O Son of *Ulysses*; but my Wisdom shall never leave you, provided you always remain sensible that you can do nothing without it. 'Tis time you now learn to go alone: I parted from you in *Ægypt*

gypt and at *Salentum*, only to habituate you to be without my Company, as they wean Children when it is Time to give them solid Food in Exchange for Milk.

No sooner had the Goddess made an End of her Speech, but she sprung into the Air, and mantled herself with a Cloud of Gold and Azure, in which she disappear'd. *Telemachus* sigh'd, was astonish'd, and transport-ed beyond himself: Prostrate on the Ground he rais'd his Hands to Heaven: Afterwards he went and waked his Companions, hasten'd away, and arrived at *Ithaca*, where he finds again and knows his Father in the House of the faithful *Eumæus*.

*The End of Telemachus.*



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N. B. That this Edition of *Telemachus* may be as complete as possible, I have subjoin'd an Ode, which the incomparable Author wrote in his Youth. Such as understand the Original, which is here likewise added, will see his natural Talent for Versification: Such as do not, will see, in my Translation, the sense of the Ode, giving a Description of a Rural Retreat which pleased the Author above all Things in the World.

# O D E.

## I.



*E \*Mountains, who audaciously aspire  
Above the Atmosphere, who push to  
Heav'n*

*Your Fronts of everlasting Snow, up-  
holding*

*The Mansion of the Gods: Beneath your hoary  
Heads,*

*But far above the Clouds, I cull each Flower,*

*The various Product of the painted Spring;*

*Whilst at my Feet, I hear the Thunder grumbling  
At Mortals, and a thousand falling Torrents.*

## II.

*Like to the Hills of Thrace, which daring Giants  
Pi'd upon other Hills, to scale the Skies,*

\* The Mountains of *Auvergne* (in France) where the Author was in his Youth.

*Your*



*Your Summits are the Fields which bear more  
Hills,  
And rising by degrees with their proud Heads,  
Defy the Rage of all the Winds conspiring.*

## III.

*Soon as Aurora, rosy-finger'd, gilds  
These verdant Mountains with her sparkling Fires,  
The Lambkins baaing, wander o'er the Pasture,  
The Day advances; now the gloomy Groves,  
Planted along the Streams and gently stirr'd  
By Zephyrs, lull the Shepherds and the Flocks  
To Sleep, amidst the purling of the Waters.*

## IV.

*But in this rude uncultivated Landſcape,  
Where All is odd, capricious, wildly pretty,  
And of a savage Beauty; nothing feasts  
My Eyes with thoſe lov'd Banks my River waſhes,  
A River, where the Wind does never dare  
To ruffle its leaſt Wave, where Heav'n ſerene  
Gives us the Spring next after Autumn, leaving  
No room for Winter; melancholy Season.*

## V.

*Thou \* Solitude where nought is heard, no  
Noiſe  
But what the River makes with its clear Wave,  
Which falls and foams, and vaniſhes away:  
And where two Iſlands, happier far than Thoſe  
Call'd Fortunate, with verdant Branches crown'd,*

\* *Carena*, a ſmall Abbey which he then had, on the River *Dordogne*.

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*Furnish whate'er can satisfy the Eye,  
Or captivate the Heart——Blest Solitude,  
Why can't I sing Thee as I ought, O why  
Not sound thy Praises with the Chant of Gods!*

## VI.

*The gentle Breath of Zephyr, which reveres  
Our Shrubs and Bushes, on the Plain's broad  
Back,  
Makes the brown Harvest wave, the golden Crop,  
With which propitious Ceres fills our Barns.  
Bacchus himself, presiding o'er the Vintage,  
Purples the Grape, and, from the Hill's Declension,  
Pours on the neighbouring Fields, Rivers of Wine.*

## VII.

*Beyond the Champain rich with Nature's Gifts,  
See Hills and Dales vanish in azur'd Deepnings,  
Whose Shape fantastic is the Sport of Nature:  
Whilst in the River's Crystal, as a Mirror,  
The Glories of th' Horizon are re-painted.*

## VIII.

*The Spring's Perfumes are join'd with Autumn's  
Fruits:  
A thousand hanging Festoons crown each Vine.  
The River loves the Meads, the Meads adorn  
The River's Channels in the flowry Isles:  
Its various Channels Here run noisy, rapid;  
There seem to sleep: All bathe the verdant Car-  
pet.*

## IX.

*Dancing on Violets the Shepherd blends  
His Voice with Sounds of Hautboys, Bagpipes,  
Flutes.*

*Care is expell'd from every Breast, ye Birds,  
By your harmonious Notes amidst the Boughs!  
Turtles and Pigeons, tender, plaintive, faithful,  
'Tis only You that grieve, lament and groan!*

## X.

*The tender springing Grass, at every Step,  
Offers me Beds of flowry fragrant Turf,  
While gentle Slumber's silken Folds involve  
My Senses and my Reason. To these Charms  
I yield my self a Captive. Of this Nectar  
I take such Draughts, the Gods are envious grown.  
Flatt'ring Court-Lyes, how nearly you resemble  
My Dreams, like Them deceitful, but less sweet!*

## XI.

*Safe from the low'ring Storm-portending Frowns  
Of Great Ones, I beneath these Thickets find  
Sure Cover from their Thunder. Here I learn  
To live: Here Book-less and Alone I draw  
Deep Truth from out her Well. Then History  
And Fable take their turns to dye my Mind  
With Tinctures of the Ancients, plain, ingenuous.*

## XII.

*The \*Wiseſt of the Greeks I ſee, deſerving  
A better Fate, toſt up and down by Fortune;*

\* Ulyſſes.

Calm

*Calm in his Shipwreck, circumspect in Port.  
 Victorious o'er the Storm, for his wild Country  
 He flies the Pleasures of the Great: Far better  
 Are all my Wishes bounded by the Stillness,  
 The Coolness and the Darkness of my Grove!*

## XIII.

*Remote from all Alarms, Here I enjoy  
 The happy leisure of the Sacred Nine:  
 Nothing exposes to the Noise of Arms  
 My Silence and my Pleasure: whilst my Heart,  
 Contented with my Lyre, no Honour seeks  
 But that of chanting forth so blest a State.  
 Away, Fallacious Fortune! far away,  
 Thou troublesome Court-Favour! What's the  
 World,  
 The universal World!—to Me 'tis Nothing.*

## XIV.

*Where'er I wander, and whatever Clime  
 I visit, this sweet Corner of the Earth,  
 Beyond compare, pleases my Mind the most  
 And ravishes my Eye. Here, here, to crown  
 My Life, the Hand of friendly Destiny  
 Shall spin my latest Day. Here, here my Ashes  
 Shall rest. And here will \*Thyrsis come and shed  
 Tears due to our reciprocal Affection.*

\* The Abbot de Langeron.

The End of the Ode.





# O D E

## I.



Montagnes \* de qui l'audace  
Va porter jusques aux Cieux  
Un front d'éternelle glace,  
Soutien du séjour des Dieux:  
Dessous vos têtes chenuës

Je cueille au dessus des nuës  
Toutes les fleurs du Printems.  
A mes pieds, contre la terre,  
J'entens gronder le tonnerre,  
Et tomber mille torrens.

## II.

Semblables aux Monts de Thrace,  
Qu'un Geant audacieux  
Sur les autres Monts entasse  
Pour escalader les Cieux,  
Vos sommets sont des Campagnes  
Qui portent d'autres montagnes,  
Et s'élevans par degrez  
De leurs orgueilleuses têtes  
Vont affronter les tempêtes  
De tous les vents conjurez.

## III.

Dès que la vermeille Aurore  
De ses feux étincelans

• Montagnes d'Auvergne où il étoit dans sa jeunesse.

Cet

\* C

Ces vertes montagnes dore,  
 Les tendres agneaux bélans  
 Errent dans les pâturages;  
 Bientôt les sombres bocages,  
 Plantez le long des ruisseaux,  
 Et que les Zephirs agitent,  
 Bergers & troupeaux invitent  
 A dormir au bruit des eaux.

## IV.

Mais dans ce rude paisage,  
 Où tout est capricieux  
 Et d'une beauté sauvage,  
 Rien ne rapelle à mes yeux  
 Les bords que mon Fleuve arrose,  
 Fleuve où jamais le vent n'ose  
 Les moindres flots soulever,  
 Où le ciel serain nous donne  
 Le Printems après l'Automne,  
 Sans laisser place à l'Hiver.

## V.

Solitude \* où la Riviere  
 Ne laisse entendre aucun bruit  
 Que celui d'une onde claire,  
 Qui tombe, écume & s'enfuit:  
 Où deux Iles fortunées,  
 De rameaux verts couronnées,  
 Font pour le charme des yeux  
 Tout ce que le cœur desire:  
 Que ne puis-je avec ma Lyre  
 Te chanter du chant des Dieux.

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## VI.

\* *Carena*, petite Abaïe sur la Dordogne, qu'il avoit à l'

## VI.

De Zephir la douce haleine,  
 Qui reveroit nos buissons,  
 Fait sur le dos de la plaine  
 Flotter les jaunes moissons,  
 Dont Cerès remplit nos granges.  
 Bacchus lui-même aux vendanges  
 Vient empourprer le raisin,  
 Et du panchant des collines  
 Sur les campagnes voisines  
 Verse des fleuves de vin.

## VII.

Je vois au bout des campagnes,  
 Pleines de fillons dorez,  
 S'enfuir vallons & montagnes  
 Dans des lointains azurez,  
 Dont la bizarre figure  
 Est un jeu de la nature.  
 Sur les rives du canal,  
 Comme en un miroir fidele,  
 L'Horison se renouvelle  
 Et se peint dans ce cristal.

## VIII.

Avec les fruits de l'Automne  
 Sont les parfums du Printems,  
 Et la vigne se couronne  
 De mille festons pendans.  
 Le fleuve aimant les prairies,  
 Qui dans les Iles fleuries

Ornent les canaux divers,  
Par des eaux, ici dormantes,  
Là rapides & bruiantes,  
En baigne les tapis verts.

## IX.

Dansant sur les violettes  
Le Berger mêle sa voix  
Avec le son des musettes,  
Des flutes & des haut-bois :  
Oiseaux, par votre ramage  
Tous fouscis dans ce bocage  
De tous cœurs sont éfacez.  
Colombes & tourterelles  
Tendres, plantives, fideles,  
Vous seules y gemissez.

## X.

Une herbe tendre & fleurie  
M'offre des lits de gazon,  
Une douce reverie  
Tient mes sens & ma raison.  
A ces charmes je me livre,  
De ce Nectar je m'enivre,  
Et les Dieux en sont jaloux ;  
De la Cour flatteurs mensonges  
Vous ressemblez a mes songes,  
Trompeurs comme eux, mais moins doux.

## XI.

A l'abri des noirs orages,  
Qui vont foudroier les Grands,  
Je trouve sous ces feuillages  
Un azile en tous les tems.



Là pour commencer à vivre  
 Je puise seul & sans livre  
 La profonde Vérité.  
 Puis la Fable avec l'Histoire  
 Viennent peindre à ma mémoire  
 L'ingenuë Antiquité.

## XII.

Des Grecs je voi le plus sage,  
 Jouët d'un indigne sort,  
 Tranquille dans son naufrage,  
 Et circonspect dans le port.  
 Vainqueur des vents en furie  
 Pour sa sauvage patrie,  
 Des Grands il fuit les plaisirs :  
 O combien de mon bocage  
 La calme, le frais, l'ombrage  
 Bornent mieux tous mes desirs !

## XIII.

Je goute loin des alarmes  
 Des Muses l'heureux loisir :  
 Rien n'expose au bruit des armes  
 Mon silence & mon plaisir.  
 Mon cœur content de ma lyre  
 A nul autre honneur n'aspire  
 Qu'à chanter un si doux bien.  
 Loin, loin trompeuse fortune,  
 Et toi faveur importune,  
 Le monde entier ne m'est rien.

## XIV.

## XIV.

En quelque climat que j'erre,  
Plus que tous les autres lieux,  
Cet heureux coin de la terre  
Me plaît & rit à mes yeux.  
Là pour couronner ma vie  
La main d'une parque amie  
Filera mon dernier jour.  
Là reposera ma cendre.  
Là Tyrfis \* viendra répandre  
Les pleurs dûs à notre amour.

\* Mr. l'Abbé de Langeron.

F I N.

7



Monſieur de Sacy, the Cenſor of  
*Books at Paris, his Approbation*  
*translated from the French, in*  
*which Language it is prefix'd to*  
*the laſt Paris Edition of Tele-*  
*machus.*

‘ I Have read by Command of my Lord  
 ‘ Chancellor, *The Adventures of Telema-*  
 ‘ chus, and am of Opinion, It not only de-  
 ‘ ſerves to be printed, but alſo to be  
 ‘ translated into every Language which is  
 ‘ ſpoken or underſtood by any Nation that  
 ‘ aſpires to be Happy. This Epic Poem, tho’  
 ‘ written in Proſe, leaves our Nation no  
 ‘ room to envy either the *Greeks* or *Romans*  
 ‘ upon the Poetical Score. The Fable of it  
 ‘ is not confined to the amuſing our Curioſi-  
 ‘ ty, or gratifying our Pride. The Narra-  
 ‘ tions, the Deſcriptions, the Connexions  
 ‘ and the Graces of Diſcourſe, charm the  
 ‘ Fancy without bewild’ring it: even the  
 ‘ longeſt Reflexions and Converſations in it  
 ‘ ſeem alway too ſhort to the Mind, which  
 ‘ they enlighten as much as they inchant.  
 ‘ Amidſt that vaſt Variety of Mens Charac-  
 ‘ ters which it contains, there’s not one but  
 ‘ what imprints on the Reader’s Heart, ei-  
 ‘ ther an Abhorrence of Vice, or a Love of  
 ‘ Virtue.

Virtue. The Mysteries of the soundest and  
safest Policy are therein laid open. The Pas-  
sions offer nothing to view but a Yoke  
equally dishonourable and fatal; the humane  
Offices and Duties are represented no less  
amiable than practicable. With *Telemachus*,  
we learn to stick inviolably to Religion,  
both in Adversity and Prosperity; to love  
our Parents and Country; to be a King,  
a Citizen, a Friend, nay even a Slave, if  
Fortune will have it so. With *Mentor*,  
we soon become just, humane, patient, sin-  
cere, discreet and modest. He speaks  
not a Word but what pleases, affects,  
moves, and persuades. It is impossible to  
hear him without Admiration, or to admire  
him without loving him much more.  
Happy, thrice Happy the Nation for whom  
this Work shall form a *Telemachus* and a  
*Mentor*!



THE



virtues. The Myths of the founders and  
most of the early history of the  
nation are nothing more than a  
series of legends and fables, the  
Officers and Directors are regarded as  
unimpeachable. With reference  
we learn to look implicitly to  
both in Liberty and Property to  
the Fathers and Congress to be a  
Christian Nation. It is the  
virtues of the founders that are  
the basis of our government and  
the source of our strength. It is  
the virtues of the founders that are  
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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*ARISTONOUS.*

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# ADVERTISEMENT

By the *Bookseller.*



**A***FTER the Adventures of Telema-*  
chus, the Reader will meet with no-  
thing more tender, or work'd up in a  
more masterly Manner, than those of  
Aristonous. These two charming  
Pieces seem to have been dictated by Nature's Self.  
The same Vein of good Sense and Simplicity run-  
ning throughout the whole, you will certainly not  
be displeas'd to see them both join'd together,  
tho' they are not the Product of the same Pen,  
as several Persons of good Judgment have assur'd  
me. The Preference is generally given to Tele-  
machus, which must be own'd to be an incompa-  
rable Work. From it the Author of Aristonous  
has taken the Notion, Style, and Moral; so  
that if he has not the Honour of being the In-  
ventor, he has at least this to recommend him,  
namely, that he has hit upon the Secret of imita-  
ting a Man who was esteem'd inimitable.

**T H E**





THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
ARISTONOUS.

**S***Ophronimus*, having lost his Patrimony by Shipwrecks and other Casualties, sought Comfort from his Virtue, in the Island of *Delos*. There, to a golden Harp, he sung the Wonders of the God of that Island: He courted the Muses, and was favour'd by them: He made curious Researches into all the Secrets of Nature, he study'd the Revolutions of the Stars and Heavens, the Order of the Elements, the Fabrication of the Universe, which he measur'd with his Compass, the Virtue of Plants, the Structure of Animals; but principally he turn'd his Eyes inward and study'd Himself, meditating how to adorn his Soul with Virtue. Thus Fortune, by endeavouring to depress him, advanc'd him to true Glory, namely that of Wisdom.

While

Vol. II.



*The Adventures of*  
ARISTONOUS.

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Whilst he liv'd thus happily in this Solitude, without the Goods of Fortune, he one Day espy'd upon the Sea-shore a venerable old Man; a perfect Stranger to him, and just landed on that Island. This old Man survey'd with Wonder the Banks of the Sea, wherein (he knew) that this Island had formerly floated from Place to Place: He contemplated that Side where the little Hills (cover'd with an everlasting Green) up-listed their Heads above the Sands and Rocks; he thought he could never enough admire the limpid Fountains and the rapid Streams which water'd this delicious Country; he advanc'd towards the sacred Groves which surround the Temple of the God; he, with wondering Eyes, observ'd that the sharp North-winds had never dar'd to blast their Verdure, and began to survey the Temple made of *Parian* Marble, which for Whiteness outvy'd the Snow, and was surrounded with lofty Pillars all of Jasper. *Sophronymus* was no less intent upon viewing this old Man: His Silver Beard descended on his Breast; his wrinkled Face had nothing of Deformity; he was still exempt from the Injuries of decrepit old Age; his Eyes display'd an engaging Vivacity; his Stature was tall and majestick, but somewhat stooping, and an Ivory Staff supported him as he walk'd. What seek you, Friend, in this Island? said *Sophronymus* to him; You seem to be a Stranger here: If you look for the Temple of the God, you see it yonder, and I am ready to conduct you to it, for I revere the Gods, and have learnt what it is that *Jupiter* requires we should do in Relief of Strangers.



Says the old Man, I accept the Offer you so kindly make me: May the Gods reward your Love to Strangers! Come, let us go to the Temple. In the Way thither, he recounted to *Sophronymus* the Occasion of his Voyage: My Name, says he, is *Aristonous*; I was born in *Clazomene*, a Town of *Ionia*, situated on that delightful Coast which advances into the Sea, and looks as if it join'd to the Island of *Cbios*, *Homer's* happy Country. I was descended of poor tho' noble Parentage; my Father *Polystratus* by Name, surcharg'd with a numerous Family, had no Heart to breed me up, and so caus'd me to be expos'd by one of his Friends of *Teos*. An aged Woman of *Erythrea*, who liv'd near the Place where I was expos'd, took me up and fed me with Goats-milk in her Cottage; but being in very narrow Circumstances her self, as soon as I was of an Age fit for Service, she sold me to a Merchant who dealt in Slaves; he carry'd me to *Lycia*. This Merchant sold me at *Patara*, to a rich and virtuous Man nam'd *Alcinus*, and *Alcinus* took care of me in my Youth. He found me docile, moderate, sincere, hearty, and attentive to whatever useful Thing was taught me. He devoted me to the Arts which *Apollo* favours; he caus'd me to learn Musick, bodily Exercises, and especially the Art of Surgery. I soon acquired a great Reputation in that necessary Art; and *Apollo*, my Inspirer, discover'd to me many wonderful Secrets therein. *Alcinus*, whose Love of me increas'd daily more and more, and who was overjoy'd to see the good Ef-

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fects of his Cares over me, enfranchis'd me, and sent me to *Polycrates*, the Tyrant of *Samos*, who amidst his incredible Felicity was still afraid, lest Fortune, which had so long befriended him, should at last cruelly betray him. He was fond of Life, which afforded him so many Delights; he fear'd to lose it, and resolv'd to obviate the least Appearance of Misfortune, and was therefore continually attended by the most eminent Physicians that could be procur'd. *Polycrates* was exceedingly rejoic'd that I would live with him; and to engage me the more to his Service, he confer'd great Honours and Riches upon me. I resided a long Time at *Samos*, where I could not enough wonder to see how Fortune seem'd to take a kind of Pleasure in serving him to his utmost Wishes: He needed only to begin a War, and Victory would be sure to follow after: All he had to do was but to Will the most difficult Things, and they were presently done, as if they acted of themselves: His immense Riches multiply'd every Day: All his Enemies lay crouching at his Feet: His Health, instead of abating, grew stronger and sounder. For forty Years this peaceful happy Prince held Fortune as it were in Chains; nor had she ever dar'd to play him false in any Thing, or cause the least Disgrace in any of his Designs. Such a Train of Prosperity, so unheard of among Mortals, begat in me a Concern for him: I lov'd him with Sincerity, and could not forbear discovering to him my Apprehensions, which made some Impression upon him; for tho' he was soften'd by Pleasures, and elated with his

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Grandeur,

Grandeur, yet he shew'd some Sentiments of Humanity whenever he was put in mind of the Gods and the Lubricity of human Affairs. He permitted me to tell him the Truth, and was so touch'd by the Fear I had for him, that at last he resolv'd to break the Thread of his Prosperity by a voluntary Loss he would impose on himself. I am sensible, said he to me, that there is no Man but ought once in his Life to experience some Rebuff of Fortune: The more she has favour'd him, the more ought he to apprehend some terrible Revolution. As for me, who have been so highly favour'd by her for so many Years, I must expect some desperate Hardships from her, if I do not divert what seems to threaten me: I will therefore, without more Delay, prevent the Treacheries of this same caressing Fortune. With this, he pull'd a Ring from his Finger of a very great Value, and which he had a mighty Esteem for; he threw it, in my Presence, from a high Tower into the Sea, hoping by this Loss to have satisfy'd the Necessity of suffering, at least once in his Life, the Severity of Fortune. But this was a Piece of Folly caus'd by his Prosperity; for the Misfortunes which one makes a Choice of, and brings voluntarily on ones self, cease to be Misfortunes; true Afflictions are only such as the Gods visit us with by forc'd and unforeseen Strokes. *Polycrates* was not sensible that the true Way of being beforehand with Fortune, was by Prudence and Moderation to detach ones self from all the transitory Goods which she bestows. Fortune, to whom he sacrific'd his Ring, would  
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not accept of it, and *Polycrates*, in his own despite, seem'd to be more fortunate than ever. A Fish had swallow'd the Ring: This Fish was taken, brought to the Palace of *Polycrates*, dress'd up for his own Table, and the Ring, found in his Belly by the Cook, was restor'd to the Tyrant, who turn'd pale when he perceiv'd that Fortune was so obstinately bent to favour him. But the Time was drawing near when all his Prosperity was at once to be chang'd into the most deplorable Adversity. The Great King of *Persia*, *Darius*, the Son of *Hystaspes*, enter'd into a War against the *Greeks*: He was not long in subduing the *Greek Colonies* on the Coast of *Asia*, and the neighbouring Islands which lie in the *Aegean Sea*. *Samos* was taken, the Tyrant was conquer'd, and *Orantes*, who was Commander in Chief for the Great King of *Persia*, having caus'd a high Gibbet to be erected, ordered the Tyrant to be hang'd thereon. Thus this Man, who had enjoy'd such prodigious Prosperity, and who could not even attain to taste the Misfortune which he had courted, fell from his Glory on a sudden, and perish'd by the most cruel and most infamous of Deaths. No Men therefore are more in Danger from the Frowns of Fortune, than those who have enjoy'd her Smiles the most: That same Fortune, which makes her Sport of the most elevated *Grandeess*, does also raise from the Dust the most miserable Wretches; she threw down *Polycrates* from the Top of her Wheel, and produc'd Me out of the meanest of Conditions to the Possession of great Riches. The *Persians* did not in the least despoil



despoil me of any Thing that I had; on the contrary, they set a high Value upon my Skill in curing the Wounded, and admir'd the Moderation with which I lived all the Time of my being in Favour with the Tyrant. Those Persons who had abus'd his Confidence and Authority, were punish'd after sundry Manners. As for my self, having never done Injury to any Man, but, on the contrary, all the Good that lay in my Power, I was the only Person whom the Conquerors spar'd, and whom they treated honourably. Every one rejoic'd at my good Fortune; for I was belov'd, and had enjoy'd Prosperity unenvy'd, because I never shew'd the least Tokens of Hard-heartedness, Pride, Avarice, or Injustice. I liv'd a pleasant Life some Years longer at *Samos*; but at last I was mov'd with a longing Desire to re-visit *Lycia*, where I had pass'd my Youth with so much Delight: I was in hopes of meeting there with *Alcinus*, who had brought me up, and was the first Founder of all my Fortune. Arriving in that Country, I understood *Alcinus* was dead, after he had lost his Estate, and suffer'd the Miseries of old Age with much Resolution and Constancy. I went and bestow'd some Flowers and Tears upon his Ashes; I plac'd an honourable Inscription upon his Tomb, and enquir'd what was become of his Children. They told me, that the only one that was left, *Orcilochus* by Name, not being able to bear the Thoughts of living poor and mean in his own Country, where his Father had made so great a Figure, embark'd himself in a strange Vessel, intending to lead an  
obscure

obscure Life in some solitary Island of the Sea. They added that this same *Orcilochus* shortly after suffer'd Shipwreck near the Island of *Carpathus*, so that there was none left of the Family of my Benefactor *Alcinus*. I presently bethought my self of buying the House where he had liv'd, with the adjacent fruitful Fields that he had been Owner of. I was well pleas'd to see again those Places which recall'd to my Mind so pleasant a Time and so kind a Master. I fancy'd my self still in the Bloom of my tender Years wherein I had serv'd *Alcinus*. I had scarce purchas'd this Estate of the Creditors, but I was oblig'd to go to *Glazomene*. My Father, *Polystratus*, and my Mother *Phidilis*, were dead, and I had several Brothers who were at variance among themselves. As soon as I arriv'd at *Glazomene*, I went to them in a mean Dress, as a Man that had lost all, and shew'd them the Marks with which you know People generally take care to expose Children. They were startled to see the Number of *Polystratus's* Heirs increase, who were to be Sharers in his small Inheritance. They were resolv'd to contest the Legitimacy of my Birth, and disclaim'd me for their Brother before the Judges. To punish their Inhumanity, I declar'd that I consented to be as a Stranger to them, and insisted upon their being for ever excluded from inheriting any Thing that belong'd to Me. The Judges decreed it should be so, and then I produc'd the Treasure which I had brought along with me in my Ship. I let them see that I was that *Aristonous* who had so much Wealth under *Poly-*

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crates of Samos, and that I was never marry'd

My Brothers soon repented of their hard Usage to me; and hoping to be one Day my Heirs, they used their utmost Endeavours, but to no purpose, to creep into my Favour. Their mutual Quarrellings oblig'd them to sell our Father's Estate; I bought it, and they had the Mortification to see the whole Patrimony fall into the Hands of him to whom they would not grant the least Share; and thus they all became most miserably Poor. After they had sufficiently smarted for their Fault, I was minded to shew them an Instance of my Good-nature; I forgave them, I admitted them into my House, and put them in a way of making considerable Advantages by trafficking; I reconcil'd them all; they and their Children liv'd together peaceably with me; I became the common Father to all these several Families: By their Union and Industry they soon became Possessors of considerable Wealth. Mean while old Age, you see, is knocking at my Door; it has bleach'd my Hair and furrow'd my Face: It warns me that I have not long to enjoy so perfect a Prosperity. I was willing, therefore, once more before I dy'd, to see that Country which is so dear to me, and which I have more Affection for than even my native Soil, *Lycia*, I mean, where I had learn'd to be good and wise, under the Direction of the virtuous *Alcinus*. In my Voyage, I met with a Merchant of one of the *Cyclade* Islands, who assur'd me that there was still living at *Delos* a Son of *Orcilochus*, who trod in the Steps

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of his wise and virtuous Grandfather *Alcinus*: Immediately, upon this, I quitted my Design of going into *Lycia*, and made the best of my Way hither, to try if I could, by the Favour of *Apollo*, find out in his Island the precious Remains of a Family to whom I owe my All. I can't continue long; the Destinies, Enemies to that sweet Repose which the Gods so rarely grant to Mortals, will soon cut the Thread of my Life. But I shall be content to die, provided my Eyes, before they are depriv'd of the Light, can but behold my Master's Grandson. Speak then, O you who live in this Island, Do you know him? Can you direct me where I shall find him? If you can shew him to me, may the Gods, in Return, grant you to dance on your Knee your Children's Children to the fifth Generation! May the Gods preserve your whole Family in Peace and Plenty, as the Fruit of your Virtue! Whilst *Aristonous* spoke thus, *Sophronymus*'s Eyes gush'd with Tears from a Mixture of Joy and Sorrow. Without being able to utter a Word, he threw his Arms about the old Man's Neck, he embraces him, he clasps him close, and with much ado, forc'd out these Words, which were often interrupted by Sighs:

I am, O my Father, the Person you are in Search of: You see *Sophronymus*, the Grandson of your Friend *Alcinus*; I am he, and I cannot question, by what I have heard, that the Gods have sent you hither to alleviate my Misfortunes. Gratitude, which seems to be lost on Earth, takes up its Residence in your single Breast. I had heard in my Childhood,  
that



that a certain famous and wealthy Person; who was settled at *Samos*, had been brought up by my Grandfather: But *Orcilochus*, my Father, dying young, while I was in my Cradle, I had but a confus'd Knowledge of these Things. I did not care to go to *Samos* upon an Uncertainty, and chose rather to abide in this Island, comforting my self under my Misfortunes, by contemning vain Riches, and by agreeably employing my self in cultivating the Muses in the sacred House of *Apollo*. That Prudence which accustoms Men to be satisfy'd with little, and to be easy in their Minds, has hitherto supply'd with me the Place of all other Treasures.

In finishing these Words, *Sophronymus* perceiving they were now come to the Temple, propos'd to *Aristonous* there to offer up his Orisons and Oblations. They sacrific'd to the God two Sheep whiter than Snow, and a Bull that had a Crescent on his Forehead between the two Horns: Afterwards they sung in Verse the Praises of the God who lights the Universe, regulates the Seasons, presides over the Sciences, and animates the Choir of the nine Muses. Having left the Temple, *Sophronymus* and *Aristonous* spent the rest of the Day in recounting to each other their Adventures. *Sophronymus* receiv'd the old Man into his Habitation, with the same Affection and Respect as he would have shewn to *Alcinus* himself had he been alive. The next Day they set out both together, and sail'd for *Lycia*: *Aristonous* led *Sophronymus* into a fruitful Country on the Banks of a River, in whose Waves *Apollo*, when return'd from

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from Hunting, cover'd with Dust, had so often bath'd his Body and wash'd his flaxen Locks. Along this River they found Poplars and Willows, whose tender-springing Verdure conceal'd the Nests of infinite Numbers of Birds which never ceas'd singing Night or Day: The River, falling from a Rock with much Noise and Foam, dash'd its Waves into a Current that was full of small Pebbles. All the Plain was cover'd with a gilded Harvest, the little Hills which shot up like an Amphitheatre, were loaded with Vines and Fruit-Trees. There whole Nature was gay and smiling, the Air serene and calm, and the Earth always ready to deliver out from her Bosom new Treasures in Reward for the Husbandman's Pains. Advancing farther up the River, *Sophronymus* perceiv'd a plain and ordinary House, but whose Architecture was agreeable, and according to the Rules: It had neither Marble, Gold, Silver, nor Ivory, nor was the Furniture of Purple; all in it was neat, agreeable, and commodious, without Magnificence or Ostentation: A Fountain sprung up in the Middle of the Court, and form'd a small Canal, edg'd with verdant Tapestry; the Gardens were not vastly large, but full of useful Fruits and Plants for the Nourishment of Man: On the two Sides of the Garden were two Groves, the Trees whereof were almost co-æval with their Parent Earth, and their thick Branches form'd a Shade impenetrable to the Sun's Beams: They enter'd into a great Hall, where they refresh'd themselves with such Fare as Nature supplies from the Gardens, and wherein there

there was nothing of those Dainties which Men send for so far and buy so dear in the Cities: There was Milk as sweet as that which *Apollo* drew from the Kine when he was Herdsman to King *Admetus*; there was Honey more exquisite than that of the Bees of *Hybla* in *Sicily*, or of Mount *Hymettus* in *Attica*; there was Pulse of the Garden, and Fruits which they had just gather'd; Wine, more delicious than Nectar, streaming out of large Vases into well-carv'd Goblets. During this frugal, but pleasant and quiet Repast, *Aristonous* would not sit down at Table: At first he try'd all the Ways he could, under various Pretences, to conceal his Modesty; but at last, being earnestly press'd by *Sophronymus*, he declar'd that he could not prevail with himself ever to sit down and eat with the Grandson of *Alcinus*, on whom he had waited so many Years at the same Table: Here it was, said he, where that wise old Man was wont to eat; there he convers'd with his Friends; there he diverted himself at several sorts of Games; there he walk'd out with *Homer* or *Hesiod* in his Hand, and there he laid himself down to rest when Night came on. In calling over these Circumstances his Heart was melted, and gushing Tears started from his Eyes. After the Repast was over, he led *Sophronymus* to view the pleasant Meads where the large Herds of lowing Cattle went ranging up and down on the Banks of the River; then they beheld the Flocks of Sheep returning from the fat Pastures; the bleating Ewes, with well-fill'd Udders, were follow'd by their little skipping Lambs:

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Lambs: You might every where perceive all Hands at Work, as if the Labourers were in Love with Toil for the sake of so kind and indulgent a Master, who made himself belov'd by them, and sweeten'd to them the Pains of their Slavery.

*Aristonous*, after he had shewn to *Sophronymus* this House, these Slaves, these Flocks, and these Lands which were become so fertile by careful Culture, address'd himself to him in these Words: I am overjoy'd to see you in the ancient Patrimony of your Ancestors: Now am I content, since I have put you into the Possession of a Place where I so long served *Alcinus*: Be yours the peaceable Enjoyment of what belong'd to him; live happily; but be vigilant, and by your Foresight procure your self a calmer End than his. At the same time he made over that Estate to him by a Deed of Gift, according to the Solemnities prescrib'd by the Laws, and declar'd that he would disinherit his own Heirs, if ever they should prove so ungrateful as to contest the Donation he had made to the Grandson of his Benefactor *Alcinus*. But he did not stop here; before *Aristonous* parted with the House, he furnished it throughout with new Furniture, in a plain and modest Manner, but withal very neat and agreeable: He fills the Barns with rich Presents of *Ceres*, and the Cellars with the choice Wines of *Chios*, fit to be served up by the Hand of *Ganymede* at the Table of the great *Jupiter*: He likewise laid-in Store of *Parmenian* Wines, with abundant Quantities of Honey of *Hymettus* and *Hybla*, and Oil



Oil of *Attica* almost as sweet as Honey itself: To all these he added innumerable Fleeces of fine Wool, white as falling Snow, being the rich Spoils of the tender Sheep that fed on the Mountains of *Arcadia*, and in the luxuriant Pastures of *Sicily*. In this Condition he bestows it on *Sophronymus*: Besides all which, he gives him fifty *Eutoick* Talents, and reserved to his own Relations the Estate he was possess'd of in the Peninsula of *Clazomene*, in the Neighbourhood of *Smyrna*, *Lebedos*, and *Colophon*, which were of a very great value. This Donation being settled, *Aristonous* re-embarks on Board his Ship to return to *Ionia*. The wondering *Sophronymus* being moved with such high Favours, attends him to the Ship with Tears in his Eyes, calling him, all along as he went, his Father, and grasping him hard in his Arms. *Aristonous* soon arriv'd at his own Home by a prosperous Voyage. None of his Relations durst open their Mouths against what he had done for *Sophronymus*: I have order'd, said he to them, by my last Will and Testament, that if ever any of you oppose the Gift I have made to *Alcinus's* Grandson, all my Estate shall be sold and distributed to the Poor of *Ionia*. The wise old Man lived in Peace, and enjoy'd the good Things the Gods had granted to his Virtue. Every Year, notwithstanding his great Age, he took a Voyage into *Lycia* to visit *Sophronymus*, and to offer up a Sacrifice on *Alcinus's* Tomb, which he had enrich'd with several curious Ornaments of Architecture and Sculpture. He had ordered that his own Ashes, after his Death, should be carry'd

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carry'd to the same Tomb, that they might rest with those of his dear Master. Each Year, in the Spring, *Sophronymus*, ardently longing to see him, turn'd his Eyes incessantly towards the Sea-shore, to see whether he could discover the Ship of *Aristonous*, which was wont to arrive in that Season: Each Year he had the Pleasure to see coming afar off thro' the briny Waves, the Ship that was so acceptable to him, and whose Arrival was infinitely more pleasing to him than all the Beauties which reviving Nature brings along with her after the Severities of a sharp Winter.

One Year it happen'd, that this so long'd-for Ship did not arrive as usual; *Sophronymus* sigh'd bitterly; Sorrow and Apprehension were legible on his Face; gentle Sleep fled far away from his Eyes; the most exquisite Dainties were insipid to him; he was restless, alarm'd at the least Noise, was always looking towards the Port, and every Moment enquiring whether there was no Ship arriv'd from *Ionia*: At last he spy'd one; but alas! *Aristonous* was not there; it only brought his Ashes in a Silver Urn. *Amphicles*, an ancient Friend of the Deceas'd, and much of the same Age, the trusty Executor of his last Will and Testament, was the sad Bearer of this Urn. When he drew near to *Sophronymus*, they could neither of them utter a Word, and vented themselves in nothing but Sighs and Groans. *Sophronymus* kissing the Urn, and watering it with his Tears, at length said, O thou good old Man, it is you that was the Happiness of my Life, and now you are the  
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Occasion of the sharpest Sorrow I ever did or can feel. I shall never see you more; Death would be welcome to me, could I but be with you, and serve you in the *Elysian Fields*, where your Shade enjoys the blissful Peace which the just Gods lay up for the Virtuous: You have in our Days brought back upon Earth Justice, Piety, and Gratitude: You have, in this Iron Age, given an Instance of the Goodness and Innocence of the Golden Times: The Gods, before they crown'd you with the Happiness of the Just, granted you here below, a happy, agreeable, and long Life; but alas! that which ought never to have an End, is not always of the longest Duration: I now feel no Pleasure, since I am robb'd of your Presence. O dear Shade, when is it that I shall follow you? O precious Ashes, had you but Sensation, you would certainly feel the Pleasure of being mix'd with those of *Alcinus*: Mine shall one Day lie with you both; till when, all my Consolation will be to preserve these Remains of what I most passionately lov'd: O *Aristonous*, you shall never die; no, you shall always live in the inmost Recesses of my Heart: May I sooner forget my self than ever forget so amiable a Man, who lov'd me so much, and who lov'd Virtue so much, and to whom I owe my All!

After this broken Speech, *Sophronymus* plac'd the Urn in the Tomb of *Alcinus*: He sacrific'd many Victims, whose Blood delug'd the green-sward Altars that surrounded the Tomb: He pour'd forth plentiful Libations of Wine and Milk; he burn'd Perfumes that

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came from the remotest East, and an odorous Cloud whirl'd in the Air aloft. *Sophronymus* appointed Funeral-Games to be celebrated once a Year for ever at the same Season, in Honour of *Alcinus* and *Aristonous*. Thither People flock'd from *Caria*, a happy fertile Clime; from the enchanting Banks of *Meander*, which sports it self in so many Windings and Turnings, and seems to quit with Regret the Country it waters; from the ever-verdant Banks of *Cayster*; from the Shores of *Pactolus* which rolls beneath its Waves a gilded Sand; from *Pamphilia*, which *Ceres*, *Pomona*, and *Flora* strive who shall bedeck with most Profusion: Lastly, from the vast Plains of *Cilicia*, water'd as a Garden by the Torrents which fall from Mount *Taurus* cap'd with continual Snow. During this solemn Festival, the young Men and Maidens, cloath'd in trailing Robes of Linen whiter than Lilies, chanted forth Hymns in Honour of *Alcinus* and *Aristonous*; for there was no praising the One without the Other, nor could they separate two Men, who were, even after Death, so closely united.

What was most miraculous was, that on the very first Day, while *Sophronymus* was making the Libations of Wine and Milk, a Myrtle-Tree of exquisite Verdure and Fragrancy sprung out of the midst of the Tomb, and of a sudden rear'd its flourishing Head to cover the two Urns with its over-spreading Boughs. Every one cry'd out, that *Aristonous*, for a Recompence of his Virtue, was transform'd by the Gods into that fine Tree. *Sophronymus* took care to water it himself,



and paid it the same Honours as to a Deity. This Tree, instead of growing old, is every ten Years renew'd, and the Gods were pleas'd by this Miracle to signify, that *Virtue, which casts so sweet a Perfume on the Memory of Men, does never die.*

*The End of Aristonous.*



REMARKS

## R E M A R K S

A N D

## A L L U S I O N S,

Scholastical and Satyrical; taken from  
the *Dutch* Editions of *Telema-*  
*chus* and elsewhere.

V O L. II.

N. B. *The Scholastical or Learned Notes are printed in Italick, the Satyrical or Party-Notes (which are a suppos'd Key to the whole Work) are in Roman.*

PAGE 2. l. 22. Peucetes.] *The Peucetes were a People bordering upon the Daunians. They inhabited that part of Italy now call'd la Terra di Bari, in the Kingdom of Naples.*

P. 3. l. 2. The God Pan.] *Pan was the God of Nature, (Pan in Greek signifying Universal) He was especially worship'd in Arcadia. He was the God of Shepherds, Herdsmen and Hunters. He fell in Love with the Nymph Syrinx, which signifies a Bulrush or Reed. She flying from Pan, he turned her into a Reed and then made a Pipe of it. He was indeed the Inventor of that musical Instrument call'd the Pipe. In the Notion of his being the God of Nature, the Greeks were wont to picture him in the following Manner. His Image consisted*

sisted of the principal Things that are visible in the World. They represented him with Horns on his Head, to denote the Rays of the Sun and the Horns of the Moon. His Face was all over inflamed to signify the Element of Fire. His Breast was covered with Stars to signify the Heavens. His Thighs and Legs were covered with Hair or Bristles standing up-an-end to denote Trees, Herbs and Beasts. He had Goat's Feet to shew the solidity of the Earth. His Flute represented the Harmony and Melody of the Heavens, according to the Opinion of some ancient Philosophers. His crooked Staff was to denote the Revolution of the Years. The Ancients believed that Pan was wont to scour through the Mountains in the Night-time; from whence came the Word PANIC, signifying a sudden Fright or Terror which seizes People in the darkness of the Night, or from some Fancy without any Foundation; which has often happen'd to very numerous Armies which have on a sudden been brought under Consternation by a like terror. Pan is said to have accompanied Bacchus into the Indies, and greatly assisted him in obtaining many Victories. It was also believed that it was through his Assistance that the Athenians won the Battle of Marathon against the Persians. For it is said that as Miltiades was going to engage the Enemy, Pan was seen at the Head of the Army under the appearance of a Stature more than human, and that having caused the Trumpets and Horns to sound an Air that inspired horror, the whole Army of the Persians were frighted beyond recovery, from whence, 'tis probable, comes the Word PANIC Fear.

P. 4. l. 19. *Protesilaus who is somewhat older than my self, &c.*] *Protesilaus* is the Marquis de Louvois whom the King admitted into his Familiarity: He entered into all his Pleasures and lull'd and fomented all his Passions; but soon instilled into his Master a Diffidence and Jealousy of the *Vicomte de Turenne*, who is afterwards represented by *Philocles*.

P. 4. l. 26. *Philocles revered the Gods, and had a great but well-governed Spirit.*] *M. de Turenne's* whole Life was a series of great, noble and generous Actions. The King took a singular Pleasure in his Conversation: He would ever hear him with Confidence, and received from him excellent Lessons, relating to the

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the Art of War. It was this Confidence that excited Louvois's Jealousy.

P. 5. l. 27. *Ambitionusly aspired to be thought superior to all the Honours I was able to bestow.*] M. de Turenne always prefer'd his Title of Vicomte before that of Marshal of France, which he thought was a lessening to him and much beneath that of his own Title.

P. 6. l. 27. *Carpathus*] Carpathus now Scarpanto, is an Island of the Mediterranean Sea, at the Entrance of the Archipelago between Candia and Rhodes.

P. 7. l. 2. *I own he has Courage and a Genius for War,*] The Marquis de Louvois cou'd not refuse that Justice to the Merit of the Vicomte de Turenne, but he made use of that Pretence to remove from about the King so formidable a Rival, whom he could not behold without Envy.

P. 8. l. 35. *Philocles surprized the Enemy, &c.*] This alludes to the Campaign in 1675, in Germany, where the Vicomte Turenne beat Montecuculi, and then was marching back again with all Expedition, because his Army began to want Provisions; but Louvois sent the Marshal de Crequi to him with a Detachment of Troops from Flanders, on purpose to retain him in Germany. The Vicomte, having received this Reinforcement, was preparing to give Battle to the Imperialists when he was killed with a Cannon-Shot as he and M. de St. Hilaire were upon an Eminence at the Village of Salzbach taking a view of the Enemy.

P. 9. l. 7. *He managed it so that Philocles wanted many necessary Things for his Undertaking.*] In this manner it was that Louvois always acted with respect to such Generals who gave him any Umbrage or Suspicion. He let them want every thing and made them responsible for that ill Success of which he himself was the Cause.

P. 10. l. 5. *I perused the Letter and it seemed to me to be Philocles's Hand.*] This has an Eye to the Disgrace of the Duke de Noailles, spoken of in Vol 1. He was accused of writing the Letter which the Marquis de Vardes and the Comte de Guiche contrived to get into the Queen's Hands, discovering the Intrigue the King had with Madam la Valiere. We have already



observed that *M. de Cambray* often jumbles his Characters in order to put the Court upon a wrong Scent. For which Reason we must not expect to find an intire and perfect conformity in his Characters.

Ibid. l. 24. *Concerning a certain Thing which he only marks by Cypher.*] By this Letter we are to understand the Project which was found among *M. Fouquet's* Papers to fortify *Belle Isle*, and to retire thither in case of Oppression. Then *Timocrates* will be the Abbot *Fouquet*, who betray'd his Brother to Cardinal *Mazarin*. Which soever of these two Examples this Passage is apply'd to, it is sufficient to shew the greatness of the Kings Credulity, who lightly condemned these two Men, one of whom was not at all guilty, and the other not near so much as was imagined.

P. 12. l. 31. *To maintain so difficult a War by his own Courage, &c.*] Just so did *Turenne* several times maintain the War in *Germany*, where he often wanted all manner of Necessaries, and this he did more by his own Courage, Genius, and the Love the Troops bore him than by any other Assistance.

P. 15. l. 15. *I abhorred Protefilaus, and yet I left all my Authority in his Hands.*] The King began at last to have a very great Aversion to *M. de Louvois*, and yet he had not the Courage to put him away, because he had given himself up to that Minister, and was govern'd by him.

P. 16. l. 6. *I was too great an Enemy to Business, &c.*] This was the very Reason of the King's not having Resolution enough to rid himself of a Minister who was become necessary to him. He found it for his Convenience and Ease to employ a Man who had served him well, though he often sold him his Services very dear.

P. 17. l. 7. *He made the whole Nation tremble by means of my Authority.*] What goes before and what comes after contains a most lively Picture of *M. de Louvois*. He made himself so necessary to the King and so dreadful to the whole Kingdom, that That Monarch saw nothing but with that Minister's Eyes, nor durst any Body approach him without His Leave.

P. 18. l. 7. *Such is the State of weak, indolent and inadvertent Princes.*] This was exactly the Case of *Louis* the XIVth, during his whole Reign. He was cheated

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cheated all his Life long, because, as on one side the glare of false Glory always hinder'd him from seeing his Errors, so on the other side no body durst discover the Truth to him.

P. 19. l. 13. *Their Heads turn — then as spiritless &c.*] This likewise was the Character of the Marquis de Louvois. As soon as the King shewed any Coldness to him, he was at his wits end, and would do a thousand mean things, to get into favour again; and more than once was so hard set as to stand in need of Madame Maintenon's Interest to restore him to the King's good Graces.

P. 20. l. 21. *Nothing was ever more artful than his Conduct, &c.*] LOUVOIS was extremely artful and very dextrous at creating Suspicions in the King's Mind against all that were about him. He at length carried his Point so far, that it was impossible to come at the King without being introduced by him.

P. 21. l. 13. *'Tis only Weakness and Misery that makes them humble, &c.*] This has always been the Maxim of the French Ministers ever since the time of Cardinal Richelieu, to keep the People low, in order to keep them to their Duty. Louis the XIVth thought himself so much the more powerful as his Subjects were depressed, miserable, and harassed with Taxes, Troops, &c.

P. 22. l. 15. *This is what gives Birth to Revolts.*] The French Nation were never known to rebel but when it was to shake off the Yoke that was become too heavy for their Shoulders to bear, and when they were driven to despair by the hardships and mal-treatment of the Ministers. So long as their Burden is supportable, they suffer it out of the natural Affection they have for their Princes, who very early accusom'd them to a moderate easy Yoke.

P. 24. l. 31. *Is it any wonder then that they are not beloved, when they themselves love nothing but their own Grandeur and Pleasure?*] Louis the XIVth was not at all beloved, because he consider'd nothing but himself, and believed that all other Men were born purely to contribute to his Grandeur and Pleasure.

P. 28. l. 29. *Samos*] Samos is an Island and City of the Archipelago, near the Coast of Natolia, about two Leagues from Ephesus. The Samians are said to be the

*first Inventors of Earthen-ware, because their Soil is very fit for such a Manufacture.*

P. 30. l. 19. *Protesilaus hearkned to these Praises with an air of Moroseness, &c.]* What follows is a lively Description of the Marquis de Louvois's Conduct towards the Great ones, and the fawning Submissiveness of the Courtiers, whom he made to tremble with his proud capricious Behaviour.

P. 31. l. 24.] *Hegesippus would not allow him so much time as either to take his last farewell of his Family, or to fetch certain private Writings, &c.]* After having thus far described the true Character of the Marquis de Louvois, this Passage here is applicable to the Detention of M. Fouquet who was imprisoned in the Year 1661, upon a Suspicion of Male-Administration in the Finances. His Magnificence and Luxury were the Cause of it. The foregoing Description of *Protesilaus's* House perfectly agrees with that of *Vaux-le-Vicomte*, where M. Fouquet was arrested. He had laid out immense Sums of Money upon it, which thoroughly confirmed the King in his Suspicions. He was seized at a time when he least expected it, nor was he allowed to carry off his Papers, among which was found a Project which was one of the principal Causes of his Ruin.

P. 39. l. 8. *Parcæ, or Destinies.] The Poets feign that there are three Ladies of Fate; Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, the Daughters of Erebus and the Night, who govern'd the Thread, that is to say, the Course of Man's Life. They were the three fatal Sisters, and, if we may so say, Spinster-Goddesses. The youngest, Clotho, holds and supplies the Distaff; the Second, more advanced in Years, spins the Thread; and the third, Atropos, now stricken in Years, cuts it off, upon which Death ensues: All which had a mystical Meaning in the Theology of the Pagans. That is, the first presides at Man's Birth, the second over the Course of his Life, and the third determines his Death.*

P. 44. l. 13. *War drains a Nation, &c.]* What follows, is a detail of the Mischiefs and Misery which the French Nation suffer'd by the almost continual Wars in which Louis the XIVth was engaged. When this Poem was put into the Hands of the Duke of Burgundy,

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Burgundy, France was in the Condition above-described.

P. 51. l. 5. Omphalé, *Queen of Lydia.*] Hercules, after numberless glorious Exploits, was so bewitched with the Charms of Omphalé, that for love of her, he changed his Club for a Distaff, and laying aside his Lion's Skin, he put on a Woman's Habit and spun with Her and her Maids. It is said likewise that Hercules killed, near the River Sangarius, a Serpent which annoyed and wasted the Country, and that this Action gained him Omphalé's Love.

P. 51. l. 17. Deïanira.] Deïanira, Daughter of Oeneus, King of Ætolia, was the Conquest and Prize of Hercules, who fighting Acheloüs for her, got the better of that River-God, and then married her, and in his return desired the Centaur Nessus to carry his Bride over the River Euenus. The treacherous Centaur did indeed carry her over, but afterwards won'd have ravish'd her, whereupon Hercules, who was on the other side the River, shot him with an Arrow that was poison'd with the Blood of Hydra. Nessus finding himself mortally wounded, gave to Deïanira his Shirt, which was thus dyed with his own Blood, and assured her that if her Husband wore That, he cou'd never love any other Woman but her self. Deïanira too easily believed him, so that afterwards hearing that her Husband was fallen in love with Iolé in Eubœa, she sent him that invenom'd Shirt, which Hercules had no sooner put on, but he fell mad, and having first killed Lichas that brought it, he threw himself into a burning Pile of Wood which he had raised on Mount Oeta. Deïanira hearing this, slew her self with his Club, and of her Blood sprung the Herb Heracleon. Ovid Metam. lib. 8. Fab. 1, 2, 3, 4.

P. ib. l. 32. The Lernæan Hydra.] Hydra was a Serpent in the Fens of Lerna, in the Peloponnesus, and Territory of Argos. The Poets have described it with seven Heads, of which as fast as one was cut off, two grew up in its place. They add, that Hercules being sent by Eurystheus to destroy that Serpent, he effected it by searing with a red-hot Iron the Necks as fast as he cut the Heads off. The Astronomers have made a Constellation of this Serpent, and placed it in the Southern Pole.



P. 53. l. 30. The Skin of the Nemean Lion.] Nemea, a large Forest in the Peloponnesus, (now the Morea) in the Country of Argos, (now Romania) famous for having been the Theatre of one of Hercules's most illustrious Labours. This Wood or Forest shelter'd a Lion of an enormous Size, which wou'd sometimes come out and waste the Country round. Hercules having been well entertained by an old Shepherd about Cleonæ, named Molorchus, in requital slew that Lion, which had made such Destruction in that Country. To eternize the Memory of this Atchievement, Games were instituted at Argos. Hercules ever after used to wear the Lion's Skin for a Garment. The Lion was made a Star, and placed in the Zodiack, thence called Cleonæum Sidus.

P. 55. l. 9. Hebé.] Hebé, the Daughter of Jupiter and Juno. Authors differ in the Story of her Birth; some say, that she was the Daughter of Juno without a Father; for having been invited to a Banquet by Apollo, she eat so freely of wild Lettuces, that though she was barren before, she that moment conceived and brought forth Hebé. 'Tis added, that the Beauty of this latter procured Her the Name of the Goddess of Youth, and that Jupiter made her his Cup-bearer. But one day, when the Gods were at a Banquet with the Ethiopians, Hebé waiting on Jupiter, by chance, slept and fell, and having discover'd that which Modesty requires should be hid, Jupiter remov'd her from that Office, and put Ganymede in her Room. Afterwards when Hercules was made a God, He married Hebé, who, upon the Request of her new Spouse, restored Youth to Jolais when he came to Old Age, in consideration of the latter's having help'd Hercules to kill the Serpent Hydra by searing up the Wounds with a hot Iron, lest more Heads should spring out. Pausanias speaks of a Temple built by the People of Corinth to Hebé, and Tully explains this Fable, Tusc. lib. i. The Ancients, who shrouded Truths within the Veil of Fables, did in the Story of Hercules mean to express the Strength of Reasoning or Philosophy. Others say, it alludes to Generosity which is a Virtue always in Action. Be that as it will, they were certainly in the right to marry that Heroe to Hebé, the Goddess of Youth, because the Memory of Courageous and Learned Men instead of growing old, be-

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comes young again, and grows every Day brighter and more illustrious.

P. 55. l. 36. Frozen Bear.] *The Bear is a Constellation near the Arctic or Northern Pole; she is termed Frozen because of her distance from the Sun. The Poets feign that this She-Bear was the Daughter of Lycaon, King of Arcadia; she was one of Diana's Nymphs, and was vitiated by Jupiter, which so enraged Juno, that she turn'd both Her and the Son she had by him into Bears. Jupiter afterwards translated them into Heaven and there made them Stars, the one the Great Bear, and the other, the Lesser Bear. The Northern Pole is likewise call'd Arctic on account of this Constellation which by the Greeks is call'd Arctos, in English the Bear, which is near that Pole. The Countries which are nearest to it are likewise called the Arctic Continent. Late Discoveries have made us acquainted with the Land of Jessö among others, and likewise Nova Zembla, the Lands of Spitzberg, and Isle of Islands and Green-land, or as the Dutch spell it Groën-land, for Groën is Dutch for Green. The Northern Pole, or Coast, or Wind, is likewise called Septentrio, from septem triones, that is, seven Oxen, for trio signifies properly an Ox for the Plough; in short, they are the seven Stars, which we call Charles's Wain, or Waggon, near the North-Pole. As for the Countries mentioned above to be under the frozen Bear, some of them are notwithstanding found to produce Plenty of Grass and green Herbs, from whence Green-land particularly has its Name, and Islands is supposed to take its Name from the great Quantities of Ice with which it is generally surrounded.*

P. 56. l. 8. Mount Oeta.] *Mount Oeta is in Thessaly between Parnassus and Pindus, famous for the Death and Sepulchre of Hercules, who burn'd himself here. It was from hence, the Poets say, that Jupiter took that Hero's Soul up to Heaven, which Silius Italicus expresses in these two beautiful Lines, l. 3.*

Inter quæ fulget sacratis ignibus Oeta,  
Ingentemque Animam rapiunt ad Sidera flammæ.

*As Mount Oeta extends as far as the Ægean Sea (now the Archipelago) which is the Extremity of Europe to the*

## Remarks and Allusions;

*the East, the Poets have feign'd that the Sun and Stars rise from the Side of that Mountain, and that Day and Night proceed from thence. Seneca, in his Hercules Oetæus, speaks thus of it,*

Hæc, hæc renatum prima qui videt diem  
Ora eligatur.

Silius *in* lib. 6.

Vix dum clara dies summa Instrabat in Oeta  
Herculei monumenta regi.

*And Virgil in Culex.*

Et piger aurato procedit Vesper ab Oeta.

*Livy gives us the reason for it, lib. 36. c. 15. where he says, Extremos ad Orientem montes Oetam vocant: The farthest Mountains towards the East they call Oeta; i. e. (to translate those Words more properly;) That long Chain of Mountains, at the farther End of Greece towards the East, is call'd Oeta. It is well known that the Poets always make the Sun come out of the Sea at his rising, and that the highest Mountains receive his Rays the first. Therefore Mount Oeta being on the edge of the Ægean Sea, and of an extraordinary Height, it is spoken of as being that Hill which is enlighten'd by the rising Sun. For which reason Seneca abovemention'd, in his Hercules Furens, gives this Description of the opening of the Day,*

Jam cæruleis evectus equis  
Titan summum prospicit Oetam.

*Mount Oeta is cover'd with Forests in several Parts of it, and produces Plenty of the best Hellebore.*

P. 60. l. 5. Scyros.] *Scyros is an Island in the Ægean Sea: 'twas formerly much more considerable than it is at present; it has an Episcopal City under the Metropolis of Athens. The Turks are Masters of it. It is commonly called l'Isola de Sciro, or, San Georgio di Sciro. It was here that Achilles lay hid among the Daughters of Lycomedes, in Woman's Apparel, by his Mother's*

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*Mother's Contrivance, that he might not go to the Trojan War. It is one of the Isles of the Archipelago at the Entrance of the Gulph of Zeiton, thirteen Leagues to the Northward of Negropont.*

P. 60. l. 11. The dear Charge of Lycomedes.] Achilles's Mother being warned by the Oracle, that if her Son went to the Siege of Troy, he shou'd be slain there, She sent him in Woman's Apparel to the Court of King Lycomedes, where he fell in love with Deidamia, one of that King's Daughters, of whom he got Pyrrhus or Neoptolemus. But as Troy was not to be conquer'd without the help of Achilles, the crafty Ulysses found him out notwithstanding the Disguise of his Dress, by going himself to that King's Court habited like a Pedler with a Box full of Toys, and under them a Sword and other warlike Weapons, Achilles presently seized the latter contrary to the custom of those Persons whose Sex he personated the Appearance of, and thus being discover'd, he was obliged to follow the Greeks to Troy: In this dreadful Necessity Thetis his Mother begg'd Vulcan to make him an Armour that cou'd by no humane Force be pierced, not which made him invulnerable, as Moreri says, for that was done by his Mother's dipping him all over, when he was a Child, in the River Styx, only that part of his Foot which she held him by escaping. He was put under Chiron's Tuition, the Centaur, and that Man, if he may be so called, (for a Centaur may be said to be a Man riding upon himself) who was ignorant of nothing, and particularly excelled in the Arts of Physic and Music, instructed Achilles therein, for which reason Homer represents Achilles playing upon the Harp. Besides this Education, and probably that of learning to Ride, Chiron fed him with nothing but the Marrow of Lions which made him courageous. As for the Armour abovementioned, made him by Vulcan, Achilles having lent them to Patroclus, this latter lost them when he was killed by Hector. Thetis prevailed with Vulcan to make another Suit of Armour for Achilles, with which he fought Hector and slew Him, and after dragging his dead Body at his Chariot, thrice round the Walls of Troy, he sold his Body to Priam, Hector's Father for a great Ransom. Afterwards falling in Love with Polyxena, Priam's



Priam's beautiful Daughter, he ask'd her in Marriage, and having obtained Priam's Consent, went into Apollo's Temple to solemnize the Nuptials, and in the midst of the Ceremony, as Achilles was on his Knees, Hector's Brother, Paris, treacherously let fly an Arrow at him behind, which piercing his Heel, which had not been dipt in the Styx, and consequently was not invulnerable, it occasioned his Death. To conclude, Achilles was so brave that when the Ancients would speak of any courageous Soldier, they would call him a second Achilles, as Aulus Gellius tells us. Lucius Sicinius Dentatus obtained that Surname, because he had been present in one hundred and twenty Battles, and had received forty five Wounds all in the forepart of his Body, which was a sure Token of his Valour. Valerius Maximus relates that Q. Cotius had the same Surname.

P. 60. l. 21. Atrides,] *A Patronymic Word, signifying the Sons of Atreus, that is Agamemnon and Menelaus. Atreus, the Father of these two, was the Son of Pelops and Hippodamia, maternal Uncle of Eurystheus, whom he succeeded in the Kingdom of Mycenæ and Argos, in the 2845th Year of the World. The Learned need not be informed that Patronymicks are derived from the Names of the Father. Thus Achilles was call'd Pelides, being the Son of Peleus: Thus Priam's Children were called Priamides. Sometimes they were likewise derived from the Mother, but that was abusively or against custom, as I take Alcides, another Name for Hercules, to be derived from his Mother Alcmena. Some learned Men are indeed of Opinion that it comes from a Greek word ἀλκῆ, which signifies Strength; though Heroditus is of Opinion that Alcides comes from Alcæus, who was Hercules's Paternal Grand-father.*

P. 61. l. 5. Sigæum,] *Sigæum now Capo Janizari, is a Promontory in Troas, where there is likewise a City of the same Name, formerly an Episcopal See, now intirely ruin'd. It is overagainst the Point of Romania at the Entrance of the Gulph of Gallipoli: There is a little Village still remaining call'd Trojaki, which means little Troy. Not far from this Promontory stood Old Troy.*

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P. 62. l. 2. Therſites,] Therſites, a certain Greek, the moſt deform'd of all the Greeks, both in Body and Mind, had a Tongue as foul as his Perſon was ugly. Ulyſſes for his ſaucy Language chaſtiſed him ſeverely. And at laſt Achilles, for railing at him, killed him with a Blow of his Fiſt. He was the greateſt Coward in the whole Army, and yet wou'd be continually contradicting the wiſeſt and braveſt of the Generals. Homer has ſo naturally deſcribed the hideouſneſs of his Figure, that when we wou'd expreſs an extreme Deformity, we compare it to that of Therſites.

P. 62. l. 26. Eubœa,] An Iſland in the Ægean Sea; it is thought to have been torn off by the violence of the Sea, from the Continent of Beotia, there being between them a very ſmall gut of Water, call'd Euripus. The Italians are in the wrong to call it Nigroponte as if there was a Bridge of Black Stone, which joined Beotia and the Iſland together. See the true derivation of that Word in M. Bayle's Correction of Moreri's Dictionary in the Article of Negropont; as likewise in the Article of Setines, as Sailors corruptly call the City of Athens, becauſe when they wou'd ſay to Athens, à Athenes, they pronounce it ſ'Athinan, for εἰς Αθήνας. The ſame has happen'd to the Name of Thebes, which thoſe of the Country call Thiva, Θῆβα, and when they would ſay to Thebes (à Thebes) they ſay ſ' Thivan, inſtead of εἰς Θῆβας. From whence Foreigners have made it Stives, not knowing that the s. which is cut off by a Synalepha, is only an Abridgement of the Prepoſition εἰς, which ſignifies ad in Latin, à in French, and to in Engliſh. Thus the Franks call Stinco, when they would ſay the Iſland of Co, becauſe they hear the Greeks ſay Stin Co, for εἰς τὴν κῆ that is to ſay, à Co, ad Coan. It is the ſame Error that makes the Turks call Conſtantinople, Stinbol or Stanbol; becauſe the Greeks call it πόλις, polis, that is The City, by way of excellence, as the Romans were wont to call Rome, formerly (The City) without any Addition. So that when the Greeks talk of going to Conſtantinople they uſe this Expreſſion ſ' tin polin, that is, ad Urbem, in Latin; à la Ville, in French; and to the City in Engliſh; and in Greek εἰς τὴν πόλιν, and corruptly Stam-pol for Conſtantinople. The ſame Remark might be made on ſ' ti Lemnos, that is, ad Lemnon, from whence our Mariners have forged Stalimene for Lemnos. In ſuch

such like Manner you may see, in Moreri's Dictionary, Negropont deduced from the Corruption of Ægrypus, &c. All these Places being frequently named in Telemachus, 'tis hoped the Reader will think such Remarks no improper Concomitants to the Work.

P. 68, l. 22. Where the Sons of Æsculapius shall cure him,] By the Sons of Æsculapius is not here meant Physicians and Surgeons in general, but Æsculapius's real Sons, Machaon and Podalirius, the one a famous Physician, the other as skilful a Surgeon, who went both together with the Grecians to the Trojan War. Æsculapius, the Son of Apollo and the Nymph Coronis, was so skilful in Physic, that he was Deified by the Pagans, who worshiped him under the form of a Serpent, especially at Epidaurus and Pergamus. Doctor Garth says in his Preface to Ovid's Metamorphosis; The Legend of Æsculapius's Voyage to Rome in Form of a Snake, seems to express the necessary Sagacity required in the Professors of that Art, for the readier insight into Distempers: This Reptile being celebrated by the ancient Naturalists for a quick Sight.

Cur in amicorum vitium tam cernis acutum,  
Quàm aut aquilæ, aut serpens Epidaurius?

Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1.

The venerable Epidaurian assumed the Figure of an Animal without Hands to take Fees with; and therefore grateful Posterity honoured him with a Temple. In this manner should wealthy Physicians, upon proper Occasions, practise, and thus their surviving Patients reward. To which I shall only add, out of Moreri and others, that among the Things which the Ancients consecrated to Æsculapius, the Cock, the Goat and the Raven were the most considerable. If we wou'd seek for some Truth amidst the variety of the Fabulous Stories of the Ancients, it would be no hard matter to meet with it. Æsculapius is supposed to be the Son of Apollo and Coronis, to express, as Pausanias observes, a wholesome well-temper'd Air, which proceeds from the Impression of the Sun or Apollo. Æsculapius's two Daughters are Hygea and Iaso; one of which signifies Health, and the other a Cure. The Battoon or Staff wreathed round with a Serpent which the Physicians

ascribe

ascribe to Him, as one of his Insignia, shews that the Art of Medicine is the support of Life; but that it ought to be exercised with Discretion and Prudence, which is signified to us by the Serpent; or else that this admirable Science makes a Man change his Skin, in like manner as that Reptile sheds his, besides containing in it other admirable Virtues. The Goat was consecrated to Æsculapius because of the excessive heat of that Creature, whereby it is always out of order and even in a Fever, as Physicians observe. The Raven was likewise sacred to Æsculapius, because that Bird was very much regarded by the Ancients in foretelling of things to come, and thereby signifying also that the Science of human Bodies ought to foresee future Accidents, according to the Remark of Hippocrates himself; and, to conclude, a Cock was added to express that exact vigilance which is necessary in Distempers; or, to make use of Plutarch's Thought, in his Treatise of the Pythian Oracles, c. 17. to denote the Morning, and to shew that that part of the Day is the properest for applying of Remedies and taking Physick, the Humours of the Body being then cool and in good Temper.

P. 73 l. 3. He was naturally, &c.] All this is a complete Picture of the King's natural Disposition in his Juvenile Years. There is not one stroke in it, but what perfectly well agrees with Him. Even the Troubles of his Minority cou'd abate nothing of his Pride and Haughtiness.

P. 76. l. 6. Pollux,] Son of Jupiter and Leda, Wife of Tyndarus. He was Brother to Castor with whom he shared Immortality, being alternately one Year in Heaven, and another in the Elysian Fields. They make between them the Constellation of the Twins.

P. 78. l. 11. Iris,] Daughter of Thaumas and Electra, and Messenger of Juno who was Goddess of the Air. Iris signifies the Rainbow which foretels an approaching shower of Rain.

P. 86. l. 19. The Dolopeans,] A People of Epirus. Their King Phoenix, the Son of Amyntor, was falsely accused by Clytia, his Father's Concubine, of an Attempt to ravish her: And altho' he was innocent, Amyntor caused his Eyes to be put out. But it's said, that Chiron the Centaur and skilful Physician cured him of that Blindness, and made him Tutor to the young  
Z Achilles



Achilles, whom he carried to the Siege of Troy. After the taking of that City, Peleus, Achilles's Father, restored Phoenix to the Throne, and caused him to be proclaimed King of the Dolopes.

P. 87. l. 22. *This Man had received great Sums from Adrastus, &c.*] Louis the XIVth. in like manner laid out great Sums on Spies, by whom he was very well serv'd. He had of them in all Courts and all Armies, and by that means knew all the Confederates Designs.

P. 88. l. 21. Galefus,] *A River in the Kingdom of Naples, which rises in the Terra di Otranto, and runs into the Bay of Tarentum.*

P. 95. l. 23. Arachne,] *Daughter of Idmon, (Idmon in Greek signifying skilful) Her own Name comes from a Hebrew word Arag, texuit in Latin. She was a Maid of Lydia, very skilful in Spinning, and thought to have been the first that invented that Art. She was changed into a Spider by Minerva, for contending with that Goddess about her excellency in Spinning and Embroidery.*

P. 95. l. 33. Xanthus or Scamander,] *Is a River of the ancient Kingdom of Troy, which runs into the Egean Sea.*

P. 95. l. 33. Simois] *A River of the same Country, and together with Xanthus it falls into the Egean Sea.*

P. 96. last line. Ariadne,] *The Daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, gave Theseus a clue of Thread to help him out of the Labyrinth, and afterwards followed him to the Isle of Naxos, when he ungratefully left her to the Mercy of wild Beasts. Here it was that Bacchus saw her and fell in love with her.*

P. 102. l. 14. *An empty notion of Glory, a vain title of Conqueror, &c.*] This Paragraph contains a melancholy Description of the Mischiefs which Louis the XIVth was the cause of, by the cruel Wars which his Ambition kindled throughout all Europe. The Author often repeats the word *Glory*, because indeed that Monarch scarce ever alledged any other Motive but his *Glory* in the Wars he declared against his Neighbours.

P. 104. l. 1. Meriones,] *Was the Driver of Idomeneus his Chariot, and the Leader of a Body of Troops which*

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which he conducted to the Siege of Troy. He was a very brave and experienc'd Commander.

Ibid. l. 5. Latona,] Was the Daughter of Coeus. She had, by Jupiter, Apollo and Diana in the Island of Ortygia, afterwards called Delos. where the Sun first appear'd after the Deluge; Ortygia was consecrated to Apollo, who therefore is said to be born there. There also was Fire first found out.

P. 106. l. 7. Went in the night-time to visit the Quarters. &c.] The Duke of Savoy did the same thing more than once. He wou'd likewise go incognito into the Coffee-houses and other publick Places in Turin, to hear what was said of him there, with this Difference, that he oftentimes heard, instead of Commendations, the quite contrary. But it is not said that he punished any Body upon that score.

P. 109. last line. Atys not Acis] was a beautiful Boy of Phrygia, much beloved by Cybelé who made him one of her Priests, on condition of keeping his Chastity unviolated. But he having broke his Vow, she, in Anger, made him go beside himself to that degree as to make himself an Eunuch. Cybelé afterwards turned him into a Pine Tree.

P. 113. l. 10. Charon,] The Son of Erebus and Nox, the Ferryman of Hell, who conveys the Souls of the Dead in his Boat over the Stygian Lake and other infernal Rivers.

P. 114. l. 4. Indefatigable in the most rugged Hardships of War,] This whole Description of the Care Telemachus took of his Soldiers during their illness, as likewise to relieve them in their Necessities, and also his Vigilance in keeping them to an exact Discipline, his voluntarily sharing with them all the Inconveniences they underwent, is a Picture of the Vicomte de Turenne, who was called the Father of his Soldiers, and who, when Provisions grew scarce in the Camp, wou'd distribute Bread from his own Table, rather than see them want.

P. 116. l. 4. Aulon] Now Caulo, is a Mountain of Calabria, near the Cape de Stilo, on which Mountain is a Town of the same Name, formerly an Episcopal Seat, and suffragan to that of Reggio.

P. 117. last line. Theseus,] The Son of Ægeus, King of Athens, descended to Hell with Pirithous to

fetch away Proserpine, but Cerberus kill'd Pirithous, and took Theseus Prisoner, and kept him in Chains by Pluto's Order till Hercules came and freed him.

P. 118. l. 5. Orpheus,] *Went down to Hell to fetch away his Wife Eurydicé who had been kill'd by a Serpent. He so pleas'd Pluto and Proserpine with the Music of his Harp and Voice, that they gave him his Wife again, but on condition, that he shou'd not look back upon her till they saw the Light, which he failing to observe, lost her for ever.*

P. 119. l. 6. Acherontia,] *A Town in Apulia, seated on a Mountain at the farther End of Italy. At the foot of this Mountain is a Cavern, where the River Acheron precipitates it self with so much impetuosity, that the Poets have called this Place the Mouth of Hell. Here it was that Hercules went down to the Infernal Regions, and dragged Cerberus along with him up to the Light.*

P. 126. l. 28. Erebus] *God of Hell, Father of the Night, begot by Chaos and Obscurity; is oftentimes by the Poets taken for Hell it self. In which last Sense it is to be understood here.*

P. 127. l. 4. Tartarus] *Is the Place where the Wicked are tormented below.*

P. 132. l. 27. Chimæra,] *A Mountain of Lycia, the top whereof casts out Flames of Fire, and is inhabited by Lions; in the middle of it Goats are grazing, and at the bottom Serpents crawling. From hence arose the Fable of the Chimæra's being a Monster with a Lion's Head, a Goat's Body, and a Dragon's Tail, or that it has three Heads like those three Creatures.*

P. ibid. l. 29. Bellerophon] *Son of Glaucus, King of Corinth, was accused by Sthenobæa of an Intent to ravish her, tho' it was she her self that solicited him to commit adultery with her. Prætus, King of Argos, that Woman's Husband, too lightly giving credit to her Accusation, sent Bellerophon to Iobates, King of Lycia, with Letters to take away his Life (whence the Proverb, Bellerophontis Litteras affert, when one brings Letters against one's self) Iobates wou'd not slay him, but sent him to the Wars, there to be slain; but he proving victorious over the Solymi, and likewise having overcome all other Dangers he was put upon, at length he was sent against the Monster Chimæra, where by Neptune's*

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Neptune's help, who gave him the winged Horse Pegasus, he came off with honour, whereupon Iobates gave him one of his Daughters in marriage, and Part of his Kingdom. When Sthenobæa heard of his Prosperities, she kill'd her self.

P. 135. l. 30. *What Horses and other brute Beasts are, &c.*] This very Expression was what Cardinal Mazarin made use of to induce the King not to spare his Subjects, whom he compar'd to Mules, which the more they are loaded, the better they travel.

P. 140. l. 22. *Canicula,*] *A Sign in the Heavens, the Dog-Star. It rises the sixth of July, and its Revolution continues six Weeks, which are called the Dog-days. This Sign is likewise called Seirios, in Greek, as also Megas kuon, that is, the Greater Dog, which it certainly is; for Procyon, which is the lesser Dog, shou'd rather have been called Canicula, and the other Canis. This is the hottest Time of the Year, because the Sun is then in Leo: α αμφι τον Σεειον ημεραι.*

P. 145. l. 7. *Arceſius*] *Was the Son of Jupiter, and therefore his Son is called the Divine Laertes.*

P. 149. l. 26. *Hippolytus,*] *The Son of Theseus and Hippolyta the Amazon; was accused by his Step-mother Phædra, of making an Attempt upon her Honour. Theseus, her Husband, being too easy of belief, not only banish'd Hippolytus, but likewise desired Neptune to revenge this supposed Crime; so that this young Prince taking his Chariot to make his escape from his Father's Indignation, his Horses being frightened by Sea-Calves that were on the Shore, ran away with him to the Mountains, overset the Chariot, and killed him by dragging him among the Rocks.*

P. *ibid.* l. 29. *Achilles* leaning on his Spear by reason of his Wound, &c.] *Achilles was dipt three times by his Mother in the Stygian Lake, which made all Parts of his Body invulnerable, except his Heel by which his Mother held him.*

P. 150. l. 2. *The Phthiotes and Dolopes*] *Were a People of Theſſaly, of whom Peleus was King.*

P. *ibid.* l. 17. *Laomedon,*] *Son and Successor of Ilus, built the Walls of Troy, with the Assistance of Apollo and Neptune, to whom he promised, upon Oath, a certain Recompense, which he afterwards refused them. They, in revenge of his Falshood, sent Plagues*



and Inundations to spoil the City, so that in order to appease them, he was obliged to give his own Daughter Hefione to be devoured by a Sea-Monster. Hercules offer'd to deliver her, and kill the Monster, provided Laomedon wou'd give him his Horses that were of a divine Race. This was likewise refused to be comply'd with by the perfidious Laomedon, though his Daughter was rescued, and the Monster killed by Hercules, who thereupon sacked his City, slew him, took his Son Priam Prisoner, and married Hefione to Telamon.

P. 151. l. 21. Atreus and Thyestes,] Two Brothers, the Sons of Pelops and Hippodamia, bore an implacable hatred to each other. Thyestes, seeking a l-occasions to mortify Atreus, dishonoured his Bed, and then fled to a Place of Security. Atreus, having in his power the two Children Thyestes had got on his Wife, made as if he had forgot what was past, and invited him to a Banquet, and caused the Children to be killed and dressed, and set before him to eat; and after they rose from Table, Atreus shewed him the Heads and Hands of his Children which he had cut off, telling him that he had eaten their Flesh. At the Horror of this Fact, the Sun, lest he should be polluted, turned back his course. Thyestes employ'd his natural Son Ægisthus to avenge him of his Brother, whom Ægisthus afterwards slew, and likewise his Cousin Agamemnon. Seneca has made this a Subject of one of his Tragedies, and because the Atreus appears therein with a vindictive Countenance, and the Eyes of a Man enraged, the Ancients were wont to say of a Man in way of Proverb, He has the Eyes of Atreus. He found out the Eclipse of the Sun, which gave occasion to some part of the Story.

P. 153, l. 29. Eriethonius,] The fourth King of Athens, ex semine Vulcani in terram projecto editus; he invented the Use of Chariots to conceal the Deformity of his Legs and Thighs, which were twisted like Serpents. The Poets feign that Minerva shut him up in a wicker-basket which she put into the keeping of Aglauros, Herfê, and Pandrosos, Daughters of Cecrop, King of Athens, strictly forbidding them to open it. But Aglauros and Herfê cou'd not forbear opening it, which so provoked Minerva, that, to punish their Curiosity, she made them go beside themselves, and in that Distrac-

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tion they threw themselves from the top of a high Tower. But Pandrosos avoided that Punishment by forbearing to look into the Basket.

P. 155. l. 18. Triptolemus] Was the Son of Celeus, (others say Eleusius) King of Eleusis. His Father having given an honourable Reception to Ceres, when she was looking for her Daughter Proserpine, who was carried away by Pluto; that Goddess, in acknowledgment, taught Triptolemus the Art of plowing the Ground and sowing Corn.

P. 158. l. 23. But the greatest of the Kings he had conquer'd, he put to draw his Chariot like Horses,] This is a Reproof of the ridiculous Vanity of Louis the XIVth, who suffered four of the chief Nations of Europe to be represented in Chains at the Feet of his Statue in the Square des Victoires at Paris. This Monument was erected in 1686.

P. 163. l. 4. Venusium, now Venosa,] Is a small Episcopal City in the Kingdom of Naples, in the Basilicata, to the North of Cirenza, to which it is suffragan, and distant from it five Leagues. It is a Place of great Antiquity and Renown for the Birth of the Poet Horace, from whence he is called Poeta Venusinus.

P. 165. l. 22. Shall we not observe our Promises,] This is a tacit Reproof of Louis the XIVth's Treachery for the Violation of so many Treaties, which he broke as often as he cou'd find out any plausible pretext for it, and whenever he cou'd get any thing by doing it.

P. 166. l. 1. Will not your Neighbours be forced, &c.] It was for the same reason that all Louis the XIVth's Neighbours were continually jealous of him, and formed powerful Leagues against him, to guard themselves from his Treachery.

P. ibid. l. 9. Shall it be an Oath?] Louis the XIVth paid no more regard to the Religion of an Oath than he did to that of his Treaties. There never was a more solemn Oath than that by which he promised to maintain the Edict of Nants, and there never was one which he so notoriously violated.

P. 167. l. 4. After you have once laid it down for a Maxim, &c.] It was the Maxim of the Jesuits who were Confessors to Louis the XIVth, and is still the Maxim of the whole Romish Church, that the Rules

of Probity may be broken for the sake of a great advantage, or, which is the same thing, that Faith given to Hereticks may be broken for the advantage of Religion. What Mischiefs has not this terrible Maxim been the cause of?

P. 169. l. 32. *He had particular orders to leave nothing unessay'd to effect the Death of Telemachus, &c.]* The Reign of Louis the XIVth, affords too many Examples of such Designs against the Life of King William, who was then the Terror of the French. Several of these Conspiracies were discover'd, and All of them miscarried, to the Shame of those who contriv'd them.

P. 172. l. 28. *The Islands Echinades,] Now called Cossulari, situated at the Mouth of the River Achelous, over-against Acarnania in Epirus. They are five in number, and but of small Extent, lying in the Ionian Sea; two of them were anciently called Strophades, now Strivoli; Servius says, that the name of Strophades was given them on account of the Metamorphoses there made of the Daughters of Typhon into Harpies; but the Mythologists say, that Calais and Zethes, the Sons of Boreas, having pursued the Harpies thither, went no farther, but returned back. However, Virgil agrees in the Etymology from the Greek word στρεφω: verto, to transform. Tho' it also signifies to return back.*

P. 173. l. 4. *Because Acrastus had taken away his Wife,]* This alludes to the Case of the Marchioness of Montespan, which the Author disguises here under different Circumstances, that he might not too plainly mark this odious passage of the King's Life.

P. 174. l. 27. *This noble Action of the Confederates, did to his shame remind him of all his Treacheries and Cruelties.]* In all the Wars which Louis the XIVth had against the Confederates. there are multitudes of Instances of his corrupting Governors of Places, sending Deserters into the Enemy's Camp, plotting Contrivances of Assassinations, and secret Poisonings; whereas on the part of the Confederates, there was no such thing ever known. The more Louis thought it lawful to execute his Designs any how, the more did the Confederates value themselves on their Probity and Generosity.

P. 178. l. 4. Hecatomb] *Was a Sacrifice of an hundred Oxen, from εκατον, centum, and βοε, bos. The Custom of sacrificing an hundred Oxen came from the Lacedæmonians, who having an hundred Cities in their Country, were wont to sacrifice every Year an hundred Oxen in honour of their Deities. But this being thought by some too great an expence, they reduced these Sacrifices to twenty five Oxen, fancying through a childish Subtily, that as these Oxen have each of them four Feet, it was sufficient, that the number of the Hundred was found in those Parts, in order to keep up the name of Hecatomb. This Sacrifice was afterwards perform'd with other Beasts, such as Goats and Lambs which were of less Expence. Diogenes Laertius reports, that Pythagoras offer'd to the Gods a Hecatomb of an hundred small bits of Dough made into the Shape of an Ox, by this means refraining from sacrificing an hundred live Oxen, as became one who expressly forbid the killing of Beasts, because he believed the Metempsychosis, or Transmigration of Souls into the Bodies of Beasts.*

P. 179. l. 16. The Aufidus,] *Now Offanto, is a River of the Kingdom of Naples, which rises in the Mountains of the Appennine, and separating the Capitanata from the Basilicata, falls into the Gulph of Venice. It was near this River that the famous Battle of Cannæ was fought.*

P. ibid. l. 21. Cacus] *The Son of Vulcan, was a Great Stealer of Cattle, and kept them in the Aventine Wood. Having stolen Hercules's Oxen, he drew them backwards by the Tails into his Den, that they might not be found out by the track of their Feet. Hercules, driving the rest of his Cattle that way, heard some of those he missed bellow in the Cave, they smelling those without; upon which he broke down the Door of the Cave, and knockt the Thief on the head with his Club. Poets say, that Cacus was the Son of Vulcan, that he cast Flames out of his Mouth: Perhaps, because he burnt Houses after he had pillaged them. They add, that he was a Giant of a prodigious Size, and that he lived on human Flesh, that he was of a vast Strength and a monstrous Shape, partly like a Man, and partly like a Satyr. Others say, that Cacus was a Prince of Spain, who gave his name to Mount Cacus, now Moncaio, in Arragon, on the Confines of old Castile; that he was*  
frightful



frightful to look at, and of a Temper extremely savage, which made him be called the Demi-homo; that he invented certain Fire-arms, and a Powder like our Gunpowder, on which account he was reckoned the Son of Vulcan. And lastly, that he followed Hercules into Italy, where he stole from him four of his Oxen.

P. *ibid.* l. 33. Mount Garganus,] Or the Mount St. Angelo; is in the Kingdom of Naples. It is sometimes taken for that on which is built the City named Monte di St. Angelo, at other times, for the whole Peninsula of the Capitanata, which is between the Gulph of Manfredonia and that of Rodi.

P. *ibid.* l. 35. The River Liris,] Now call'd the Garigliano, rises in the farther Abruzzo. It divides the Terra di Lavoro from the Campania di Roma, and falls into the Gulf of Gaeta. Strabo, Pliny, Livy, &c. make frequent mention of this River as well as Martial, who says thus of it, Epig. 83. lib. 13,

Coeruleus nos Liris amat, quem sylva Marica  
Perlegit.

P. 182. l. 27. Eurotas] Is a large River in the Morea, which rising in Arcadia, and passing through Laconia, washes the Walls of Sparta, and discharges it self in the Laconic Gulph. It is now called Vasilipotamo, or rather Basilipotamo, a Greek word signifying the Royal River, says Baudrand. On its Banks grew Laurels, Olive-trees and Myrtles, according to Virgil, Statius, and Catullus.

P. *ibid.* l. 28. Alpheus] A River of the Peloponnesus, which the Inhabitants of the Morea now call Orfea or Ro-fca. It runs into the Country of Elis where it receives the Erymanthus, the Celadon, and near an hundred and forty small Rivers besides; it passes through the City of Olympia, and falls into the Sea after it has received the Dalion and Acheron. The Poets feign'd that one Alpheus a great Hunter fell in love with Arethusa, one of Diana's Nymphs, who being pursued by him as far as Syracuse in Sicily with a design to commit Violence on her, that Nymph implored the assistance of Diana who changed her into a Fountain. Alpheus was likewise metamorphosed into a River, and not being able to forget the Love he bore to Arethusa, he testified his Love  
to

to her by mingling his Streams with hers, and for that Purpose passes from Peloponnesus through the Sea without mixing his Stream with the salt Waters, till he arrives at Sicily where he blends his Current with the Fountain Arethusa, near Syracuse, even according to the testimony of the Oracle of Apollo. The Poets speak likewise of its miraculous Course, which has given occasion to this Fable. The Ancients paid divine honours to this River, consecrated Temples to it, and made it a Friend of Jupiter for very pleasant Reasons reported by Pausanias, l. 5. Strabo maintains that this River which has its course in Arcadia, does not run cross the Ionian Sea by any Passages under Ground, in order to mix itself with the Waters of Arethusa in Sicily: He says that this River has a Mouth by which it empties itself into the Sea (and that it meets with no Gulls in its Way) where it loses itself as several others do, in order to appear again suddenly elsewhere. As for the Fountain Arethusa, he laughs at the Poets, who have feigned that this Fountain sprung up as the River Alpheus did in Arcadia, that they took the same Course together, and that passing underneath the Sea, their Waters intermingled in Sicily. Not that the thing is impossible, since it is certain that there are other Rivers that pass thro' Lakes and Seas, and then come out as fresh as before; but as for the River Alpheus and the Fountain Arethusa, all the Geographers are of Strabo's Opinion.

P. *ibid.* l. 30. Hylas,] A very beautiful Grecian Boy. He was the Son of Theodamas, and waited on Hercules who loved him exceedingly. The Poets feign that he was ravished by the Nymphs, as he endeavoured to recover his Pitcher which he had let fall into the Water at the River Ascanius. But the truth is, that stooping for it, he fell into the Water himself, and that his Death gave occasion to the Report of his pretended Ravishment.

*Ibid.* l. 37. Achelous,] A River of Acarnania in Epirus, which it separates from Ætolia. It rises in Mount Pindus.

P. 184. l. 12. Calydon,] An ancient City of Ætolia, now called Aitou, in Livadia. It gave its Name to that Forest which the Poets feign was laid waste by a dreadful wild Boar, which Meleager undertook

to kill, but cou'd not accomplish it without the assistance of Theseus.

Ibid. l. 13. Colchos] *The Voyage to Colchos was undertaken to fetch away the Golden Fleece.*

P. 185. l. 15. The Caister,] *Now the Chias; is a River of Natolia in Asia, hard by Ephesus, towards the North. It abounds with Swans, and flows between Sarabat and Madre.*

Ibid. last line. Nireus,] *Was a King of Naxos, (now call'd Niosia.) He was the most beautiful of all the Greeks, as likewise the most effeminate and cowardly.*

P. 186. l. 28. Oebalians,] *The Oebalians were a People of Italy joining to Tarentum.*

P. 189. l. 5. Phlegethon,] *A burning River in Hell, as its Name imports.*

P. 195. l. 31. Thus an unjust and fraudulent Power,] *Thus it was that Louis the XIVth's prosperous Successes, instead of procuring a real Happiness to his Subjects, did by degrees make that Precipice into which we see them now fallen.*

P. 201. l. 19. Arpos,] *Was a Country in the Daunian Apulia in Italy, the Capital whereof was at first called Argi, then Argos Hippium, then Argiryppa and at last Arpi. The Ruins of it are still to be seen at Lucera and Manfredonia in the Capitanata.*

P. 201. l. 26. Dulichium,] *Now Thiaki, is a little Island in the Sea of Greece, in the Gulf of Patra, to the East of the Island Cefalonia.*

P. ibid. l. 30. Nauplius,] *King of Eubœa and Father of Palamedes, being enraged at hearing that his Son was, by Ulysses's means, wrongfully put to death in the Grecian Camp, put out false Lights on the top of the Hill Caphareus (now Cape di Figera) in order to misguide and draw thither the Grecian Fleet on their return from Troy, whereby many of their Ships were split upon Rocks; but he miscarried in his Design against his principal Enemies Ulysses and Diomedes, who escaped the Mischief by steering another Course, upon which he threw himself into the Sea, to avoid the Vengeance of those two great Captains.*

P. 204. l. 3. If on the contrary you proceed to divide their Country, &c.] *Thus it was that the Prince of Conde and the Vicomte de Turenne spoke to the King who*

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who had a mind to keep all the Conquests he had made in the Year 1672, and divide them with the King of *England*. But the contrary Opinion of *Louvois* prevailing, All that he had foretold came accordingly to pass; The *Dutch* fought for their Liberty; Providence interposed in their favour, by retarding the Fleet which was to have brought the *English* into the *Texel*, and all the glorious Success which the *French* had met with vanished into smoke.

P. 205. l. 11. *Is it not much better to be just and moderate, &c.*] Had the King used more Moderation towards the *Hollanders*, when they sent Ambassadors to him at his Camp at *Utrecht*, he wou'd not have been obliged to abandon all his Conquests.

P. 210. l. 12. Arpinum,] *The Country of Arpinum is the same as that of Arpos before-mentioned.*

P. 212. l. 10. *Imprudence when it is successful in its Errors, and Power when scrued up to the highest pitch of Authority, are the forerunners of the downfall of Kings and Kingdoms.*] Never was this Maxim better verified than in the Person of *Louis* the XIVth. The very thing which seemed likely to strengthen his Power for ever, was, what threw him suddenly into the greatest Disorder.

P. 213. l. 6. Polydamas understands War, but he loves Peace, &c.] This is meant of the Prince of *Conti*, who was elected King of *Poland* in 1697. *Louis* the XIVth removed him from all Offices, and suffer'd him to languish in Solitude, as is said above concerning *Polydamas*, purely because he refused to marry a natural Daughter of the King's, and had made himself a little merry at the Expence of that Monarch during the Journey he took into *Hungary*, being then only Prince de la Roche sur Ton.

P. 223. l. 19. *Luxury spreads its Contagion from the King down to the very dregs of the People, &c.*] Here you have the Condition of *France* described from one end to t'other. We have seen the Country a mere Desert, whilst *Paris* shone out with all the Magnificence that could be. The whole Nation ruined itself by attempting to imitate the *Grandeess*, who were corrupted by the King's Example; and this general Luxury, joined to the enormous Expences of the War, plunged the whole Kingdom into the Miseries we see it in Now. i. e. when these Notes were writ.

P. 226.



P. 226. l. 22. *It is an egregious piece of Vanity, &c.]* *Louis* the XIVth had this Vanity; he would have persuaded the World that he did every thing himself after the Death of Cardinal *Mazarin*. It is true he co-operated with *Louvois* and *Colbert*; but those two Ministers gave him the Plan of all Affairs ready drawn up, and he had all the Honour of executing Things without the trouble of contriving them. He was excellent at working *en second* as the *French* say; attentive, exact, indefatigable, capable of the Practical part, tho' very indifferent at the Theoretical.

P. 227. l. 19. *They who govern by the detail are always govern'd by what is before them.* [This was exactly the Management of *Louis* the XIVth. He would enter into every circumstantial Matter of a Business, but never extended his Views to a remote futurity. Provided he cou'd get ready Money for the Expences of a Campaign, he never concern'd himself about the Consequences of it, nor about the ruinous Methods made use of to raise that Money.

P. 228. l. 23. *When a Man is born with a Genius confined to Particularities, he is only fit to execute Affairs under Another.]* This is the reason why *Louis* the XIVth, never did any thing by himself. All his Happiness proceeded from having good Ministers: Not but that he was born with a better Disposition than they. But because it was confined by Education, which is a second Nature, he was never more than a Subaltern.

P. 232. l. 12. *If by your Virtues you answer the purposes of your high Destiny.]* Thus did M. de *Fenelon* use to speak to his Pupil, who, had he lived, was to have fill'd the Throne of the King his Grandfather. All these Instructions, all these Examples, only tended to form in him a good King.

P. 235. l. 31. *I have scarce ever heard her speak,]* This whole Picture agrees with *Maria Theresa* of *Austria*, Infanta of *Spain*, Spouse of *Louis* the XIVth. and thus it was that the Marshal de *Gramont* spoke of her at his return from his Embassy, to ask her in Marriage for the King. He said among other things that he had scarce heard her once speak. The Consequence justified this Character, and the Queen proved a most excellent and virtuous Princess.

P. 239. l. 13. *Why should you concern yourself with sacred Affairs,]* This confirms what was said before of *Idomeneus's* being the Character of *Charles the First* and *James the Second*, Kings of *England*. The Affair of the Liturgy and Episcopacy, which the former was resolved to be the absolute Master and Arbiter of, as likewise the Alterations, which the latter would have introduced both in Church and State, were what threw them Both out of their Thrones.

Ibid. last line. *If Kings interfere in Matters of Religion, instead of protecting, they will enslave it.]* This is what happen'd in *France*. The Reform'd Religion was brought into Slavery by an Authority unjustly assumed, till it was at length quite banished by a Proscription yet more unjust.

P. 240. l. 4. *Every thing will be in danger of being altered at the King's Pleasure.]* This was what brought *England* into Trouble, and began to embroil *France* even in *M. de Fenelon's* time, as well upon Account of his Book on the *Maxims of the Saints*, as upon that of the *Five Propositions*.

P. 241. l. 3. *If they might marry certain rich Ladies, &c.]* Here the King is reproached for having forc'd several Matches to be made by his Authority, either to reward his Officers, or to provide for certain Ladies who had not displeased Him before their Marriage.

P. 241. l. 26. *The Sybarites]* *The Sybarites were a People of ancient Syberia, a Town of Great Greece in Italy, which was so powerful as to have under its Dominion twenty five other Cities with their dependencies. This City was ruined by the Crotoniates, and the Ruins of it are still to be seen, and are called by the Name of Sibari Rouinata, in the hither Calabria.*

P. 241. l. 27. *These People complain of having usurp'd some Lands which belonged to them, &c.]* This has an eye to the Re-unions made by the Chambers of *Brisac* and *Metz*, but particularly the King's invading and taking several strong Places in the Low-Countries in 1681, in time of profound Peace: The *Spaniards* complained of it; but the King was resolved to retain *Alost* or else to have *Luxenburgh*: He chose the King of *England* for Arbiter, but however he fell upon *Luxenburgh* soon after.

P. 243.

P. 243. l. 15. *Do you think that Kings are allowed to run immediately to Arms, &c.*] The King at first made use of violence to support the Pretensions he form'd, in right of his Queen, to the Low-Countries, in the Year 1667. He did indeed send a Declaration of them to *Madrid*, but his Armies were as soon in the Field, and most of the Places were conquered before any Preparations cou'd be made to oppose them.

P. 244. l. 11. *He publishes the solid Reasons upon which his Cause is grounded.*] The King published the Reasons upon which his Claims were grounded, but instead of referring them to Arbitration, he supported them by *CANNON-Law*; and if some Advocates, hired by *Loûis*, study'd the Point for form sake, and accordingly wrote in defence of them, it was only to get the Cause to go on his Side without so much as hearing the Parties concerned.

P. 246. l. 27. *Antiope sees her self upon the Ground, &c.*] This is a touch upon the Hunting-match, to which *Loûis* the XIVth carried *Madame de la Valiere* dress'd like an *Amazon*, and where she had a fall from her Horse, at which the King was extremely concern'd.

P. 251. l. 20.] *They are so jealous of their Honour, as not to endure to be thought to be govern'd by others, but yet they are continually governed.*] This was *Loûis* the XIVth's case. He wou'd not have it said that his Ministers govern'd him, and yet no body was ever governed more than he was.

P. 260. l. 7. *Mountain of Leucate.*] *Leucate* is a Promontory of *Epirus*.

P. *ibid.* l. 9. *The Acroceraunian Mountains.*] *The Acroceraunian Mountains* are those of the *Chimera* already spoken of, and are in *Epirus* likewise.

P. 264. l. 6. *Kings that are inaccessible to Men, are also inaccessible to Truth.*] *Loûis* the XIVth was very reserved and uncommunicative. Every time he gave Audience, every thing was settled beforehand. The Time when he was most visible, was at his *Levéé*; but then nothing was said to him, but what was pleasing to him. He was very serious even when he was in private, which hindered the Courtiers from taking any liberty in his presence.

P. *ibid.*

P. *ibid.* l. 28. *Unbecoming Curiosity of a weak and jealous Prince.*] The King was very jealous, which made him suffer but very few Persons to come near Him. He never had any Favourites, but for all that he wou'd suffer himself to be easily biased. He was Superstitious, and that was the cause that made his Credulity be often abused.

P. 265. l. 15. *Whoever is so much beloved by the Gods as to find in a whole Kingdom two or three true Friends, &c.*] The King had no Friends at all; he had too much Stateliness and Reserve: He had none about him but base Flatterers, who even from his Infancy poisoned him with their Incense. As easy as he was to the impressions of Love, in the same proportion was he hard and difficult to be wrought on by those of Friendship; which arises from communication and confidence.

P. 266. l. 16. *But never commit to them the Key of your Heart.*] This is what Louis the XIVth knew perfectly well how to put in practice, but indeed rather through a habit of Dissimulation than true Prudence. He was perfectly impenetrable; and as he always spoke in the *Lacônic Style* it was next to impossible to know what was in his Thoughts. He wou'd not open himself even to his Mistresses; he had the Glory of not being possessed by them.

P. 268. l. 6. *A Phœacian Ship,*] Phœacian, *that is to say of Corcyra, now Corfou an Island of the Ionian Sea on the Coast of Epirus from which it is separated by only a Canal of a League and half broad.*

P. 268. l. 27. *King Alcinous*] Alcinous was King of the Phœacians, and entertained Ulysses after he was shipwreckt.

P. 269. l. 16. *I pity the Unfortunate, ever since I was so my self*] Louis the XIVth little pity'd the Unfortunate, because he was too much accusom'd to Prosperity. The Duke of Burgundy his Grandson, on the contrary, abounded with Humanity, and was full of Concern and Compassion for such as were in Distress.

P. 269. l. 29. *Mountains must become Plains to gratify their Humour, &c.*] This was what Louis the XIVth did. He caused a Mountain to be cut away, to bring Water to Versailles. He found nothing impossible to gratify



his expensive Humour; and made sport with all Nature herself, to make *Versailles* a delicious Residence.

P. 274. l. 13. *Isle of Lesbos.*] *Lesbos, now Metelin, is an Island in the Archipelago, two Leagues from the Coast of Natolia between Smyrna and the Strait of Gallipoli.*

P. 277. l. 34. *The Menades*] *The Menades or Bacchantes were the Priestesses of Bacchus.*

P. 278. l. 2. *The Banks of the Hebrus*] *The Hebrus is a River of Thrace, now called Mariza.*

*Ibid.* l. 3. *The Mountains of Rhodope and Ismarus*] *Rhodope and Ismarus are likewise in Thrace near the aforesaid River Hebrus.*

P. 279. l. 30. *The same sad Fate as Agamemnon had at Mycenæ.*] *Agamemnon, King of Mycenæ, being returned from Troy laden with Laurels, was murdered in his own House by Ægisthus, assisted by his own Wife Clytemnestra, who had dishonoured his Bed, during his Absence: In revenge whereof Orestes, Agamemnon's Son, slew both the Adulterer Ægisthus, and his own Mother.*

P. 283. l. 3. *Upon her Helmet appears the solitary Bird of Athens.*] *The solitary or melancholy Bird of Athens is the Owl, whose Flight the Athenians looked upon as a presage of Victory, because that Bird was sacred to Minerva their Goddess.*

P. 286. last line. *The faithful Eumenes*] *Homer gives this faithful Servant the Name of Eumæus. He was Overseer of Ulysses's Flocks and Herds, and had the Command of all his other Shepherds and Herdsmen. Ulysses upon his Arrival at Ithaca, went first of all to this trusty Servant's House, before he went to his own.*

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N. B. *Those References in a Roman Letter are the Allegories or Satyrical Characters supposed to be meant by the Archbishop, and couch'd in Telemachus under other Names. Those in Italic are the Scholastical Notes.*

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